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VOL. II.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY

OF

ROMEUS AND JULIET;

A POEM BY ARTHUR BROOKE:

AND

THE NOVEL

OF

RIHOMEO AND JULIETTA,

FROM W. PAYNTER'S PALACE OF PLEASURE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

LONDON:

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LONG ACRE.

The goodly hystory of the true and constant
love betweene

RHOMEO AND JULIETTA.

(Reprinted from the second volume of Paynter's
Palace of Pleasure.)

INTRODUCTION.

THE present publication consists of two portions—the one a poem, by Arthur Brooke—the other a prose narrative, by William Paynter. The first purports to be a translation from Bandello: the second is a literal version of a story in Belleforest's "*Histoires Tragiques*." It will be more convenient to speak of them separately.

Only two copies of the earliest edition of the poem by Brooke are known; one at Oxford, in Malone's Collection, from which our re-impression has been made; and the other at Cambridge, among Capel's books. The latter is defective in the preliminary matter, wanting the prose address "To the Reader;" so that the only known perfect exemplar is in the Bodleian Library. Our heartiest acknowledgments are due to the Rev. Dr. Bandinell, for the very kind assistance he afforded in collating our transcript, by which means some glaring and important errors, committed by Malone in his reprint (first given in his "Supplement," 1780, i, 276) have been corrected, and the work is now presented to the reader as nearly as possible as it issued from the press of Richard Tottell, in 1562. It consists of eighty-four numbered leaves, besides four of introduction. We have not thought it right to correct even the obvious errors of the early press, in order that the poem might be read in its most genuine state: thus, on p. 17, l. 28, the word "befylde" occurs, instead of *defylde* · on p. 69, l. 10, we meet with "tempted" for *tempered*, &c. It was again entered by Tottell on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1582; but if any such edition were published, we have never had an opportunity of examining it. It was reprinted by R. Robinson in 1587, with

the following explanatory addition to the title, which Ritson supposed to be the first title (Bibliogr. Poet. 144) "contayning in it a rare example of true constancie, with the subtill counsellis and practises of an old fryer, and their ill event." "A new ballad of Romeo and Juliett" was entered on the Stationers' books in 1596, by Edward White, but no copy of it is known, and it was probably a different and a shorter publication. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was first printed in 1597, and it has been conjectured by Malone that it was written in the preceding year: it is therefore possible, though not probable, that White, in the indefinite language of the time, meant the play when he called it a "ballad," and that he wished to establish some prior claim to the publication of Shakespeare's tragedy.

It will be observed, that on the title page of Brooke's poem, the story is said to have been "written first in Italian by Bandell," as if Brooke had versified the novel as he found it in *Bandello*; but such is by no means the case, for he much more closely follows the authority which we shall presently see that Paynter employed a few years afterwards. However, he is not at all faithful to any preceding narrative that has ever been pointed out, or that we have been able to consult: the truth is, that Brooke's poem reads more like an original work than a translation, though in the body of it he several times (in imitation of the romance-writers of Italy) speaks of his author, and inserts such expressions as "the written story saith." In some places Brooke writes as if in the character of a minstrel, addressing a listening auditory:—

"If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
To him I speake," &c.

It is a production of singular beauty for the time, full of appropriate and graceful imagery, and although the similes and other figures may now and then be a little too highly wrought, or not quite in the best taste, it places Brooke, in this style

of writing, above any known competitor. Bernard Garter's "Tragicall and true History, which happened betwene two English Lovers," (printed by R. Tottell in 1565) was composed in decided imitation of Arthur Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet," perhaps in consequence of the success of it, but it is inferior in every poetical quality. Those who have hitherto spoken of Brooke's poem, have not spoken of it as it deserves; and the commentators on Shakespeare seem scarcely to have ventured (even if they had formed) an opinion upon its merits. Here and there the author employs a few archaisms, such as "gleade" for *fire*, "blyn" for *cease*, &c.; but in general the tale is told with much simplicity, and the descriptions are sometimes elaborately minute, and afford very striking and graceful pictures. One of these, in a single couplet, may be quoted from p. 45, where Romeo and Juliet, in their grief at his banishment, are standing together:—

"But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,
And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay;"

which would afford an excellent and a touching subject for any modern artist with taste and talent for illustration. It is, at all events, much more pleasing and poetical than Dante's simile in his *Inferno*, Canto xxix, where he likens two weeping lovers, leaning against each other, to two pans reared up to drain at a cottage door. Brooke's versification consists, throughout, of alternate lines of twelve and fourteen syllables, a measure that was frequently thus divided, for the convenience of printing:—

"There is beyonde the Alps
a towne of auntient fame,
Whose bright renoune yet shineth cleare,
Verona men it name."

In our impression, as the width of the page would allow it, the lines are printed at length. It will be found that the author was partial to double rhimes, which he introduces without constraint, and with considerable judgment, in order

to lighten the weight of monosyllabic terminations. In this and some other respects he writes like a practised versifier, and in the introductory lines "to the Reader" he tells us that he had composed other works "in divers kindes of style," adding,

"The eldest of them, loc,
I offer to the stake; my youthfull worcke, &c."

The whole passage reads as if Brooke intended by it to apologise for the imperfections of an early production, which, later in life, he thought fit to publish.

How old he might be in 1562 we have no means of knowing; but he tells us himself, on p. 31 of our reprint, where he speaks in his own person, that he was unmarried. He was dead in 1563: in that year came out, "An Agreement of sundry places of Scripture," collected by Arthur Brooke, and in some verses prefixed, and subscribed Thomas Brooke, we are informed that the author had perished by shipwreck. George Turberville, among his "Epitaphes and Epigrammes," 1567, has one "On the death of Maister Arthur Brooke, drownde in passing to Newhaven." That it was the same Arthur Brooke cannot be doubted, because Turberville mentions the story of "Romeus and Juliet" as a proof that the person who was drowned "for metre did excel." This epitaph supplies the only certain evidence that "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet" was by Brooke; for, as our readers will perceive, the title-page merely states "and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br."

All it is necessary to say of William Paynter, and of his portion of the following work, may be put in a shorter compass. He was Clerk of the Armoury (Lansd. MS., No. 5) to Queen Elizabeth, not long after she came to the throne; and he published "The goodly hystory of the true and constant love betweene Rhomco and Julietta," as part of "the second tome" of his "Palace of Pleasure," a collection of stories derived from various sources, ancient and modern.

He dates the dedication of this "second tome," the 4th of November 1567, five years after Brooke's poem had appeared, and "two years almost" after the first tome of "The Palace of Pleasure" had been published. Paynter's novel, as we have already stated, is a literal translation from Belleforest's "*Histoires Tragiques, extraictes des Œuvres de Bandel, et mises en langue Française, les six premières par Pierre Boaistuau, &c. et les suivantes par François Belleforest;*" and as it forms the third history in that collection, it follows that it was *mis en langue Française* by Boisteau, and not by Belleforest. It is there called *Histoire de deux Amans, dont l'un mourut de venin, l'autre de tristesse;* but it differs from Bandello in more respects than amplification: in his work it forms the ninth novel of the second part, and is entitled *La sfortunata morte di dui infelicissimi Amanti, che l'uno di veleno, e l'altro di dolore morirono.*

The original narrator of the story of Romeo and Juliet, as far as has yet been ascertained, was Luigi da Porto, of Vincenza, who died in 1529, and whose novel was not printed until six years afterwards in Venice. It was reprinted in 1539, and again in 1553, and obtained great notoriety. Whence Luigi da Porto derived his materials is uncertain, but Douce (*Illustrations of Shakespeare*, ii, 198) has pointed out a strong resemblance between some of the chief incidents in Romeo and Juliet and those in the Greek romance of Xenophon of Ephesus, called "The Love-adventures of Abrocomas and Anthia." It is pretty clear, however, that Bandello borrowed from Luigi da Porto, and we are quite sure that Boisteau followed Bandello (varying the conclusion), and that Paynter translated Boisteau. Boisteau asserts, that in his day the remembrance of the incidents was so recent, *qu'a peine en sont essuiez les yeux de ceux qui ont veu ce piteux spectacle;* which Paynter thus renders:—"The memory whereof to thys day is so wel known at Verona, as unneths their blubbred eyes be yet dry, that saw and beheld that lamentable sight." This assertion seems to have been merely

gratuitous on the part of Boisteau, for Bandello says nothing of the kind, knowing, perhaps, how much older the story really was than such a statement would lead readers to imagine. Bandello merely observes, *verrò à dirvi un pietoso caso ed infortunio grandissimo, che à dui nobilissimi amanti avvenne*. Paynter was only a servile copyist of his French original, and there is certainly little grace or ease of style to recommend his translation. Unlike Brooke, Paynter invented and added nothing.

It was natural, therefore, that Shakespeare, when he took up the story of Romeo and Juliet as a fit subject for the stage, should turn from Paynter's hard, cold, and dry narrative to Brooke's more attractive and interesting poem. To those who read the play with an eye to the two pieces now reprinted, it will be evident that Shakespeare was more indebted to Brooke than to Paynter, and Malone has thus enumerated his reasons for thinking so.

"1. In the poem, the Prince of Verona is called *Escalus*: so also in the play. In Paynter's translation from Boisteau, he is named *Signor Escala*, and sometimes Lord Bartholomew of *Escala*. 2. In Paynter's novel, the family of Romeo are called the *Montèsches*: in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. 3. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo, to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Paynter's translation called *Anselme*: in the poem and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Paynter; nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets in the original and in Paynter is called *Villa Franca*: in the poem and in the play, *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of Romeo and Juliet appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Paynter's novel, or in Boisteau, or in the original; and several expressions are

borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places." (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vi, 3.)

These "proper places" are, of course, the notes to Malone's edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, and it is needless to repeat them here. The result is to render it pretty clear that Shakespeare made comparatively little use of Paynter's version, while his obligations to Brooke were numerous and considerable.

To what degree our great dramatist might also be indebted to some earlier and now lost tragedy must be matter of mere conjecture. One point is quite certain from Arthur Brooke's address "to the Reader," viz. that prior to 1562 the subject had been brought upon the English stage: his words are the more remarkable, because he gives extraordinary commendation to the piece, and the excellence of his own work shews that he must have been a competent judge. "Though (he says) I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation then I can looke for, being there much better set forth then I have, or can dooe." Thus we see that there was not only a play, but, in the estimation of Brooke, a good play, upon the history of *Romeo and Juliet* in the very commencement of the reign of Elizabeth; for the term "lately," would scarcely warrant us in going back beyond the year 1558. This fact furnishes the strongest evidence of the popularity of the incidents, even before Brooke made use of them; and the possibility that Shakespeare availed himself, in 1596, of the work of some older playwright is considered in "*The History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*," ii, 416.

It ought be mentioned that, two years before Paynter published his translation, what may be called "the argument" of it was thus stated by T. Peend, or Delapeend, in his "*Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis*," 1565:—"A noble mayden of the cytye Verona, in Italye, whyche loved Romeus, eldest sonne of the Lorde Montescche, and beinge

pryvely maryed togyther, he at last poysoned hymselfe for love of her. She, for sorowe of his deathe, slewe selfe in the same tombe with hys dagger." This is inserted by way of explanation of a passage in the poem, in which the names "Juliet and Romeus" are introduced.

In truth, the story must have been very familiar to every body long before Shakespeare thought fit to adopt it for the company to which he belonged. One early notice of it, three-and-twenty years older than the date of the first edition of "*Romeo and Juliet*," is to be found in a volume of such extreme rarity, that only a single copy of it (and that imperfect at the end) is known to remain. It is called "*A right excellent and pleasant Dialogue betwene Mercury and a Souldier*," 8vo, 1574; and there the author, Barnabe Rich, informs us that "the pittifull history of Romeus and Julietta" was represented upon tapestry, as if it were then not an uncommon subject for that species of domestic illustration. The next allusion to it is in "*The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*," 1578; and in the following year we find it spoken of in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasure*;" while Stanyhurst, in his Epitaph at the end of his hexametrical translation of "*The first foure bookes of Virgils Æneis*," 1582, places Juliet in the same line with Dido and Cleopatra. The last instance to which it is necessary to allude is contained in Melbancke's "*Philotimus—the Warre betwixt Nature and Fortune*," 1583.

It will be observed that Brooke, Paynter, and Shakespeare all conclude the story in the same manner: Juliet does not wake from her trance in the tomb until Romeo is dead; but in Luigi da Porto's narrative, and in Bandello's novel founded upon it, she recovers her senses in time to hear him speak, and to see him expire: instead of stabbing herself with his dagger, she dies, as it were, of a broken heart, on the body of her lover.

***THE TRAGICALL HIS
torye of Romeus and Iuliet, writ-
ten first in Italian by Bandell,
and nowe in Englishe by
Ar. Br.***

***In ædibus Richardi Tottelli.
Cum Privilegio.***

TO THE READER.

THE God of all glorye created universallie all creatures, to sette forth his prayse, both those whiche we esteeme profitable in use and pleasure, and also those, whiche we accompte noysome, and lothsome. But principally he hath appointed man, the chiefest instrument of his honour, not onely, for ministryng matter thereof in man himselfe: but aswell in gatheryng out of other, the occasions of publishing Gods goodnes, wisdome, & power. And in like sort, everye dooyng of man hath by Goddes dyspensacion some thyng, whereby God may, and ought to be honored. So the good doynges of the good, & the evill actes of the wicked, the happy successe of the blessed, and the wofull proceedinges of the miserable, doe in divers sorte sound one prayse of God. And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the bee: so every exauple ministreth good lessons to the well disposed mynde. The glorious triumphe of the continent man upon the lustes of wanton fleshe, encourageth men to honest restraynt of wyld affections, the shamefull and wretched endes of such, as have yelded their libertie thrall to fowle desires, teache men to withholde them selves from the hedlong fall of loose dishonestie. So, to lyke effect, by sundry meanes, the good mans exauple byddeth men to be good, and the evill mans mischefe, warneth men not to be evyll. To this good ende, serve all ill endes, of yll begynnynges. And to this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall matter written, to describe unto thee a couple of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to unhonest desire, neglecting the authoritie and advise of parents and frendes,

conferring their principall counsels with dronken gossyppes, and superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instrumentes of unchastitie) attemptyng all adventures of peryll, for thattaynyng of their wished lust, usyng auricular confession (the kay of whoredome, and treason) for furtheraunce of theyr purpose, abusyng the honorable name of lawefull mariage, to cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all meanes of unhonest lyfe, hastyng to most unhappy deathe. This president (good Reader) shalbe to thee, as the slaves of Lacedemon, oppressed with excesse of drinke, deformed and altered from likenes of men, both in mynde, and use of body, were to the free borne children, so shewed to them by their parentes, to thintent to rayse in them an hatefull lothyng of so filthy beastlynnes. Hereunto if you applye it, ye shall deliver my dooing from offence, and profit your selves. Though I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation, then I can looke for: (being there much better set forth then I have or can dooe) yet the same matter penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it, which hath the more encouraged me to publishe it, suche as it is. Ar. Br.

TO THE READER.

AMID the desert rockes, the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge ;
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare,
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on ; or, when one doggc doth shake
With moosled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,
Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creast,) or wylde in savage wood,
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth, and stayned jawes with blood ;
Or els, when from the farthest heavens, they
The lode starres are, the very pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke ;—

Right so my muse

Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull travell and a longer whye
May better shape. The eldest of them loe,
I offer to the stake ; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe :
The rest (unlickt as yet) a whye shall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe
Of noble tryumphes, and decdes of martial might,
And shall geve rules of chast and honest lyfe.
The whye, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game

Of this thy muse.

THE ARGUMENT.

LOVE hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight,
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre ;
They wed in shrift by counsell of a frier ;
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night .
Three monthes he doth enioy his cheefe delight :
By Tybalt's rage, provoked unto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre .
A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight :
New mariage is offred to his wyfe :
She drinkes a drinke that seemes to reve her breath ;
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.
Her husband heares the tydinges of hêr death ;
He drinkes his bane ; and she, with Romeus knyfe,
When she awakes, her selfe (alas) she sleath .

ROMEUS ~~AND~~ JULIET.

THERE is beyonde the Alps, a towne of auncient fame,
Whose bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name ;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle :
Mayntained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.
The fruitfull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,
The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the towne doth flow ;
The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease :
And other moe commodities, which profite may and please ;
Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngrы eyes of those that curiously beholde ;
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the rest
Of Lumbard townes, or at the least compared with the best.
In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raigne,
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
Alas (I rewe to thinke) an heavy happe befell :
Which Boccace skant (not my rude tonge) were able forth to tell.
Within my trembling hande, my penne doth shake for feare,
And, on my colde amased head, upright doth stand my heare.
But sith shee doth commaunde, whose hest I must obaye,
In moorning verse, a woful chaunce to tell I will assaye.
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muses with your art,
Helpe, all ye damned feends to tell of joyes retournd to smart.
Help eke ye sisters three, my skillesse pen tindyte :
For you it causd which I (alas) unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient stockes, which Fortune high did place
Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race,
Loved of the common sort, loved of the prince alike,
And like unhappy were they both, when Fortune list to strike.
Whose prayse with equal blast, Fame in her trumpet blew ;
The one was cliped Capolet, and thother Montagew.
A wonted use it is, that men of likely sorte,
(I wot not by what furye forsd) envye eche others porte.

So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,
 And then of grudging envyes roote, blacke hate and rancor grewe.
 As of a little sparke, oft ryseth mighty fyre,
 So of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flashe oute theyr yre :
 And then theyr deadly foode, first hatchd of trifling stryfe,
 Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes ; it revcd breth and lyfe.
 No legend lye I tell, scarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
 That did behold the grisly sight, with wet and weping eye.
 But when the prudent prince, who there the scepter helde,
 So great a new disorder in his common weale behelde ;
 By jentyl meane he sought, their choler to asswage ;
 And by perswasion to appease, their blameful furious rage.
 But both his woords and tyme, the prince hath spent in vayne :
 So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buysy payne.
 When frendly sage advise, ne gentyll woords avayle ;
 By thondring threats, and princely powre their courage gan he quayle.
 In hope that when he had the wasting flame suppress,
 In time he should quyte quench the sparks that boornd within their
 brest.

Now whylst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,
 And eche with outward frendly shew dooth hyde his inward hate :
 One Romeus, who was of race a Montague,
 Upon whose tender chyn, as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
 Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest dyd stayne :
 That from the cheefe of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,
 Hath founde a mayde so fayre (he found so foule his happe)
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrappe,
 That from his owne affayres, his thought she did remove ;
 Onely he sought to honor her, to serve her and to love.
 To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
 At length (in hope of better spede) himselfe the lover went ;
 Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde :
 And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
 But she that from her youth was fostred evermore
 With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wisdomes skilfull lore :
 By aunswere did cutte of thaffections of his love,
 That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move.

So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
 That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke.
 And yet how much she did with constant minde retyre :
 So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by desyre.
 But when he many monthes, hopelesse of his recure,
 Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure :
 At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
 If chaunge of place might chaunge awaye his ill-bestowed love ;
 And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone :
 “ What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,
 Sith that my humble sute and labour sowede in vayne,
 Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and proude disdayne?
 What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne :
 But she the path wherein I treade, with spedy flight doth shunne.
 I can not live, except that nere to her I be ;
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me.
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight ;
 Perhaps mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,
 This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded.”

But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,
 A contrary repugnant thought sauke in his breast so depe :
 That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best :
 In syghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorrow and unrest,
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and wery night ;
 So deepe hath love with pearcing hand, ygrav'd her bewty bright
 Within his brest, and hath so mastred quite his hart :
 That he of force must yeld as thrall ;—no way is left to start.
 He can not staye his steppe, but forth still must be ronne,
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snow against the sonne.
 His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
 And eche of them in friendly wyse his heavy hap bewayles.
 But one emong the rest, the trustiest of his feeres,
 Farre more than he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,
 Gan sharply him rebuke, such love to him he bare :
 That he was felow of his smart, and partner of his care.
 “ What meanst thou Romeus (quoth he) what doting rage
 Dooth make thee thus consume away the best parte of thine age.

In seeking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,
 Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted truth,
 Which are of force (I weene) to move the hardest hart to ruthe.
 Now for our friendships sake, and for thy health I pray ;
 That thou hencefoorth become thine owne ;—O give no more away
 Unto a thankeles wight thy precious free estate :
 In that thou lovest such a one, thou seemst thy selfe to hate.
 For she doth love els where (and then thy time is lorne)
 Or els (what bootest thee to sue) Loves court she hath forsworne.
 Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace :
 What man is better shapd than thou ? who hath a swetter face ?
 By painfull studies meane, great learning hast thou wonne :
 Thy parentes have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.
 What greater griefe (trowst thou ?) what wofull dedly smart
 Should so be able to distraine thy seely fathers hart ?
 As in his age to see thee plunged deepe in vyce,
 When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arise.
 What shall thy kinsmen thinke, thou cause of all their ruthe ?
 Thy dedly foes do laugh to skorne thy yll employed youth.
 Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth beginne
 To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedst in.
 Remove the veale of love, that keepes thine eyes so blynde,
 That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
 But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,
 Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.
 Choose out some worthy dame, her honor thou and serve,
 Who will geve care to thy complaint, and pitty ere thou sterue.
 But sow no more thy paynes in such a barrayne soyle :
 As yeldes in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
 Ere long the townishe dames together will resort :
 Some one of bewty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,
 With so fast fixed eye, perhaps thou mayst beholde :
 That thou shalt quite forget thy love, and passions past of olde."

The yong maus lystning eare receivde the holesome sounde,
 And reasons truth yplanted so, within his head had ground ;
 That now with healthy coole ytempred is the heate,
 And piECEmeale weares away the greefe that erst his heart dyd freate.

To his approved frend a solemne othe he plight,
 At every feast ykept by day, and banquet made by night,
 At pardous in the churche, at games in open streate,
 And every where he would resort where ladies wont to meete ;
 Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,
 For he would view and judge them all with unallured eye.
 How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne ;
 But twyse as happy had he been, had he been never borne.
 For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,
 False Fortune cast for him, poor wretch, a myschiefe newe to brewe.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
 And now the season doth invite to banquet townish dames.
 And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn
 Sparth for no cost, the wouted use of banquets to begyn.
 No Lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
 No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne ;
 But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
 Or by his name in paper sent, appoynted as a geast.
 Yong damsels thether flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
 Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to searche out.
 But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
 For as you heard, the Capilets, and they were at debate.
 Save Romeus, and he, in maske with hydden face :
 The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.
 When they had maskd a while, with dames in courtly wise,
 All did unmaske, the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes ;
 But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forsooke
 The open prease, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.
 But brighter then the sunne, the waxen torches shone :
 That maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one.
 But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe
 To woonder at his sightly shape and bewties spotles hewe ;
 With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,
 That Ladies thought the fayrest dames were fowle in his respect.
 And in theyr head besyde, an other woonder rose,
 How he durst put himselfe in throug among so many foes.
 Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede :
 And women love an hardy hart as I in stories rede.

ROMEO'S AND JULIET.

*The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,
Yet they suppress the styrrd yre, the cause I doe not knowe :
Perhaps toffend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth,
Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreading the Princes wroth.
Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage :
Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.
They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyre dedde :
They neyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say God speede.
So that he freely might the Ladies view at ease :
And they also behelding him, their chaunge of fansies please.
Which Nature had hym taught to doe with such a grace,
That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
With upright beame he wayd the bewty of eche dame,
And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in natures frame.
At length he saw a mayd, right fayre of perfect shape,
Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their rape.
Whom crst he never sawe, of all she pleasse him most ;
Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boste
Of perfit shapes renoune, and beauties sounding prayse,
Whose like ne hath, ne shalbe seene, ne liveth in our dayes.
And whilset he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
Is nowe as quite forgotte, as it had never been :
The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unseene.
And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
So novell love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,
That onely death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery heate.
When Romeus saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,
Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost :
He doubtfull, skasely knew what countenance to keepe ;
In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenched and drenched deepe.
Yea he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde
To aske her name, that without force hath him in bondage folde.
Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,
But onely secketh by her sight to feede his houngrý eyes :
Through them he swalloweth downe loves sweete empoysonde baite :
How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte ?*

So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and vaines,
 That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines.
 Whilst Juliet (for so this gentle damsell hight)
 From syde to syde on every one dyd cast about her sight :
 At last her floting eyes were anchored fast on him,
 Who for her sake dyd banishe health and fredome from eche limme.
 He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest as farre
 As Phœbus shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre.
 In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and shaft,
 And to his care with steady hand the bowstring up he raft.
 Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte :
 Till now he listed not assaulte her yong and tender hart.
 His whetted arrow loosde, so touchd her to the quicke,
 That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did sticke.
 It booted not to strive, for v hy, she wanted strength ;
 The weaker aye unto the strong of force must yeld, at length.
 The pomps now of the feast her heart gyns to despyse ;
 And onely joyeth when her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.
 When theyr new smitten heartes had fed on loving gleames :
 Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, ymingled were theyr beames.
 Eche of these lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,
 That frendship in their brest had roote, and both would have it grow.
 When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache :
 And eche of them had sought the meane to end the warre by speache,
 Dame Fortune did assent theyr purpose to advaunce :
 With torche in hand a comly knight did fetch her foorth to daunce ;
 She quit herselfe so well, and with so trim a grace,
 That she the cheefe prayse wan that night from all Verona race.
 The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
 Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng doñe.
 Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere,
 And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.
 At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
 And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio ;
 A courtier that eche where was highly had in pryce,
 For he was coorteous of his speche, and pleasant of devise.
 Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
 Such was emong the bashfull maydes, Mercutio to beholde.

With frendly gripe he ceasd fayre Juliets snowish hand :
 A gyft he had that Nature gave him in his swathing band,
 That frosen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold,
 As were his handes, though nere so neer the fire he did them holde.
 As soone as had the knight the vyrgins right hand raught,
 Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.
 For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne,
 And well he wist she lovd him best, unles she list to fayne.
 Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest ;
 What joy, trow you, was graffed so in Romeus cloven brest ?
 The soodain sweete delight had stopped quite his tong,
 Ne can he claime of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.
 But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe
 From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe ;
 That vehment love was cause, why so his tong dyd stay,
 And so much more she longde to heare what Love could teach him saye.
 When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,
 And her desire of hearing him, by sylence did encrease,
 At last, with trembling voyce and shamefast chere, the mayde
 Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she sayde :

O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here :
 But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love drewe so nere :
 And so within her mouth, her tong he glewed fast,
 That no one woord could scape her more, then what already past.
 In great contented case the yong man straight is rapt :
 What chaunce (q' he) unware to me O lady mine is hapt ?
 That geves you worthy cause, my cumming here to blisse ?
 Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this :
 Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smylyng chere :
 Mervayle no whit my heartes delight, my only knight and fere,
 Mercutious ysy hande had all to frozen myne,
 And of thy goodness thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne.
 Whereto with stayed brow, gan Romeus to replye
 If so the Gods have graunted me suche favour from the skye,
 That by my being here some service I have donne
 That pleaseth you I am as glad, as I a realme had wonne.
 O wel bestowed tyme, that hath the happy hyre,
 Which I woulde wysh if I might have, my wished harts desire.

For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,
 To serve, obey, and honor you, so long as lyfe shall last :
 As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye
 His falsles truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye lye.
 But if my tooched hand have warmed yours some dele,
 Assure your self the heat is colde, which in your hand you fele,
 Compard to suche quick sparks and glowing furious gleade
 As from your bewties pleasant cyne, Love caused to proceade ;
 Which have to set on fyre eche feling parte of myne,
 That lo, my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utwerd parts doe pyne.
 And but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne ;
 Wherefore (alas) have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne.

Even with his ended tale, the torches daunce had ende,
 And Juliet of force must part from her new chosen frend.
 His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes did shake,
 When laysureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer make :
 You are no more your owne (deare friend) then I am yours
 (My honour saved) prest tobay your will, while life endures.
 Lo, here the lucky lot that sild true lovers finde,
 Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
 A happy life is love if God graunt from above,
 That hart with hart by even waight doo make exchaunge of love.
 But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde ;
 He hath forgot to ask her name that hath his hart in holde.
 With forged careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,
 Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him enchaunted so.
 So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,
 Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
 Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,
 That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.
 Wherefore with piteous plaint fcerce Fortune doth he blame,
 That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seek her laughing game.
 And he reproveth love, cheefe cause of his unrest,
 Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull brest.
 Twyse hath he made him serve, hopeles of his reward ;
 Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene the choyse were harde.
 Fyrst to a ruthlesse one he made him sue for grace,
 And now with spurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.

ROMEO'S AND JULIET.

Amyd these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,

He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde.

And therefore is content, and chooseth still to serve :

Though hap should sweare that guerdonles the wretched wight
should sterve.

The lot of Tantalus is Romeus like to thine ;

For want of foode amid his foode, the myser still doth pine.

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise

To learne his name, that intertaind her in so gentle wise ;

Of whome her hart received so deepe so wyde a wound.

An auncient dame she calde to her, and in her care gan rounde :

This old dame in her youth had nurst her with her mylke,

With slender nedel taught her sow, and how to spin with silke.

What twayne are those (quoth she) which prease unto the doore,

Whose pages in their hand doe beare, two torches light before ?

And then as eche of them had of his household name,

So she him named yet once agayne the yong and wyly dame.

And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,

That yender doth in masking weede besyde the window stand.

His name is Romeus (said shee) a Montagewe,

Whose Fathers pryde first styrd the strife which both your hous-
holdes rewe.

The woord of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,

And straight in steade of happy hope, despayre began to growe.

What hap have I quoth she, to love my fathers foe ?

What, am I wery of my wele ? what, do I wishe my woe ?

But though her grievouse paynes distraind her tender hart,

Yet with an outward shewe of joye she cloked inward smart ;

And of the courtlyke dames her leave so courtly tooke,

That none dyd gesse the sodain change by changing of her looke,

Then at her mothers hest to chamber she her hyde,

So well she faynde, mother ne nurce, the hidden harme descride.

But when she should have slept as wont she was, in bed,

Not halfe a winke of quiet slepe could harbor in her hed.

For loe, an hugy heape of dyvers thoughtes arise,

That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.

And now from side to side she tosseth and she turnes,

And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes.

And now she lykes her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,
 And now eche houre within her head a thousand fansyes frames.
 Sometime in mynde to stop amynd her course begonne,
 Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, that tempted race to ronne.
 Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought :
 The fight was feerce, continuynge long by their contrary thought.
 In tourning mase of love she wandreth too and fro,
 Then standeth doubtful what to doe, last, overprest with woe.
 How so her fansies cease, her teares did never blyn,
 With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begyn.
 Ah sily foole (quoth she) ycought in soottill snare :
 Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe ! ah caytife clad with care.
 Whence come these wandering thoughtes to thy unconstant brest ?
 By straying thus from raysons lore, that reve thy wonted rest.
 What if his suttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
 And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong ?
 What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte ?
 As oft the poysond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte ?
 Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshod served her lust ;
 And toornd theyr honor into shame, that did so slightly trust.
 What, was not Dido so, a crouned queene, defamd ?
 And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus blamd ?
 A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,
 In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too playnely written are.
 Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by strength,
 By suttel sleight (my honor staynde) he hopes to worke at length.
 So shall I seeke to finde my fathers foe, his game ;
 So I befylde Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame,
 Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill
 Of my disprayse, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.
 Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becommе,
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollow toombe.
 Straight underneth her foote she treadeth in the dust
 Her troublesom thought, as wholly vaine, ybred of fond distrust.
 No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,
 Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,
 That where such perfet shape with pleasant bewty restes,
 There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted gestes.

Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;
 Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.
 The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd;
 So that I see he loveth me, shall I then be unkynd?
 His faces rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke;
 And straight againe it flashed forth, and spread in eyther cheeke.
 His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
 His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei semed to rehearse.
 What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?
 The trembling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?
 And whilst I talke with him, him self he hath exyld
 Out of himself (as seemed me) ne was I sure begyld.
 Those arguments of love Craft wrate not in his face,
 But Natures hande, when all deceyte was banishd out of place.
 What other certayn signes seke I of his good wil?
 These doo suffice; and stedfast I will love and serve him still,
 Till Atropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
 So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.
 For so perchaunce this new aliance may procure
 Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall endure."

Oh how we can perswade our self to what we like,
 And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mynd mislyke.
 Weake arguments are stronge, our fansies streyght to frame
 To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.
 The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre,
 Kept in her heart by striving thoughtes, when every shining starre
 Had payd his borrowed light, and Phoebus spred in skies
 His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.
 And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,
 Where restles he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.
 And while with lingring step by Juliets house he past,
 And upwards to her windowes high his gredy eyes did cast:
 His love that looked for him there gan he straight espie.
 With pleasant cheere eche greeted is; she followeth with her eye
 His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
 But not so oft as he desyres; warely he doth refrayne.
 What life were like to love, if dred of jeopardy
 Ysowerd not the sweete; if love were free from jelosy.

But she more sure within, unscene of any wight,
 When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.
 In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,
 That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
 In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,
 From which, except he warely walke, men may his love descrye;
 For lo, it fronted full upon her leaning place,
 Where she is wont to shew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.
 And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bowraye,
 He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by daye;
 But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spread,
 Well armd he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadfull foes doth dred.
 Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blynde?
 He reveth daungers dread oft times out of the loves minde.
 By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
 And for the missing of his marke his grieve hath hym nye slaine.
 And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts reliefe:
 Her Romeus pleasant eyen (I mean) is almost dead for greefe.
 Ech day she chaungeth howres (for lovers keepe an howre)
 When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by their bowre.
 Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
 Within her windowe, and anon the moone did shine so bright
 That she espyde her love: her hart revived sprang;
 And now for joy she clappes her handes, which erst for woe she wrang.
 Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desired sight,
 His moorning cloke of mune cast off, hath clad him with delight.
 Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more:
 His care was great, hers twice as great was all the time before;
 For whilst she knew not why he dyd himselfe absent,
 Ay douting both his health and life, his death she dyd lament.
 For love is fearefull oft where is no cause of feare,
 And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced we're.
 Of greater cause alway is greater woorke ybred;
 While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.
 When onely absence is the cause of Romeus smart,
 By happy hope of sight agayne he feedes his faynting hart.
 What woonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye?
 What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joye?

His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove ;
Ne, for she passed him in both, did she him passe in love :
But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The welbeloving knight and eke the welbeloved dame.
Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaynes ronne,
With whispering voyce, ybroke with sobs, thus is her tale begonne :
Oh Romeus (of your life) too lavas sure you are,
That in this place, and at thys tyme, to hasard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kynsmen, saw you here ?
Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.
In ruth and in disdayne, I, wery of my life,
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloudy knyfe.
For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare ?
And eke my honor staynde, which I then lyfe doe holde more deare.

Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod he)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.
They may in spyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed ;
And they also, who so sayth nay, a sonder may it shreed.
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it could defende.
Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, for your sake,
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my mishappe were such, that here, before your sight,
I should restore agayne to death, of lyfe my borrowde light,
This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,
That part he should before that you by certaine trial knew
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,
And how I dread to loose the gayne which I doe hope to win :
And how I wishe for lyfe, not for my propre ease,
Bat that in it you might I love, you honor, serve and please,
Tyll dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send :
And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pittie boyle in Juliets ruthfull brest ;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary hed doth rest :
Her bosome bathd in teares, to witnes inward payne,
With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne :
Ah my deere Romeus, keepe in these woords, (quod she)
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me

For pittie and for dred welnigh to yelde up breath ;
 In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.
 For so my heart is knitte, yea, made one selfe with yours,
 That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynde endures,
 But as you suffer payne, so I doe beare in part
 (Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.
 But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne
 You have respect, or pittie ought my teery weeping eyen,
 In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfolde,
 That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
 For if you doe intende my honor to defile,
 In error shall you wander still, as you have done this whyle :
 But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
 If wedlocke be the ende and marke which your desire hath found,
 Obedience set aside, unto my parentes dewe,
 The quarell eke that long agoe betwene our housholdes grewe,
 Both me and myne I will all whole to you betake,
 And following you where so you goe, my fathers house forsake.
 But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute
 You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke my maydenhods dainty frute,
 You are begylde ; and now your Juliet you beseeke
 To cease your sute, and suffer her to live emong her likes.
 Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,
 And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aspyre,
 Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expresse,
 Or, till they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can gesse.
 And then with joynd hands, heavd up into the skies,
 He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance downe
 he cries,

If he have other thought but as his Lady spake ;
 And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did aunswer make :
 Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much
 As to accept me for your spouse, I yeld my selfe for such.
 In true witnes wherof, because I must depart,
 Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart.
 Tomorrow eke bestimes, before the sunne arise,
 To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.

He is my gostly syre, and oft he hath me taught
 What I should doe in things of wayght, when I his ayde have sought.
 And at this selfe same houre, I plyte you here my fayth,
 I will be here (if you think good) to tell you what he sayth.
 She was contented well; els favour found he none
 That night, at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woordes alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,
 For he of Frauncis order was, a fryer as I reede.
 Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,
 But doctor of divinitie proceded he in schoole.
 The secretes eke he knew in Natures woorkes that loorke;
 By magiks arte most men supposd that he could wonders woork.
 Ne doth it ill besecme devines those skills to know,
 If on no harmefull deede they do such skilfulnes bestow;
 For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,
 But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.
 The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne
 The townes folks herts, that welnigh all to fryer Lawrence rounne,
 To shrive them selfe; the olde, the young, the great and small;
 Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.
 And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,
 The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.
 Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,
 A secret and assured frend unto the Montegue.
 Loved of this yong man more then any other geste,
 The frier eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best;
 For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,
 (As erst you heard) by skilfull lore found out his harmes redresse.
 To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayth he till the morowe;
 To him he paynteth all his case, his passed joy and sorow.
 How he hath her espyde with other dames in daunce,
 And how that first to talke with her himselfe he did advance;
 Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
 And how so fast by fayth and troth they both yecoupled are,
 That neither hope of lyfe, nor dred of cruel death,
 Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him
 breath.

And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly syre
 To further and accomplish all theyr honest hartes desire.
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,
 A thousand daungers like to come the olde man doth disclose,
 And from the spousall rites he readeth him refrayne,
 Perhaps he shalbe bet advise within a weeke or twayne.
 Advise is banishd quite from those that followe love,
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
 As well the father might have counseld him to stay
 That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the way,
 As warne his frend to stop amyde his race begonne,
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the fryer doth graunt at last ;
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,
 Of both the houtholdes wrath, this mariage might apeace ;
 So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever cease.
 The respite of a day he asketh to devyse
 What way were best, unknowne, to ende so great an enterprisc.
 The wounded man that now doth dedly paines endure,
 Scarce pacient tarieth whilst his leeche doth make the salve to cure :
 So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,
 Yet nedes he must, els must he want his onely hearts delight.

You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare ;
 Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap
 Into the friers brest ; but where shall Juliet unwrap
 The secretes of her hart ? to whom shall she unfold
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and cares so colde.
 The nurce of whom I spake, within her chaumber laye,
 Upon the mayde she wayteth still ; to her she doth bewray
 Her new received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
 In her, she saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.
 Not easely she made the froward nurce to bowe,
 But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne vowe
 To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her hest ;
 Her mistres secrets hide she will, within her covert brest.

To Romeus she goes, of him she doth desyre
 To know the meane of mariage, by counsell of the fryre.

On Saturday, quod he, if Juliet come to shrift,
 She shalbe shrived and married; how lyke you, noorse, this drift?
 Now by my truth (quod she) God's blessing have your hart,
For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part.
 Lord, how you yong men can such crafty wiles devise,
 If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers eyes.
 An easy thing it is with cloke of holines
 To mocke the sely mother, that suspecteth nothing lesse.
 But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,
 For all my many yeres perhaps I should have found it scarce.
 Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone;
 To get her leave, some feate excuse I will devise anone;
 For that her golden lockes by sloth have been unkempt,
 Or for unwares some wanton dreame the youthfull damsell drempt,
 Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time she spent,
 Or otherwise within her hart deserved to be shent.
 I know her mother will in no case say her nay;
 I warrant you, she shall not fayle to come on Saturday.
 And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her well;
 And how she gave her sucke in youth, she leaveth not to tell.
 A pretty babe (quod she) it was when it was yong;
 Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong!
 A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
 And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I did clappe.
 And gladder then was I of such a kisse forsooth,
 Then I had been to have a kisse of some olde lechers mouth.
 And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,
 And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.
 For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,
 The message aunswer seemed him to be of more behove.
 But when these beldams sit at ease upon theyr tayle,
 The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke shall fayle.
 And part they say is true, and part they do devise,
 Yet holdly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.
 Then he vj crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
 And gave them her; a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.
 In seven yeres twise tolde she had not bowld so lowe
 Her crooked knees, as now they bowe: she sweares she will bestowe

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,
 To helpe him to his hoped blisse ; and, cowering downe agayne,
 She takes her leave, and home she hyes with speddy pace ;
The chaumber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling face ;
 Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tydings I thee bring.
 Leave off thy woonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.
 For thou mayst hold thy selfe the happiest under sonne,
 That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast woone.
 The best yshapde is he, and hath the fayrest face,
 Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace :
 So gentle of his speche, and of his counsell wise :
 And still with many prayes more she heaved him to the skies.
 Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought ;
 But of our mariage, say at once, what aunswer have you brought ?
 Nay, soft, quoth she, I feare your hurt by sodain joye ;
 I list not play quod Juliet, although thou list to toye.
 How glad, trow you, was she, when she had heard her say,
 No farther of then Saterdag differred was the day.
 Againe, the auncient nurce doth speake of Romeus,
 And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.
 Nothing was done or said that she hath left untolde,
 Save onely one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.
 There is no losse, quod she, (sweete wench) to losse of time,
 Ne in thine age shalt thou repent so much of any crime.
 For when I call to mynde my former passed youth,
 One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endles ruth.
 At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,
 And I was fully ripe before, (I dare well say) a yere.
 The pleasure that I lost, that yere so overpast,
 A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, while life doth last.*
 In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were, ywisso
 When thou mayst live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse.
 She that this mornyng could her mistres mynde dissuade,
 Is now becommen an oratresse, her lady to persuade.
 If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
 To him I speake ; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not spare,
 Two sortes of men there are, seeld welcome in at doore,
 The welthy sparing nigard, and the sutor that is poore.

For glittering gold is woont by kynd to moove the hart ;
 And often times a slight rewarde doth cause a more desart.
 Ywritten have I red, I wot not in what booke,
 There is no better way to fishe then with a golden hooke.
 Of Romeus these two doe sitte and chat awhyle,
 And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.
 A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,
 And leave for her to goe to shrift on Saterday she got.
 So well this Juliet, this wily wench dyd know
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
 The Saterday betimes, in sober weed yclad,
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad.
 With her the nurce is sent, as brydle of her lust,
 With her the mother sendes a mayde almost of equall trust.
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte the Jenet now hath caught,
 So warely eke the vyrgin walkes, her mayde perceiveth nought.
 She gaseth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth downe
 Upon an alters step, where she devoutly prayes,
 And there upon her tender knees the wery lady staves ;
 Whilst she doth send her mayde the certain truth to know,
 If fryer Lawrence laysure had to heare her shrift, or no.
 Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant cheere ;
 The shamefast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth neere.
 Some great offence (q' he) you have committed late,
 Perhaps you have displeasd your frend by geving him a mate.
 Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
 Go, heare a masse or two, quod he which straight way shalbe
 sayde.

For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne
 The charge that I receivd of you restore to you agayne.
 What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde ?
 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungde her yong mistrusting
 mayde ?

I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,
 But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.
 Thus to the fryers cell they both foorth walked bin ;
 He shuts the doore as soone as he and Juliet were in.

But Romeus, her frend, was entred in before,
 And there had wayted for his love, two howers large and more.
 Eche minute seemde an howre, and every howre a day,
 Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.
 Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,
 For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe delight.
 And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,
 For now the rest of all her parts have found her straying hart.
 Both theyr confessions first the fryer hath heard them make,
 And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake :
 Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly doughter decree,
 As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you standeth here,
 Twixt you it is agreed, that you shalbe his wyfe,
 And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your life.
 Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest ?
 And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely harts request.
 When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,
 When in the prayse of wedlocks state somme skilfull talke was past.
 When he had told at length the wife what was her duc,
 His duety eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew ;
 How that the wife in love must honor and obay,
 What love and honor he doth owe, and dette that he must pay.
 The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde
 Appointed hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde
 Received of Romeus ; and then they both arose.
 To whom the frier then said : Perchaunce apart you will disclose,
 Betwixt your selfe alone, the bottome of your hart ;
 Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should depart.
 Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to parte so soone)
 Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurce this after noone.
 Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time ;
 By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your windowe cline.
 Then we will talke of love and of our olde dispayres,
 And then with longer laysure had dispose our great affaires.
 These said, they kisse, and then part to theyr fathers house,
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the spouse :
 Contented both, and yet both uncontented still,
 Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.

The painfull souldiour, sore ybet with wery warre,
The merchant eke that nedefull things doth dred to fetch from farre,
The ploughman that for doute of feerce invading foes,
Rather to sit in ydle ease then sowe his tilt hath chose,
Rejoyce to heare proclaymd the tydings of the peace;
Not pleasurd with the sound so much; but, when the warres do cease,
Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes forth: .
The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;
Dredelesse the husband man doth till his fertile feeld.
For welth, her mate, not for her selfe, is peace so precious held:
So lovers live in care, in dread, and in unrest,
And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their brest:
But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne.
The newes of ended warre these two have hard with joy,
But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.
In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,
Thy stearles ship (O Romeus) hath been long while betost;
The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,
Art comme in sight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort
Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long desyred port.
God graunt, no follies mist so dymme thy inward sight,
That thou do misse the chanel that doth leade to thy delight.
God graunt, no daungers rocke, ylurking in the darke,
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy seabeaten barke.
A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,
That with his life (if nede requierd) his master would him trust.
His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde;
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to send the nurce at twylight fayleth not,
To whom the bridegroome yeven hath the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him appointeth her an howre,
For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,
He will not misse to come to his appoynted place,
Where wout he was to take by stelth the view of Juliets face.

How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,
 Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay :
 For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty yere :
 So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
 The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
 Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all over hyde.

Thappointed howre is comme ; he, clad in rich araye,
 Walkes toward his desyred home : good fortune gyde his way.
 Approching nere the place from whence his hart had life,
 So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he spyde his wife,
 Who in the windowe watcht the cumming of her lorde ;
 Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,
 That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,
 Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand times.
 The windowes close are shut ; els looke they for no gest ;
 To light the waxen quarriers, the auncient nurce is prest,
 Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
 That she at pleasure might beholde her husbands bewty bright.
 A carchef white as snowe ware Juliet on her hed,
 Such as she wonted was to weare, attyre meete for the bed.
 As soone as she hym spyde, about his necke she clong,
 And by her long and slender armes a great while there she hong.
 A thousand times she kist, and him unkist agayne,
 Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere so fayne.
 And like betwixt his armes to faynt his lady is ;
 She fettes a sigh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his :
 And ready then to sownde, she looked ruthfully,
 That loe, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
 These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,
 And she unto her selfe agayne retorned home at last.
 Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,
 An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.
 O Romeus, quoth she, in whome all vertues shyne,
 Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of myne
 Such teary streames dyd flowe, that I suppose welny
 The source of my bitter teares is altogether drye.
 Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,
 And of thy safetie and thy health so much I stood in dred.

But now what is decreed by fatall desteny,
I force it not ; let Fortune do and death their woorst to me.
Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,
In that the Gods have granted me to claspe thee in myne armes.
The chrystall teares began to stand in Romeus eyes,
When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunswere in this wise :
Though cruell Fortune be so much my dedly foe,
That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee (fayre dame) to knowe
How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert, on me,
Ne tormentes that for thee I did ere this endure,
Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well assure ;
The least of many paynes which of thy absence sprong,
More paynefully then death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.
Ere this, one death had reft a thousand deathes away,
But lyfe prolonged was by hope of this desyred day ;
Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,
That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone
Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Inde.
Wherfore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde :
For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,
So is it skill behinde our backe the cursed care to cast.
Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assinde,
Where we with pleasure may content our uncontented minde,
In Lethes hyde we deepe all greefe and all annoy,
Whilst we do bath in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
And, for the time to comme, let be our busy care
So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware ;
Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,
And us throwe backe from happy state to more unhappy plight.
Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,
But forth in hast the old nurse stept, and so her aunswere stayde.
Who takes not time (quoth she) when time well offred is,
An other time shall seek for tyme, and yet of time shall misse.
And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,
Is worthy sure (if I might judge) of lashes with a whippe.
Wherfore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,
And eche of you hath been the cause of others wayled woe,

Loe here a felde (she shewd a fieldbed ready dight)
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge your selfe by fight.
 Whereto these lovers both gan easely assent,
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they went,
 Where they were left alone, the nurce is gone to rest :
 How can this be ? they restles lye, ne yet they feele unrest.
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in ;
 O that I might have found the like, I wish it for no sin,
 But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
 As heretofore I have displayd their secret hidden playnt.
 Of shyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
 But Fortune such delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.
 By prooffe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
 But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endite.
 The blyndfold goddesse that with frowning face doth fraye,
 And from theyr seate the mighty kinges throwes downe with hed-
 long sway,
 Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face ;
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortunes grace.
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead (O Juliet) this pleasant time she spent.
 This passe they foorth the night, in sport, in joly game ;
 The hastines of Phoebeus steeds in great despyte they blame.
 And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,
 In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,
 And now in case he doth possesse the hoped place :
 How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers parts embrace.
 The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleasd,
 The nigh approche of dayes retoorne these seely foles diseasd.
 And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,
 Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty mornings crine,
 With frendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,
 And every other night, to come, a solemne othe he makes,
 By one selfe meane, and cke to come at one selfe howre :
 And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawse his sweete with sowre.

But who is he that can his present state assure ?
 And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure ?
 So wavering fortunes whele, her chaunges be so straunge ;
 And every wight ythralled is by Fate unto her chaunge :
 Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,
 (Although not aye, perchaunce, alike) of pleasure and of smart.
 For after many joyes some feele but little paine,
 And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.
 But other somme there are, that living long in woe,
 At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so ;
 Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,
 Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it seeme the more.
 Of this unlucky sorte our Romeus is one,
 For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.
 And joyfull Juliet an other leafe must toorne ;
 As wont she was (her joyes bereft), she must begin to moorne.

The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,
 But winters blast with spedy foote doth bring the fall agayne.
 Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,
 By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.
 She payd theyr former greefe with pleasures doubled gayne,
 But now, for pleasures usery, tenfold redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cause those houtholds so agree,
 But that some sparckles of their wrath as yet remaining bee ;
 Which lye this while raked up in ashes pale and ded,
 Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spread.
 At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne ;
 The morowe after Easter day the mischief new begonne.
 A band of Capilets did meete (my hart it rewes)
 Within the walles, by Pursers gate, a band of Montagewes.
 The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,
 Best exercisd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,
 Our Juliets unkles sonne, that cliped was Tibalt ;
 He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.
 They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,
 So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth outstretched
 large :

Now, now (quod he) my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,
 That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may speake.
 Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage ;
 Let none of them escape alive. Then he with furious rage,
 And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,
 And then forthwith a skyrmishe great upon this fray arose.
 For, loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,
 And rather then to live with shame, with prayse did choose to dye.
 The woordes that Tybalt usd to styre his folke to yre,
 Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
 With Lyons hartes they fight, warely themselfe defende ;
 To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.
 This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,
 That whether part had got the woorst, full doutfull were the
 thought.

The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
 And partes are taken on every side ; both kindreds thether hyc.
 Here one doth graspe for breth, his frend bestrideth him ;
 And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lim :
 His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,
 And who he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his
 cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde ;
 With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutfull wounde.
 Thus foote by foote long while, and shield to shield set fast,
 One foe doth make another faynt, but makes him not agast.
 And whilst this noyse is rife in every townes mans eare,
 Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus heare.
 With spedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace ;
 With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.
 They pittie much to see the slaughter made so greate,
 That wetshod they might stand in blood on eyther side the streate.
 Part frendes (said he) part frendes, helpe, frendes, to part the fray,
 And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.
 Gods farther wrath you styrre, beside the hurt you feelee,
 And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.
 But they so busy are in fight, so egar and feerce,
 That through theyr cares his sage advise no leysure had to pearce.

Then lepte he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
 As well of those that were his frendes, as of his dedly foes.
 As soone as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,
 He threw a thrust at him that would have past from side to side ;
 But Romeus ever went (douting his foes) well armde,
 So that the swerd (kept out by mayle) had nothing Romeus harmde.
 Thou doest me wrong (quoth he) for I but part the fraye ;
 Not dread, but other waighly cause my hasty hand doth stay.
 Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,
 Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to parte.
 Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye :
 No, coward, traytor boy (q' he) straight way I mynd to trye,
 Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smothely fylde,
 Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for a shyld.
 And then, at Romeus hed a blow he strake so hard,
 That might have clove him to the brayne but for his cunning ward.
 It was but lent to him that could repay agayne :
 And geve him death for interest, a well forborne gayne.
 Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,
 Pinched with dog, or els with speare ypricked to the quicke,
 His bristles stiffe upright upon his backe doth set,
 And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet ;
 Or as a lyon wyld, that rampeth in his rage,
 His whelpes bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast asswage ;
 Such seemed Romeus in every others sight,
 When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himself by fight.
 Even as two thunderboltes throwne downe out of the skye,
 That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have power to flye ;
 So met these two, and while they chaunge a blow or twayne,
 Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt slayne.
 Loe here the ende of those that styrrre a dedly stryfe :
 Who thyrsteth after others death, himselfe hath lost his life.
 The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,
 The courage of the Mountagewes by Romeus sight doth growe.
 The townes men waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force ;
 The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the brethles corce
 Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
 May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath their kinsman slaine.

The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt ;
 The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
 The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,
 That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.
 His foes would have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong ;
 His frendes do think (but dare not say) that Romeus hath wrong.
 Both houtholds straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,
 Theyr bloudy weapons layd aside, to cease the styrrred stryfe.
 This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,
 From side to syde the towne is fild with murmour and with mone.
 For Tybalts hasty death bewayled was of somme,
 Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
 He should (had this not chaunced) been riche and of great powre,
 To helpe his frendes, and serve the state ; which hope within a howre
 Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
 More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.
 And other somme bewayle (but ladies most of all)
 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is so late befall,
 (Without his falt) unto the seely Romeus ;
 For whilst that he from natife land shall live exyled thus,
 From heavenly bewties light and his well shaped parts,
 The sight of which was wont (faire dames) to glad your youthfull
 harts,
 Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
 What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne ?
 This Romeus was borne so much in heavens grace,
 Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face
 (Beside the heavenly bewty glistring ay so bright,
 And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seers sight)
 A certain charme was graved by Natures secret arte,
 That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
 So every one doth wish to beare a parte of payne,
 That he released of exyle might straight retorne agayne.
 But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet ?
 How doth she bathe her brest in teares ? what depe sighes doth
 she fet ?
 How doth she tear her heare ? her weede how doth she rent ?
 How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment ?

How wayles she Tybalts death, whom she had loved so well?
Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
For delving depely now in depth of depe despayre,
With wretched sorowes cruell sound she fils the empty ayre;
And to the lowest hell downe falles her heavy crye,
And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs resounde,
And from the hard resounding rockes her sorowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,
That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and flowre.
But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,
Unto her chaumber straight she hide; there, overcharged with wo,
Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,
And in so wondrous wise began her sorowes to renewe,
That sure no hart so hard (but it of flint had byn,)
But would have rude the pitious plaint that she did languishe in.
Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side
Did cast her restles eye, at length the windowe she espicde,
Through which she had with joy seene Romeus many a time,
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets sake to clyme.

She cryde, O cursed windowe, acurst be every pane,
Through which (alas) to sone I raught the cause of life and bane,
If by thy meane I have some slight delight receaved,
Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,
Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous?
Of heaped greefe and lasting care? and sorowes dolorous?
That these my tender partes, which nedeful strength do lacke
To beare so great unweldy lode upon so weake a backe,
Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorowes rife,
At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;
That so my wery sprite may somme where els unlode
His deadly lode, and free from thrall may seeke els where abroad;
For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,
Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest?
O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,
When to thy paynted promises I lent my listning care,
Which to the brinkes you fild with many a solemne othe,
And I them judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,

'I thought you rather would continue our good will,
 And seeke tappease our fathers strife, which daily groweth still.
 I little wend you would have sought occasion how
 By such an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe ;
 Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipsed is,
 And I unhappy, husbandles, of cumfort robde and blisse.
 But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,
 Why have you often spared mine? myne might have quencht it
 first.

Since that so many times and in so secret place,
 (Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,)
 My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand
 In mercy of your cruell hart, and of your bloudy hand.
 What? seemd the conquest which you got of me so small?
 What? seemd it not enough that I, poore wretch, was made your
 thrall?

But that you must increase it with that kinsmans blood,
 Which for his woorth and love to me, most in my favour stood?
 Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other whyle
 Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
 And, where I comme, see that you shonne to shew your face,
 For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting place.
 And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
 Will so the rest of wery life with many teares lament.
 That soone my joyceles corps shall yeld up banishd breath,
 And where on earth it restles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.

These sayde, her tender hart, by payne oppressed sore,
 Restraynd her teares, and forced her tong to keepe her talke in store;
 And then as still she was, as if in sownd she lay,
 And then agayne, wroth with herselfe, with feeble voyce gan say:

Ah cruell murthering tong, murthrer of others fame,
 How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?
 Whose dedly foes doe yelde him dewe and erned prayse;
 For though his freedome be bereft, his honor not decayes.
 Why blamst thou Romeus for sleying of Tybalt,
 Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?
 Whether shall he (alas) poore banishd man, now flye?
 What place of succor shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?

Synce she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,
 That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.
 Receive the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
 Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her lyfe,
In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,
 So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth.
These said, she could no more ; her senses all gan fayle,
And dedly panges began straight way her tender hart assayle ;
 Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath :
 Who had been there might well have seene the signes of present death.
 The nurce that knew no cause why she absented her,
 Did doute lest that some sodain greefe too much tormented her.
 Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,
 Last, of the chamber where she lay she haply her bethought ;
 Where she with piteous eye her nurce child did beholde,
 Her limmes stretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.
 The nurce supposde that she had payde to death her det,
 And then, as she had lost her wittes, she cryed to Juliet :
 Ah my dere hart (quoth she) how greeveth me thy death ?
 Alas what cause hast thou thus soone to yelde up living breath ?
 But while she handled her, and chafed every part,
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name ;
 There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tryde the same :
 She openeth wide her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,
 She bendeth downe her brest, she wringes her fingers and her toes,
 And on her bosome colde she layeth clothes hot ;
 A warmed and a wholesome juyce she powreth downe her throte.
 At length doth Juliet heave fayntly up her eyes,
 And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce she
 spyes.

But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
 Why dost thou trouble me (quoth she) what drave thee (with
 mischaunce)

To come to see my sprite forsake my brethles corce ?
 Goe hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smart remorse.
 For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne ?
 Alas, I see my greefe begooue for ever will remayne.

Or who would seeke to live, all pleasure being past ?
 My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to last.
 Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,
 Comme gentle death, and ryve my hart at once, and let me dye.
 The nurce with tricleng teares, to witnes inward smart,
 With holow sigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
 Thus spake to Juliet, yclad with ougly care ;
Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare ;
 Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heavines.
 But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowes stresse,
 This hower large and more I thought (so god me save)
 That my dead corps should wayte on yours to your untimely grave.
 Alas, my tender nurce, and trusty frend, (quoth she)
 Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou canst not easely see
 The lawfull cause I have to sorow and to moorne,
 Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once forlorne.
 Her nurce then aunswered thus, Me thinkes it fits you yll
 To fall in these extremities that may you gyltles spill.
 For when the stormes of care and troubles do aryse,
 Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wise.
 You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurce ;
 But I see not how in like case I could behave me wurse.
 Tibalt your frend is ded ; what, weene you by your teares
 To call him backe agayne ? thinke you that he your crying heares ?
 You shall perceve the falt (if it be justly tryde)
 Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.
 Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,
 To suffer himselfe causeless to be outraged of his foe?
 To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve ?
 Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,
 And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
 With greater glory shalbe calde home from his hard exile,
 How well yborn he is, thy selfe I know canst tell,
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.
 With patience arme thy selfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,
 Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time.
 I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,
 She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,

With such contented ease as never erst you had ;
 Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be ne more so sad.
 And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,
 A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,
 To learne his present state, and what in time to comme
 He mindes to doe; which knowne by me, you shall know all and
 somme.

But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,
 Straight would I hyc where he doth lurke, to frier Lawrence cell.
 But if you gyn eftsones (as erst you did) to moorne,
 Whereto goe I, you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.
 So I shall spend in wast my time and busy payne.
 So unto you (your life once lost) good aunswere commes in vayne ;
 So shall I ridde my selfe with this sharpe pointed knife,
 So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of theyr life ;
 So shall your Romeus (despysing lively breath)
 With hasty foote (before his time) ronne to untimely death.
 Where if you can a while by reason rage suppresses,
 I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.
 Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,
 Or promesse me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne.

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest
 With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her brest.
When hugy heapes of harmes are heapd before her eyes,
Then vanish they by hope of scape ; and thus the lady lyes
Twixt well assured trust, and doubtfull lewd dispayre :
 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now seeme they white and
 fayre.

As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,
 And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes do ronne ;
 So Juliets wandring mynd yclouded is with woe,
 And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,
 What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.
 When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,
 And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,
 He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,
 And doubting much what penal doome the troubled prince myght gyve,

He sought some where unseene to lurke a little space,
 And trusty Lawrence secret cell he thought the surest place.
 In doutfull happe ay best a trusty frend is tride ;
 The frendly fryer in this distresse doth graunt his frend to hyde.
 A secret place he hath, well seeled round about,
 The mouth of which so close is shut, that none may finde it out ;
 But roome there is to walke, and place to sitte and rest,
 Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft and trimly drest.
 The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warme,
 That neither wind nor smoky dampes have powre him ought to
 harme.

Where he was wont in youth his fayre frendes to bestowe,
 There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he goeth to knowe
 Both what is sayd and donne, and what appoynted payne
 Is published by trumpets sound ; then home he hyes agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurce with spedy pace
 Was comme the nerest way ; she sought no ydel resting place.
 The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,
 And promesse made (what so befell) he should that night by stelth
 Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wise
 Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thorowly devyse.
 Those joyfull newes the nurce brought home with mery joy ;
 And now our Juliet joyes to thinke she shall her love enjoye.
 The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,
 That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or els of death.
 Thy hap quoth he, is good, daunger of death is none,
 But thou shalt live, and doe full well, in spite of spitefull fone.
 This onely payne for thee was erst proclaymde aloude,
 A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona shroude.

These heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
 And like a frantike man hath torne the garmentes that he ware.
 And as the smitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
 So waltreth he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde.
 He rises eft, and strikes his head against the wals,
 He falleth downe againe, and lowde for hasty death he cals.
 Come spedy death (quoth he) the readiest leache in love,
 Since nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of griefe remove,

Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering stayes,
 Destroy, destroy at once the lyfe that faintly yet decayes.
 But you (fayre dame) in whome dame Nature dyd devise
 With cunning hand to woorke that might seeme wondrous in our eyes,
 For you, I pray the Gods, your pleasures to increase,
 And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to cease.
 And mighty Jove with speede of justice bring them lowe,
 Whose lofty pryde (without our gylt) our blisse doth overblowe.
 And Cupide graunt to those theyr spedy wrongs redresse,
 That shall bewayle my cruell death and pity her distresse.
 Therewith a cloude of sighes he breathd into the skies,
 And two great streames of bitter teares ran from his swollen eyes.
 These thinges the auncient fryre with sorow saw and heard,
 Of such begynning eke the ende the wise man greatly feard.
 But loe, he was so weake by reason of his age,
 That he ne could by force repress the rigour of his rage.
 His wise and frendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,
 For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with dispayre,
 That no advice can perce his close forstopped eares,
 So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.
 With colour pale and wan, with armes full hard yfold,
 With wofull cheere his wayling frend he standeth to beholde.
 And then our Romeus with tender handes ywrong,
 With voyce with plaint made horce, w' sobs, and with a foltring tong,
 Renewd with novel mone the dolours of his hart ;
 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his store of inward smart,
 Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
 In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes aye so ryfe ;
 The time and place of byrth he fiersly did reprove,
 He cryed out (with open mouth) against the starres above :
 The fatall sisters three, he said had done him wrong,
 The theed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne forth
 too long.

He wished that he had before this time been borne,
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his life he had forlorne.
 His nurce he cursed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
 The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe ;

And then did he complaine on Venus cruell sonne,
 Who led him first unto the rockes which he should warely shonne :
 By meane wherof he lost both lyfe and libertie,
 And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
 Loves troubles hasten long, the joyes he gives are short ;
 He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr earnest is his sport.
 A thousand thinges and more I here let passe to write
 Which unto love this wofull man dyd speake in great despite.
 On Fortune eke he raylde, he cal'd her deafe, and blynde,
 Unconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
 And to him selfe he layd a great part of the falt,
 For that he slewe and was not slayne, in fighting with Tibalt.
 He blamed all the world, an' all he did defye,
 But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
 When after raging fits appeased was his rage,
 And when his passions (powred forth) gan partly to asswage,
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.
 Art thou quoth he a man ? thy shape saith, so thou art ;
 Thy crying, and thy weping eyes denote a womans hart.
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd outchased,
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed :
 So that I stode in doute, this howre (at the least)
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres
 Still standes not wayling present harme, but seeks his harmes redres.
 As when the winter flawes with dredfull noyse arise,
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the starry skyes,
 So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,
 Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,
 The pylate bold at helme, cries, mates strike now your sayle,
 And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle ;
 Then driven hard upon the bare and wracke full shore,
 In greater daunger to be wract then he had been before,
 He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perilous rocke to shonne ;
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,

The roder smitten of, and over boord the mast,
 Doth win the long desyred porte, the stormy daunger past :
 But if the master dread, and overprest with woe
 Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
 The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,
 And eke the coward drenched is : So, if thou still beweepe
 And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.
 Other account thee wise, proove not thy selfe a foole ;
 Now put in practise lessons learnd of old in wisdomes schoole.
 The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,
 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twayne.
 As well we ought to seeke things hurtfull to decrease,
 As to endeavor helping things by study to increase.
 The prayse of trew fredom in wisdomes bondage lyes,
 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his woords be
 wise.

Sickenes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd ;
 If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true fredome shalt thou finde.
 Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,
 But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.
 Vertue is alwayes thrall to troubles and annoye,
 But wisdom in adversitie findes cause of quiet joye.
 And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,
 And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.
 Like as there is no weale but wastes away sometime,
 So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
 If thou wilt master quite the troubles that the spill,
 Endeavor first by reasons help to master witles will.
 A sondry medson hath eche sondry faynt disease,
 But pacience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.
 The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
 Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce must not seem to a wise man
 straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
 But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant minde.
 Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,
 And sorow seeke to set him selfe in banishd pleasures place,

Yet may thy marred state be mended in a while,
 And she eftsones that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall smyle.
 For as her happy state no long whyle standeth sure,
 Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.
 What nede so many woordes to thee that art so wyse ?
 Thou better canst advise thy selfe, then I can thee advyse.
 Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
 A wise mans wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.
 I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,
 But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantikly to fare.
 Affections foggy mist thy febled sight doth blynde ;
 But if that reasons beames agayne might shine into thy mynde,
 If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,
 I thinke thou wouldst conderne thy plaint, thy sighing, and thy crye.
 With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his breth,
 Thou hast escapd his sword and eke the lawes that threaten death.
 By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
 And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
 Wilt thou with trusty frendes of pleasure take some part ?
 Or els to please thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr smart ?
 Why cryest thou out on love ? why doest thou blame thy fate ?
 Why dost thou so crye after death ? thy life why dost thou hate ?
 Dost thou repent the choyce that thou so late didst choose ?
 Love is thy Lord ; thou oughest obay and not thy prince accuse.
 For thou hast found (thou knowst) great favour in his sight,
 He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely hartes delight.
 So that the gods envyde the blisse thou livedst in ;
 To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a sin.
 Me thinkes I heare thee say, the cruell banishment
 Is onely cause of thy unrest ; onely thou dost lament
 That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,
 Enforst to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart :
 And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost feele,
 Thou dost complaine of Cupides brand, and Fortunes turning wheele.
 Unto a valiant hart there is no banishment,
 All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firmament.
 As to the fish the sea, as to the fowle the ayre, ●
 So is like pleasant to the wise eche place of his repayre.

Though froward fortune chase thee hence into exyle,
 With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a while.
 Admyt thou shouldst abyde abrode a year or twayne,
 Should so short absence cause so long and eke so greevous payne?
 Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,
 They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou mast be.
 Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,
 And there in suretie may you talke of your affayres together.
 Yea, but this while (alas) thy Juliet must thou misse,
 The onely piller of thy helth, and ancor of thy blisse.
 Thy hart thou leavest with her, when thou dost hence depart,
 And in thy brest inclosed bearest her tender frendly hart.
 But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,
 With thought of passed joyes content thy discontented mynde;
 So shall the mone decrease wherwith thy mynd doth melt,
 Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.
 He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,
 And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the sowre.
 Call now agayne to mynde thy first consuming flame;
 How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame?
 Hadst thou not welnigh wept quite out thy swelling cyne?
 Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne?
 Those greefes and others like were happily overpast,
 And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the last!
 From whence thou art now falne, that, rayased up agayne,
 With greater joy a greater while in pleasure mayst thou raygne.
 Compare the present while with times ypast before,
 And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in store.
 The whilst, this little wrong receive thou paciently,
 And what of force must nedes be done, that doe thou willingly.
 Foly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,
 And madnes to desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.
 To geve to Fortune place, not ay deserveth blame,
 But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame.

Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,
 His sighes are stopt, and stopped are the conduits of his teares.
 As blackest cloudes are chaced by winters nimble winde,
 So have his reasons chaced care out of his carefull mynde.

As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,
 So banisht hope returneth home to banish his despayre.
 Now is affections veale removed from his eyes,
 He seeth the path that he must walke, and reson makes him wise.
 For very shame the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,
 He thanks the father for his lore, and farther ayde he seekes,
 He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,
 And anger oft with hastines are joind to want of witte ;
 But sound advise aboundes in heddes with horish heares,
 For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares.
 But aye from this time forth his ready bending will
 Shalbe in awe and governed by fryer Lawrence skill.

The governor is nowe right carefull of his charge,
 To whom he doth wisely discoorse of his affaires at large.
 He telles him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,
 Both mindful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne
 How he shall gyde him selfe, how he shall seeke to winne
 The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in
 The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
 Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away ;
 The choller of his foes by gentle meanes tasswage,
 Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage :
 And last he chargeth hym at his appointed howre
 To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre,
 And there with holesome woordes to salve her sorowes smart,
 And to revive (if nede require) her faint and dying hart.

The old mans woords have fild with joy our Romeus brest,
 And eke the old wives talke hath set our Juliets hart at rest.
 Whereto may I compare (o lovers) this your day ?
 Like dayes the painefull mariners are woonted to assay ;
 For, beat with tempest great, when they at length espye
 Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through the skie,
 To cleare the shadowde earth by clearenes of his face,
 They hope that dreadles they shall ronne the remnant of their race ;
 Yea they assure them selfe, and quite behynd theyr backe
 They cast all doute, and thanke the gods for scaping of the wracke ;
 But straight the boysterous windes with greater fury blowe,
 And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe throwe ;

The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
 And twise as hye the striving waves begin to roare and swell ;
 With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,
 In greater perill of their life then they had been before.

The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,
 The full moone eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest ;
 When restles Romeus and restles Juliet
 In woonted sort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chamber met.
 And from the windowes top downe had he leaped scarce,
 When she with armes outstretched wide so hard did him embrace,
 That welnigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)
 Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce,
 Thus muete stood they both the eight part of an howre,
 And both would speake, but neither had of speaking any powre ;
 But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,
 And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
 Theyr scalding sighes ascende, and by theyr cheekes downe fall
 Their trickling teares, as christall cleare, but bitterer far then
 gall.

Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,
 Did kysse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin :

My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
 To you I purpose not as now with length of woords declare
 The diversenes and eke the accidents so straunge
 Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in chaunge ;
 Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
 Of her swift turning slippery wheele, then fleetes her frendship
 straight.

O wondrous change, even with the twinkling of an eye
 Whom erst her selfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye,
 The same in great despyte downe hedlong doth she throwe,
 And while she treads, and spurneth at the lofty state laid lowe,
 More sorow doth she shape within an howers space,
 Than pleasure in an hundred yeres ; so geyson is her grace.
 The prooffe wherof in me (alas) too plaine apperes,
 Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fosterd with my feers,
 In prosperous hygh degree, mayntayned so by fate,
 That (as your selfe did see) my foes envyde my noble state.

One thing there was I did above the rest desire,
 To which as to the soveraigne good by hope I would aspyre.
 Thol by our mariage meane we might within a while
 (To worke our perfect happines) our parentes reconcile:
 That safely so we might, (not stopt by sturdy strife)
 Unto the boundes that God hath set, gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.
 But now (alack) too soone my blisse is overblowne,
 And upside downe my purpose and my enterprise are throwne.
 And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I crave,
 (O graunt it God) from daungers dread that I may suertie have.
 For loe, henceforth I must wander in landes unknowne,
 (So hard I finde the princes doome) exyled from myne owne.
 Which thing I have thought good, to set before your eyes,
 And to exhort you now to prove your selfe a woman wise,
 That paciently you beare my absent long abod,
 For what above by fatall doomes decreed is, that God—"

And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,
 But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish teares besprent,
 Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speche he stayde,
 These selfe same wordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere she saide:
 Why Romeus can it be, thou hast so hard a hart?
 So farre removed from ruth? so farre from thinking on my smart?
 To leave me thus alone (thou cause of my distresse)
 Beseged with so great a campe of mortall wretchednesse,
 That every hower now, and moment in a day,
 A thousand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away?
 Yet such is my mishap, (O cruell destenye)
 That still I live, and wish for death, but yet can never dye:
 So that just cause I have to thinke (as seemeth me)
 That froward Fortune did of late with cruell Death agree
 To lengthen lothed life, to pleasure in my payne,
 And tryumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.
 And thou the instrument of Fortunes cruell will,
 Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrant lust fulfill:
 Art not a whit ashamde (as farre as I can see)
 To cast me of, when thou hast culd the better part of me.
 Whereby (alas) to soonc, I, seely wretch, do prove,
 That all the auncient sacred laws of friendship and of love

Are quelde and quenched quite, since he, on whom alway
My cheefe hope and my steady trust was woonted still to stay,
For whom I am becommen unto myself a foe,
Disdayneth me, his stedfast friend, and skornes my frendship so.
Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two things choose the one,
Either to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,
Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowes haight,
And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodies waight,
Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,
Where so thou goe (Fortune thee gyde), till thou retoorne agayne.
So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,
That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,
So oft (me thinkes) my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,
Which I retayne to no end els but to the end I may,
In spite of all thy foes, thy present partes enioy,
And in distres to beare with thee the halfe of thine annoye.
Wherefore, in humble sort (Romeus) I make request,
If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,
O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart ;
Receave me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart :
Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.
But if perhaps thou stand in dred to leade me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counsellasse ? canst thou no shift devise ?
What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguyse ?
What, shall I be the first ? hath none done so ere this,
To scape the bondage of theyr frendes ? thy selfe can aunswer, yes.
Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can
By service pleasure thee as much as may thy hyred man ?
Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse ?
Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.
What, hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
Whose brightnes, force, and praise, sometime up to the skyes you blew?
My teares, my frendship and my pleasures donne of olde,
Shall they be quite forgote in dede ?"—When Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,
The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred ;
And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
And kist her with a loving kysse, and thus to her he spake :

" Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the mistres of my hart,
 For whom (even now) thy servant doth abyde in dedly smart,
 Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to see,
 And for the fervent frendships sake that thou dost owe to mee,
 At once these fansies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
 Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
 To hasten foorth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
 Which Natures law and wisdoms lore teache every wight to shonne.
 For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
 Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frende.
 For why, thy absence knowne, thy father wil be wroth,
 And in his rage no narrowly he will pursue us both,
 That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,
 And vainely seeke a looking place to hyde us from his sight.
 Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of strong defence,
 Shall cruelly be punished for thy departure hence ;
 I as a ravishor, thou as a careles childe,
 I as a man who doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde ;
 Thinking to leade in ease a long contented life,
 Shall short our dayes by shamefull death : but, if (my loving wife)
 Thou banish from thy mynde two foes that counsell hath,
 (That wont to hinder sound advise) rashe hastines and wrath ;
 If thou be bend tobya the love of reasons skill,
 And wisely by her princely powre suppressse rebelling will,
 If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine owne delight,
 Since suerty standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of sight,
 Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,
 So shall I safely live abroad, and safe torne from exile :
 So shall no slaunders blot thy spotles life destayne,
 So shall thy kinsmen be unstyrd, and I exempt from payne.
 And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last ;
 These stormy broyles shall overblowe, much like a winters blast.
 For Fortune chaungeth more than fickel fantasie ;
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.
 Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restles coorse,
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the woorse,
 And those that are beneth she heaveth up agayne :
 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, out of the pit of payne.

Ere fowre monthes overpasse, such order will I take,
And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,
That of my wandring race ended shalbe the toyle,
And I cald home with honor great unto my native soyle.
But if I be condemnd to wander still in thrall,
I will returne to you (mine owne) befall what may befall.
And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
From Verone will I cary thee into a forein lande,
Not in mans weede disguisd, or as one scarcely knowne,
But as my wife and only feere, in garment of thyne owne.
Wherefore repress at oncc the passions of thy hart,
And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy smart.
For of this one thing thou mayst well assured bee,
That nothing els but oncly death shall sunder me from thee.
The reasons that he made did seeme of so great waight,
And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere straight:
Deere Syr, nought els wish I but to obay your will;
But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tary still,
As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,
Of all the powre that over you your selfe did graunt to me;
And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;
Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,
The tydinges of your health, and how your doutfull case shall stand.
And all the wery whyle that you shall spend abroad,
Cause me from time to time to knowe the place of your abode.
His eyes did gushe out teares, a sigh brake from his brest,
When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the hest.
Thus these two lovers passe away the wery night,
In payne and plaint, not (as they wont) in pleasure and delight.
But now (somewhat too soone) in farthest east arose
Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose;
Whose course appoynted is with spedy race to ronne,
A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rysing sonne.
Then freshe Aurora with her pale and silver glade
Did cleare the skyes, and from the earth had chased ougly shade.
When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,
When Phæous from our hemysphere in westerne wave doth sinke,

What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,
 The same, (or like) saw Romeus in farthest esterne skyes.
 As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,
 With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light.
 Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to filde,
 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.
 With solemne othe they both theyr sorowfull leave do take;
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady frendship shake.
 Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
 And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
 Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorrow, and of dread,
 The clearnes of their gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.
 When golden crested Phœbus bosteth him in skye,
 And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,
 Then hath these lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,
 For eche of them to other is as to the world the sunne.
 The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,
 But blackfaced night with winter rough (ah) beaten over sore.

The very watch discharged did hie them home to slepe,
 The warders, and the skowtes were chargde theyr place and coorse
 to keepe,

And Verone gates awyde the porters had set open,
 When Romeus had of hys affayres with frier Lawrence spoken,
 Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
 Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
 He spurd apace, and came, withouten stop or stay,
 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away
 With woords of comfort to his olde afflicted syre;
 And straight, in mynd to sojorne there, a lodgeing doth he hyre,
 And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaynt,
 And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his plaint.
 He practiseth by friends for pardon of exile;
 The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorowes to begyle.
 But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest?
 Alas his cares denye his hart the sweete desyred rest;
 No time findes he of myrth, he findes no place of joye,
 But every thing occasion geves of sorow and annoye.

For when in toorning skyes the heavens lampes are light,
 And from the other hemysphere fayre Phœbus chaceth night,
 When every man and beast hath rest from painfull toyle,
 Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gyn to boyle.
 Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,
 And then his sighes the chamber fill, and out aloude he cries
 Against the restles starres in rolling skyes that raunge,
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.
 Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,
 He thinketh Titans restles stedes of restines do stay ;
 Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,
 Or (gyded yll) have lost theyr way and wandred farre about.
 Whyle thus in ydel thoughts the wery time he spendeth,
 The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he endeth.
 Is he accompanied ? is he in place alone ?
 In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone :
 For if his feceres rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,
 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves enjoy ?
 But if with heavy cheere they shewe their inward greefe,
 He wayleth most his wretchednesse that is of wretches cheefe.
 When he doth heare abrode the praise of ladies blowne,
 Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth preferre his owne.
 When pleasant songes he heares, while others do rejoyce,
The melody of musike doth styrre up his mourning voyce.
 But if in secret place he walke some where alone,
 The place itselfe and secretnes redoubleth all his mone.
 Then speakes he to the beastes, to fethered fowles and trees,
 Unto the earth, the cloudes, and to what so beside he sees.
 To them he shewth his smart, as though they reason had,
 Eche thing may cause his heavines, but nought may make him glad,
 And (wery of the day) agayne he calleth night,
 The sunne he curseth, and the howre when fyrst his eyes saw light.
 And as the night and day their course do enterchaunge,
 So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchange.

In absence of her knight the lady no way could
 Kepe trowse betwene her greefes and her, though were so fayne
 she would ;

And though with greater payne she cloked sorowes smart,
 Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.
 Her sighing every howre, her weping every where,
 Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, and wearing of her geare,
 The carefull mother markes ; then of her helth afrayde,
 Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde :
 Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in this sort,
 I stand in doute that over soone your sorowes will make short
 Your loving fathers life and myne, that love you more
 Than our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth therefore
 Your greefe and payne, yourselfe on joy your thought to set,
 For time it is that now you should our Tybalts death forget.
 Of whom since God hath claymd the lyfe that was but lent,
 He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament ?
 You can not call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill :
 It is a falt thus still to grudge at Gods appoynted will.
 The seely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
 No longer could she hyde her harme, but aunswered thus agayne,
 With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded :
 Madame, the last of Tybalts teares a great while since I shed ;
 Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,
 That empty quite and moystureless I gesse it now to be.
 So that my payned hart by conduites of the eyne
No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping bryne.
 The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
 And loth to vexe her childe by woordes, her peace she warely hent.
 But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
 Still more and more she saw increast her daughters wonted sorow,
 All meanes she sought of her and houshold folk to know
 The certain roote whereon her greefe and booteless monc doth growe.
 But lo, she hath in vayne her time and labour lore,
 Wherefore without all measure is her hart tormented sore.
 And sith her selfe could not fynd out the cause of care,
 She thought it good to tell the syre how yll his childe did fare.
 And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she sayde :
 Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the mayde,
 And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death
 (Before his time, forst by his foe) did yeld his living breath,

Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynges eke so straunge,
 That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.
 Not onely she forbearcs her meate, her drinke, and sleepe,
 But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
 No greater joy hath she, nothing contentes her hart
 So much, as in the chaumber close to shut her selfe apart:
 Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,
 That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except somme helpe we fynde.
 But (out alas) I see not how it may be founde,
 Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus
 abounde.

For though with busy care I have employde my wit,
 And used all the wayes I knew to learne the truth of it,
 Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote;
 She hydeth close within her brest her secret sorowes roote.
 This was my fyrst conceite, that all her ruth arose
 Out of her coosin Tybalts death, late slayne of dedly foes;
 But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;
 Some greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her hath
 wrought.

Her selfe assured me that many dayes agoe
 She shed the last of Tybalts teares; which woord amasd me so
 That I then could not gesse what thing els might her greeve:
 But now at length I have bethought me; and I doe beleve
 The onely crop and roote of all my daughters payne
 Is grudgeing envies faynt disease: perhaps she doth disdayne
 To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feceres,
 Whilst onely she unmarried doth lose so many yerres.
 And more perchaunce she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so;
 Wherefore dispayring doth she weare her selfe away with woe.
 Therefore (deere Syr) in time take on your daughter ruth;
 For why, a bricckel thing is glasse, and frayle is frayllesse youth.
 Joyne her at once to somme in linke of mariage,
 That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age:
 So shall you banish care out of your daughters brest,
 So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest.
 Wherto gan casely her husband to agree,
 And to the mothers skilfull talke thus straightway aunswerd he.

Of have I thought (deere wife) of all these thinges ere this,
 But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse
 By farther leysure had a husband to provyde ;
 Scarce saw she yet full XVI. yeres : too yong to be a bryde.
 But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,
 And that a mayden daughter is a treasour daungerous,
 With so great speede I will endeavour to procure
 A husband for our daughter yong, her sickenes faynt to cure,
 That you shall rest content, (so warely will I choose)
 And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loose.
 The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part
 Already hath (unware to us) fixed her frendly hart ;
 Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,
 Then to our daughters quiet life, and to her happy helth :
 Whom I do hold as dcere as thapple of myne eye,
 And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,
 Then leave my goodes and her ythrald to such a one,
 Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cause of mone."

This pleasaunt aunswere heard, the lady partes agayne,
 And Capilet, the maydens sire, within a day or twayne,
 Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,
 And many gentlemen there were with busy care that sought her ;
 Both, for the mayden was well shaped, yong and fayre,
 As also well brought up, and wise ; her fathers onely heyre.
 Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desire,
 Who County Paris clipped was ; an carle he had to syre.
 Of all the suters him the father liketh best,
 And easely unto the carle he maketh his behest,
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
 To win his wife unto his will, and to perswade the mayde.
 The wife dyd joy to heare the joyfull husband say
 How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day ;
 Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet ; to her she telles, apart,
 What happy talke (by meane of her) was past no rather
 Betwene the woing Paris and her carefull loving father.
 The person of the man, the fewters of his face,
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and semely grace,

With curious wordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,
 And then with store of vertues prayse she heaves him to the skyes.
 She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
 Wherby (she sayth) both she and hers in great delight shall live.
 When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,
 Wherto both love and reasons right forbod her to assent,
 Within her selfe she thought rather then be forsworne,
 With horses wilde her tender partes asonder should be torne.
 Not now, with bashful brow, (in wonted wise) she spake,
 But with unwonted boldnes straight into these woordes she brake :

Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are
 Of me your childe, (your jewell once, your onely joy and care,)
 As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,
 Before you know if I doe like or els mislike my lover.
 Doo what you list, but yet of this assure you still,
 If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.
 For had I choyse of twaync, farre rather would I choose
 My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to lose,
 Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part ;
 First, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart,
 Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife ;
 And you, my mother, shall becomene the murdresse of my lyfe,
 In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may, .
 Ne ought, to love : wherefore, on knees, decre mother, I you pray,
 To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore :
 Ceasse all your troubles for my sake, and care for me no more ;
 But suffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
 In her it lyeth to doe me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.
 For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,
 You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe.

So deepe this aunswere made the sorowes downe to sinke
 Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke
 Of these her daughters woords, but all appalde she standes,
 And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and handes.
 And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she sought ;
 She telles him all ; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.
 The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,
 Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them take no leysure :

Ne on her teares or plaint at all to have remorse,
 But (if they cannot with her will) to bring the mayde perforce.
 The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,
 And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
 Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,
 Of whom (as much as duety would) the daughter stooode in awe,
 The servantes sent away (the mother thought it meete),
 The wofull daughter all bewept full groveling at his feete,
 Which she doth washe with teare, as she thus groveling lyes :
 So fast, and eke so plenteously 'distill they from her eyes :
 When she to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
 Muet she is ; for sighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The syrc, whose swelling wroth her teares could not asswage,
 With fiery eyen, and skarlet checkes, thus spake her in his rage,
 Whilst ruthfully stood by the maydens mother mylde :
 Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe ;
 Hast thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the woord,
 That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my boord ?
 How much the Romaine youth of parentes stood in awe,
 And eke what powre upon theyr seede the fathers had by
 lawe?

Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,
 (When they so stooode in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
 The parentes had the powre of life and sodayn death.
 What if those goodmen should agayne receave the livyng breth,
 In how straight bondes would they the stubberne body bynde ?
 What weapons would they seeke for thee ? what tormentes would
 they fynde ?

To chasten (if they saw) the lewdnes of thy lyfe,
 Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and shamefull sturdy stryfe ?
 Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to me,
 That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee
 One of the greatest lordes that wonnes about this towne,
 And for his many vertues sake a man of great renowne.
 Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
 So rich ere long he shalbe left, his fathers welth is such,
 Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
 From whence his father came : and yet thou playest in this case

The dainty foole, and stubberne gyrl; for want of skill
 Thou dost refuse thy offred weale, and disobay my will.
 Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me lyfe,
 And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,
 On lesse by Wensday next thou bende as I am bent,
 And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely doe assent
 To Counte Paris sute, and promise to agree
 To whatsoever then shall passe twixt him, my wife, and me,
 Not onely will I geve all that I have away
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,
 But also too so close and to so hard a gayle,
 I shall thee wed, for all thy lyfe, that sure thou shalt not fayle
 A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,
 And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee
 breath.

Advise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,
 And thinke not that I speak in sporte, or mynd to breake my vowe.
 For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
 My fayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,
 Ere thou go hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,
 That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy ductie how to knowe;
 And what revenge of olde the angry syres did finde
 Against theyre children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe
 unkinde.

These sayd, the olde man straight is gone in hast away;
 Ne for his daughters aunswere would the testy father stay.
 And after him his wife doth follow out of doore,
 And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the floore,
 Then shee that oft had seene the fury of her syre,
 Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styrre his yre.
 Unto her chamber she withdrew her selfe aparte,
 Where she was wonted to unlode the sorowes of her hart.
 There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,
 As overprest with restles thoughts in piteous booteless weeping.
 The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,
 Ne, by the powring forth of plaint, the cause of plaint doth cease.
 So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,
 The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.

Her wery bed betime the woful wight forsakes,
 And to sainct Frauncis church to masse her way devoutly takes.
 The fryer forth is calde; she prayes him heare her shrift;
 Devotion is in so yong yeres a rare and precious gyft.
 When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
 In minde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly she feeles,
 With sighes and salted teares her shryving doth beginne,
 For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.
 Her voice with piteous playnt was made already horce,
 And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes parforce.
 But as she may, peece meale, she powreth in his lappe
 The mariage newes, a mischief newe, prepared by mishappe,
 Her parentes promisse erst to Counte Paris past,
 Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last:
 Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed agayne;
 For since I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twayne,
 For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,
 My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my jorney take,
 With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,
 The hasty death which I desire, unto my selfe to reache.
 This day (O Romeus) this day, thy wofull wife
 Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
 So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,
 And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
 Have kept my fayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frende.

When this her heavy tale was tolde, her vowe eke at an ende,
 Her gasing here and there, her feerce and staring looke,
 Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
 Whereat the fryer astonde, and gastfully afrayde
 Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he sayde:
 Ah Lady Juliet, what nede the woordes you spake?
 I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Maries sake.
 Measure somewhat your greefe, holde here a while your peace,
 Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes cease.
 Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
 And for thassaltes of Fortunes yre prepare so sure defence,
 So holesome salve will I for your afflictions finde,
 That you shall hence depart agayne with well contented mynde.

His wordes have chased straight out of her hart despayre,
 Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
 So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
 And he out of the church in hast is to his chaumber gone ;
 Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head arise ;
 The old mans foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.
 His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne
 To let her take Paris to spouse, since he himselfe hath byn
 The chefest cause, that she unknowne to father or mother,
 Not five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.
 An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred
 His restles thought hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
 Even of it selfe thattempt he judgeth perilous ;
 The execucion eke he demes so much more daungerous,
 That to a womans grace he must himselfe commit,
 That yong is, simple and unaware, for waighty affaires unfit,
 For if she fayle in ought, the matter published,
 Both she and Romeus were undonne, himselfe eke punished.
 When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,
 With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last ;
 He thought he rather would in hasard set his fame,
 Then suffer such adultery. *Resolving on the same,*
Out of his closet straight he tooke a litle glasse,
 And then with double hast retorne where wofull Juliet was ;
 Whom he hath found welnigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
 Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
 Of whom he did enquire of the appointed day ;
 On Wensday next, (quod Juliet) so doth my father say,
 I must geve my consent ; but (as I do remember)
 The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September."
 Deere daughter, quoth the fryer of good chere see thou be,
 For loe, saint Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,
 By which I may both thee and Romeus together
 Out of the bondage which you feare assuredly deliver.
 Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,
 And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne owne.
 For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
 And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart ;

I know that by desert his frendship I have wonne,
 And I him hold as dere as if he were my propre soune.
 Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
 Should wrongfully in ought be harmde, if that it lay in me
 To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,
 Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
 And sith thou art his wife, thee am I bound to love,
 For Romeus frindship sake, and seeke thy anguishe to remove,
 And dreadful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde ;
 Wherefore, my daughter, geve good eare unto my counsels sounde.
 Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,
 Not to the nurce thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight ;
 For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy lyfe,
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.
 Thou art not ignorant, (because of such renowne
 As every where is spred of me, but chefely in this towne,)

That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,
 Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited ;
 So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a gest,
 I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,
 But in the desert woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,
 Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,
 I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hand,
 And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.
 But not, in vayne (my childe) hath all my wandring byn ;
 Beside the great contentednes my sprete abyde in,
 That by the pleasant thought of passed thinges doth grow,
 One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt shortly know :
 What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to woorke,
 And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do looke,
 With care I have sought out, with payne I did them prove ;
 With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,
 (Although the science be against the lawes of men)
 When sodain daunger forceth me ; but yet most cheefly when
 The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God
 (Not helping to do any sin that wrekefull Jove forbode.)
 For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
 But now am comme unto the brinke of my appointed grave,

And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not shonne,
 But shalbe calde to make account of all that I have donne,
 Now ought I from hence forth more depely print in mynde
 The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me blynde,
 When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,
 Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly rest.
 Knowe therfore, (daughter) that with other gyftes which I
 Have well attained to, hy grace and favour of the skye,
 Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
 Of certain rootes, and savory herbes to make a kinde of dowe,
 Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fine,
 And dronke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
 It doth in halfe an howre astonne the taker so,
 And mastreth all his sences, that he feeleth weale nor woe :
 And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,
 That even the skilfull leche would say, that he is slayne by death.
 One vertue more it hath, as mervelous as this ;
 The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is ;
 But painelesse as a man that thinketh nought at all,
 Into a swete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall ;
 From which, (according to the quantitie he taketh)
 Longer or shorter is the time before the sleeper waketh ;
 And thence (theeffect once wrought) agayne it doth restore
 Him that receaved unto the state wherein he was before.
 Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
 And therby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.
 Cast off from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,
 With manly courage arme thy selfe from hcele unto the head ;
 For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest
 The happy happes or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.
 Receive this vyoll small and keepe it as thine eye ;
 And on the mariage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,
 Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
 Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne and lim
 A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dispreed at length
 On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength ;
 Withouten moving thus thy ydle parts shall rest,
 No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,

But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce :
 Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodain chaunce ;
 The corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,
 Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparte,
 Both for himselfe and eke for those that should come after,
 Both deepe it is, and long and large, where thou shalt rest, my
 daughter,

Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight ;
 Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
 And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,
 Then mayst thou goe with him from hence ; and, healed of thy payne,
 In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant life ;
 And yet perhaps in time to come, when cease shall all the strife,
 And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
 My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to dysclose,
 Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes joy,
 That daungerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy.

When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
 To which our Juliet so well her eare and wits dyd bend,
 That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
 Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought,
 And then to him she said—Doubte not but that I will
 With stoute and unappauled hart your happy hest fulfill.
 Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,
 Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should sinke,
 Then I (not drinking it) into his handes should fall,
 That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.
 Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
 To greates daunger yelde my selfe, and to the dedly smart,
 To come to him on whome my life doth wholly stay,
 That is my onely hartes delight, and so he shalbe aye.
 Then goe (quoth he) my childe, I pray that God on hye
 Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
 God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,
 That no inconstant toy thee let thy promesse to fulfill.

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the fryer,
 And homeward to her fathers house joyfull she doth retyre ;

And as with stately gate she passed through the streete,
 She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,
 In mynd to aske if she her purpose yet did holde,
 In mynd also, apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde ;
 Wherefore with pleasant face, and with unwonted chere,
 As soone as she was unto her approached sumwhat nere,
 Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begin :
 Madame, at saint Frauncis churche have I this morning byn,
 Where I did make abode a longer while (percase)
 Then dewty would ; yet have I not been absent from this place
 So long a while, without a great and just cause why ;
 This frute have I receaved there ;—my hart, erst lyke to dye,
 Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,
 Released from affliction, restored is to rest !
 For lo, my troubled gost (alas too sore diseasde)
 By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence easde ;
 To whome I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,
 And in confession did I tell of all our passed strife ;
 Of Counte Paris sute, and how my lord, my syre,
 By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe I styrred unto yre ;
 But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore
 Made me another woman now then I had been before.
 By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,
 That (though I sought) no sure defence my serching thought could
 finde.

So forced I was at length to yold up witles will,
 And promist to be orderd by the friers praysed skill.
 Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,
 The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,
 Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
 Ready (if you commaunde her ought) your pleasure to fulfill.
 Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,
 To goe unto my lord and syre, withouten long delay ;
 Of hym fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,
 And shew him (if it pleaseth you) his child is now at last
 Obedient to his just and to his skilfull hest,
 And that I will (God lending lyfe) on Wensday next, be prest

To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
 Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,
 Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent,
 And take him for my lord and spouse; thus fully am I bent;
 And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
 Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out
 The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there,
 Which (better him to please) I mynd on Wensday next to weare;
 For if I did excell the famous Gretian rape,
 Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape.
 The simple mother was rapt in to great delight;
 Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
 With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,
 Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face
 She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer;
 And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded syer.
 With handes and eyes heaved up he thanks God in his hart,
 And then he sayth: This is not (wife) the friers first desart;
 Oft hath he shewde to us great frendship heretofore,
 By helping us at nedefull times with wisdomes pretious lore.
 In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
 But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.
 Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
 But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!
 So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,
 So much (in faith) his extreme age my frendly hart doth greve.

These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,
 And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;
 Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,
 At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.
 But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,
 And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost,
 For then he knoweth well the charges wilbe great;
 The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his meate.
 He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see
 Fayre Juliet; wher to he doth right willingly agree.
 The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;
 She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she spare

Her curteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,
But liberally to geve them forth when Paris commes in place :
Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shewe,
As cunning craftesmen to the sale do set their wares on rew ;
That ere the County did out of her sight depart,
So secretly unwares to him she stale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death the wyly wench hath powre.
And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted howre
And with importune sute the parentes doth he pray
The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.

The woer hath past forth the first day in this sort,
And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.
At length the wished time of long hoped delight
(As Paris thought) drew nere ; but nere approched heavy plight.
Against the bridall day the parentes did prepare
Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,
That they which did behold the same the night before
Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wishe for any more.
Nothing did seeme to decre ; the deerest thinges were bought ;
And (as the written story saith) in dede there wanted nought,
That longd to his degree, and honor of his stocke ;
But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke ;
Even from the trusty nurce, whose secretnes was tryde,
The secret counsell of her hart the nurce childe seekes to hid
For sith, to mocke her dame, she did not sticke to lye,
She thought no sinne with shew of truth to bleare her nurces eye.
In chamber secretly the tale she gan renew,
That at the doore she tolde her dame, as though it had been trew.
The flattrng nurce dyd prayse the fryer for his skill,
And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.
She setteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,
And eke she prayseth much to her the second mariage ;
And County Paris now she praiseth ten times more,
By wrong, then she her selfe by right had Romeus prayse before.
Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne ;
What shall it boote her lyfe to languish still and mourne.
The pleasures past before she must account as gayne ;
But if he doe retourne, what then ?—for one she shall have twayne.

The one shall use her as his lawful wedded wyfe,
 In wanton love with equall joy the other leade his lyfe;
 And best shall she be sped of any townish dame,
 Of husband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
 These wordes and like the nurce did speake, in hope to please,
 But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladies mynde disease;
 But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well content,
 When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
 But when the bryde perceived her howre approached nere,
 She sought (the best she could) to fayne, and tempted so her cheere,
 That by her outward looke no living wight could gesse
 Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her distresse.
 Unto her chaumber doth the pensive wight repayre,
 And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the stayre.
 In Juliets chamber was her wonted use to lye;
 Wherefore her mistres, dreading that she should her work descrye,
 As sone as she began her pallet to unfold,
 Thinking to lye that night where she was wont to lye of olde,
 Doth gently pray her seeke her lodging some where els;
 And, lest she crafty should suspect, a ready reason telles.
 Dere frend (quoth she) you knowe, to morow is the day
 Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpose is to pray
 Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,
 And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,
 That they so smyle upon the doynges of to morow,
 That all the remuant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow:
 Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
 But see that you to morow comme before the dawning light,
 For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre.
 And easely the loving nurse dyd yelde to her desire,
 For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute;
 She little knew the close attempt her nurce childe went about.

The nurce departed once, the chamber doore shut close,
 Assured that no living wight her doing myght disclose,
 So powred forth into the vyole of the fryer,
 Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boord stode by her.
 The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
 Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed:

Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,
And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,
That what before she had resolved undoubtedly
That same she calleth into doute; and lying doutfully
Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,
With handes ywrong, and weping eyes, thus gan she to complaine:—
What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,
So much unfortunate as I? so much past hope as I?
What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,
The depest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortunes skorne?
For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde;
Since that the cruel cause of my unhappines
Hath put me to this sodaine plonge, and brought to such distres,
As (to the end I may my name and conscience save)
I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
Whose woorking and whose force as yet I doe not know.
And of this piteous plaint began another doute to growe:
What doe I knowe (quoth she) if that this powder shall
Sooner or later then it should or els not woorke at all?
And then my craft descride as open as the day,
The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remayn for aye.
And what know I (quoth she) if serpent's odious,
And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venomous,
That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,
Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded?—
Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,
Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store
Of carkases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before
Intombed were, where I my sleping place shall have,
Where all my auncesters doe rest, my kindreds common grave?
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
Fynd me (if I awake before) ystified in the tombe?"

And whilst she in these thoughtes doth dwell somewhat to long,
The force of her ymaging anon dyd waxe so strong,
That she surmysde she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,
(A griesly thing to looke upon) the carkas of Tybalt;

Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before
 Had seene him in his blood embrewde, to death eke wounded sore.
 And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde
 That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde,
 All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,
 But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone ;
 Her dainty tender partes gan shever all for dred,
 Her golden heares did stand upright upon her chillish hed.
 Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,
 A sweat as colde as mountaine yse pearst through her slender skin,
 That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers :
 And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainly thus she feares,
 A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,
 And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in dout.
 But when she felt her strength began to weare away,
 By little and little, and in her hart her feare increased ay,
 Dreading that weakenes might, or foolish cowardise,
 Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,
 As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,
 And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
 Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,
 And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,
 And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes dispreed,
 The nurse unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,
 And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her slepe ;
 Fyrst softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,
 Lady, you slepe to long, the carle will rayse you by and by.
 But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,
 She thinkes to speake to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.
 If all the dredfull noyse that might on earth be found,
 Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunders sound,
 Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
 The sleping wight before the time by any meanes awake ;
 So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald ;
 Wherwith the seely carefull nurse was wondrously apalde.
 She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,
 But loe, she found her parts were stiffe and more than marble colde ;

In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent ;
 And, hearyng of her passed life, they judge with one assent
 The cause of this her death was inward care and thought ;
 And then with double force againe the doubled sorowes wrought.
 If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
 A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,
 The same was it in which through Veron towne was spred
 The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.
 For so she was bemonde both of the yong and olde,
 That it might seeme to him that would the commen plaint behold,
 That all the commen welth did stand in jeopardy ;
 So universall was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.
 For lo, beside her shape and native bewties hewe,
 With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues prayses grewe,
 She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,
 That, even from the hory head unto the witles childe,
 She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,
 Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemone.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,
 Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,
 A frier of his house, there never was a better,
 He trusted him even as himselfe, to whom he gave a letter,
 In which he written had of every thing at length,
 That past twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders strength ;
 The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
 To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
 For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,
 And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke ;
 Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,
 (Till fickle Fortune favour him,) disguise in mans aray.

Thys letter closde he sendes to Romeus by his brother ;
 He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.
 Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes ;
 And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse
 That friers in the towne should seeldome walke alone,
 But of theyr covent ay should be accompanide with one
 Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,
 In mynde to take some frier with him, to walke the towne about.

*But entred once he might not issue out agayne,
 For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne
 Dyed of the plague, (a sickenes which they greatly feare and hate)
 So were the brethren charged to kepe within theyr covent gate,
 Bard of theyr felowship that in the towne do wonne;
 The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers house to shonne,
 Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should renew;
 Whereof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischcefe great there
 grewe.*

*The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and sorow,
 Not knowing what the letters held, differd untill the morowe;
 And then he thought in tyme to send to Romeus.
 But whilst at Mantua where he was, these dooinges framed thus,
 The towne of Juliets byrth was wholly busied
 About her obsequies, to see theyr darling buried.
 Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
 And now to sorow is retornde the joy of every one;
 And now the wedding weedes for mourning weedes they chaunge,
 And Hymene into a dyрге;—alas! it seemeth straunge:
 In steade of mariage gloves, now funerall gloves they have,
 And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.
 The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
 Hath every dish and cup fild full of sorow and annoy.*

*Now throughout Italy this common use they have,
 That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one grave;
 For every houshold, if it be of any fame;
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the housholdes
 name;*

*Wherein (if any of that kindred hap to dye)
 They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.
 The Capilets her corps in such a one dyd lay,
 Where Tybalt slayne of Romeus was layde the other day.
 An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
 In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheete.
 So, as by chaunce he walked abroad, our Romeus man dyd meete
 His masters wyfe; the sight with sorow straight dyd wounde
 His honest heart; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.*

And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spye,
 The doynges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,
 And for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister most,
 (Alas) too soone, with heavy newes he hyed away in post ;
 And in his house he found his maister Romeus,
 Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him thus :
 Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,
 That sure, except with constancy you seeke your selfe to arme,
 I feare that strayght you will brethe out your latter breath,
 And I, most wretched wight, shalbe thoccasion of your death.
 Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wyfe,
 I wot not by what sodain grefe, hath made exchaunge of life ;
 And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,
 In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest ;
 And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde,
 Within the tombe of Capilets : and here withall he stayde.
 This sodayne message sounde, sent forth with sighes and teares,
 Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listening cares ;
 And therby hath souke in such sorow in his hart,
 That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,
 Was like to breake out of his prison house perforce,
 And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce :
 But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,
 This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende :
 That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,
 That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his death :
 Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,
 And more also (he vainely thought) his lady better pleased.
 Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleene,
 Lest that the staynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be seene,
 And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,
 Which he with all his care dyd seeke from every one to hyde,
 Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abroad :
 His servant, at the maisters hest, in chamber styll abode ;
 And then fro streate to streate he wandreth up and downe,
 To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
 A salve meete for his sore, an oyle fitte for his wounde ;
 And seeking long (alac too soone) the thing he sought, he founde.

An apothecary sate unbusied at his doore,
 Whom by his heavy countenance he gessed to be poore.
 And in his shop he saw his boxes were but fewe,
 And in his window (of his wares) there was so small a shew ;
 Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
 What by no frendship could be got, with money should be bought ;
 For nedy lacke is lyke the poore man to compell
 To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.
 Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
 And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart :
 Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
 So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me
 Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre
 Kill him whose wretched hap shalbe the potion to devowre.
 The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent
 To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
 In hast he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,
 And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde :
 Fayre syr (quoth he) be sure this is the speeding gere,
 And more there is then you shall nede ; for halfe of that is there
 Will serve, I undertake, in lesse then halfe an howre
 To kill the strongest man alive ; such is the-poysons power.

Then Romeus, somewhat easd of one part of his care,
 Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
 Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,
 To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
 Provyde both instruments to open wyde the toombe,
 And lightes to shew him Juliet ; and stay (till he shall comme)
 Nere to the place whercas his loving wyfe doth rest,
 And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.
 Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his maister take ;
 Betyme he commes to towne, such hast the paynfull man dyd make :
 And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,
 But doth dysclose unto no wight his wofull maisters will.
 Would God, he had herein broken his maisters hest !
 Would God, that to the fryer he had dysclosed all hys brest !
 But Romeus the whyle with many a dedly thought
 Provoked much, hath caused ynke and paper to be brought,

And in few lynes he dyd of all his love dyscourse,
How by the fryers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorse,
The wedlocke knot was knyt, and by what meane that night
And many moe he dyd enjoy his happy hartes delight;
Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende;
And so his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The letters cload and seald, directed to his syre,
He locketh in his purse, and then a post hois doth he hyre.
When he approached nere, he waresly lighted downe,
And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne;
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should come,
With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliets toomme.
Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,
And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
I charge thee that thou come not nere while I abyde beneath,
Ne seeke thou not to let thy masters enterprise,
Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.
Take there a letter, which, as soone as he shall ryse,
Present it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes;
Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,
Obediently a little way withdrewe himselfe apart;
And then our Romeus (the vault stone set up upright)
Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
He gan beholde, who surely was the organ of his lyfe;
For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst;
He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyst;
And in his folded armes full straightly he her plight,
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight:
His fearfull handes he layd upon her stomacke colde,
And them on divers parts besyde the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,
Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought;
Wherof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning hart:

Oh Juliet, of whom the world unwoorthy was,
 From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy gost dyd
 passe,

What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde
 Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde?
 Or els so glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
 As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved?
 What epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,
 To consecrate my memorye, could any man invente,
 As this our mutuell and our piteous sacrifice
 Of lyfe, set light for love?"—but while he talketh in this wise,
 And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
 His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venoms force;
 Which little and little gan to overcommme hys hart,
 And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,
 He saw, hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,
 Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.
 To whom (as having life) in this sort speaketh he :
 Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
 With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
 For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dyc.
 But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
 But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
 What more amendes, or cruell wreke desyrest thou
 To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?
 Who reft by force of armes from thee thy living breath,
 The same with his owne hand (thou seest) doth poyson himselfe to
 death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,
 Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselfe he layeth by.
 These said, when he gan feele the poysons force prevayle,
 And little and little mastred lyfe for aye beganne to fayle,
 Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe,—
 Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe
 Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe
 Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde;
 Take pity on my sinneful and my poore afflicted mynde !

For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
 Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay.
 Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force
 His overpressed parts upon his ladies wayled corse,
 That now his wekened hart, weakened with tormentes past,
 Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,
 Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,
 And so the long imprisoned soule hath freedome wonne at length.
 Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,
 Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy
 corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
 Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken ;
 But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,
 Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
 Out of Saint Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,
 And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.
 Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,
 Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight ;
 Tyll Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,
 When of his masters being there the certain newes he tolde :
 There hath he been (quoth he) this halfe howre at the least,
 And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast.
 Then both they entred in, where they (alas) dyd fynde
 The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde ;
 Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceve,
 That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend feerce death
 dyd reve.

But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
 An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe ;
 And much amasde to see in tombe so great a light,
 She wist not if she saw a dreame, or sprite that walkd by night.
 But cumming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus :
 What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? where is my Romeus ?
 And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare
 Lest if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,
 In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
 And with his finger shewd his corps out stretched, stiffe, and colde ;

And then perswaded her with pacience to abyde
 This sodain great mischaunce, and sayth, that he will soone provyde
 In somme religious house for her a quiet place,
 Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase
 She may with wisdomes meane measure her mourning brest,
 And unto her tormented soule call backe exiled rest.
 But loe, as soone as she had cast her ruthfull eye
 On Romeus face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,
 Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,
 And out they gushe;—with cruell hand she tare her golden heares.
 But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,
 Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sickness furious rage,
 Falne on his corps she lay long panting on his face,
 And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did embrace,
 As though with sighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,
 She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne:
 A thousand times she kist his mouth, as cold as stone,
 And it unkist againe as oft; then gan she thus to mone:
 Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
 Of all the sweete delighes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,
 Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,
 That in this place and at this time, thy churchyard thou hast
 chose?

Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make?
 And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my sake?
 Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
 Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleasant ought to be,
 How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight
 Of furious death, that wons to fray the stoutest with his sight?
 How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
 In this so fowle infected place (to dwell) where now thou art?
 Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to be
 The dainty foode of greedy woormes, unworthy sure of thee.
 Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
 My wonted sorowes, doubled twice, againe thus to renewe?
 Which both the tyme and eke my patient long abode
 Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have
 trode?

Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
 To find my painefull passions salve, I myst the thing I sought ;
 And to my mortall harme the fatall knyfe I grounde,
 That gave to me so deepe, so wyde so cruell dedly wounde.
 Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe !
 For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme
 Of the most perfect leage betwixt a payre of lovers,
 That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others
 Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,
 Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay wrang."
 And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,
 The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone ;
 For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,
 And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stooode in feare.
 When Juliet saw her selfe left in the vaulte alone,
 That freely she might worke her will, for let or stay was none,
 Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,
 The body dead of Romeus, and claspd it in her armes ;
 Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,
 That more than by the feare of death, she was attaint by love ;
 And then past deadly feare, for lyfe ne had she care,
 With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.
 "O welcome death (quoth she) end of unhappines,
 That also art beginning of assured happines,
 Feare not to darte me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,
 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye ;
 For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,
 At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite emong so many ded.
 And thou my loving lord, Romeus my trusty feer,
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost heer,
 Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,
 That causd (alas) thy violent death, although unwillingly ;
 And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,
 To thend that no wight els but thou might have just cause to hoste
 Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved
 Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved :
 That so our parted sprites from light that we see here,
 In place of endlesse light and blisse may ever live yfere."

These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart :
 Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly smart !
She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,
And from her corps the sprite doth flye ;—what should I say ?
she dyes.

The watchemen of the towne the whilst are passed by,
 And through the gates the candle light within the tombe they spye ;
 Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,
 That with prepared instrumentes had opend wide the tombe,
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,
 Which by their science ayde abusde, do stand them oft in sted.
 Theyr curious harts desyre the truth herof to know ;
 Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd below,
 In clasped armes ywrapt the husband and the wyfe,
 In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.
 But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,
 The certainty of both theyr deathes assuredly they knew :
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,
 That at the length hidden they found the murthrers ;—so they
 thought.

In dongeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde :
 The next day do they tell the prince the mischefe that they found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,
 Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
 Thether you might have seene whole housholdes forth to ronne,
 For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was
 donne,

The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
 With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.

And that the murthrers to all men might be knowne,
 Like as the murders brute abroad through all the towne was
 blowne

The prince did straight ordaine, the corsers that wer founde
 Should be set forth upon a stage hyc rayسد from the grounde,
 Right in the selfe same fourme, (shewde forth to all mens sight)
 That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night ;
 And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence should
 Be openly examined ; for els the people would

Have murmered, or faynd there were some waighty cause
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,

In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,

(A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)

His beard as white as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling teares :

Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare

Both, how this murther had been donne, and who the murthrers are ;

For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,

And had with hym those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.

The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,

The judges woords appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.

But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,

And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say :

“My lordes, there is not one among you, set togyther,

So that (affection set aside) by wisdom he consider

My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,

And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,

But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,

So great, so sodainly befallue, unlooked for, and straunge.

For I, that in the space of lx yeres and tenne.

Since first I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,

And with the worlles vaine thinges, my selfe I did acquaint,

Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt

With any cryme, in waight as heavy as a rushe.

Ne is there any stander by can make me gylty blushe ;

(Although before the face of God, I doe confesse

My selfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty presse.)

When readiest I am and likeliest to make

My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake ;

When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,

Tappeare before the judgment seate of everlasting powre,

And falling ripe, I steppe upon my graves brinke,

Even then, am I, most wretched wight, (as eche of you doth thinke,)

Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway throwne downe,

In greatest daunger of my life, and damage of renowne.

The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,

And in your hart increaseth till your vayne and wrong surmise

May be the hugenes of these teares of myne, (percase,)
 That so abundantly downe fall by eyther syde my face ;
 As though the memory in scriptures were not kept
 That Christ our Saviour himselfe for ruth and pittie wept ;
 And more, whoso will reade, ywritten shall he fynde,
 That teares are as true messengers of mans ungyltie mynde.
 Or els, (a liker prooffe) that I am in the cryme,
 You say these present yrons are, and the suspected tyme ;
 As though all howres alike had not been made above !
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelve ? whereby he sought to prove,
 That no respect of howres ought justly to be had,
 But at all times men have the choyce of dooing good or bad ;
 Even as the sprite of God the hartes of men doth guyde,
 Or as it leaveth them to stray from vertues path asyde.
 As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
 As now I deeme, I neede not seeke to make ye understande
 To what use yron first was made, when it began ;
 How of it self it helpeth not, ne yet can helpe a man.
 The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
 That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll
 Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they flowe,
 Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,
 Can justly prove the murther doune, or damne me of the cryme :
 No one of these hath powre, ne powre have all the three,
 To make me other then I am, how so I seeme to be.
 But sure my conscience, (if so my gylt deserve,)
 For an appeacher, witnesse, and a hangman, eke should serve ;
 For through mine age, whose heares of long time since were hore,
 And credyt great that I was in, with you, in time tofore,
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
 My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrise,
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyse.
 But (God I prayse) I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
 And from remorses pricking sting I joy that I am free :
 I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
 Wherewith you should be troubled still, if I my speche should spare.

But to the end I may set all your hartes at rest,
 And plucke out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your brest,
 Which might perhappes henceforth increasing more and more,
 Within your conscience also increase your curelesse sore,
 I swear by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
 And for a witness of my woordes my hart attesteth him,
 Whose mighty hande doth welde them in theyr vyolent sway,
 And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay :
 That I will make a short and eke a true dyscourse
 Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and sourse
 Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no lesse
 Will wonder at then they (alas) poore lovers in distresse,
 Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
 With strong and patient hart did yelde themselfe to cruell death :
 Such was the mutuall love wherein they burned both,
 And of their promyst frendshippes fayth so stedy was the troth.

And then the auncient frier began to make dyscourse,
 Even from the first, of Romeus and Juliets amours ;
 How first by sodayn sight the one the other chose,
 And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death might
 lose ;

And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,
 Under confessions cloke, to him them selfe they have adrest,
 And how with solemne othes thy have protested both,
 That they in hart are maried by promise and by othe ;
 And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
 They shall be forst by earnest love in sinneful state to live :
 Which thing when he had wayde, and when he understoode
 That the agreement twixt rhem twayne was lawfull, honest, good,
 And all thinges peysed well, it seemed meet to bee
 For lyke they were of noblcnesse, age, riches, and degree ;
 Hoping that so at leugh ended myght be the stryfe,
 Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
 Thinking to woorke a woorke well pleasing in Gods sight,
 In secret shrift he wedded them ; and they the selfe same night
 Made up the mariage in house of Capelet,
 As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurce of Juliet.
 He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,

And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to hys wyfe ;
 And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dysdayne,
 And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne ;
 And how she fell flat downe before his feete aground,
 And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound
 Her harmeles hart, except that he some meane dyd fynde
 To dysappoynt the earles attempt ; and spotles save her mynde.
 Wherefore, he doth conclude, (although that long before)
 By thought of death and age he had refusde for evermore
 The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
 Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
 And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge
 His closed conscience he had opened and set at large ;
 And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme
 His soule to be spotted somdeale with small and easy cryme,
 Then that the lady should, (wery of lyving breath,)
 Murther her selfe, and daunger much her seely soule by death :
 Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puttes in ure,
 A certaine powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,
 That they her held for dead ; and how that frier John
 With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone ;
 Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is becommes ;
 And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.
 He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man sterved,
 Supposing Juliet dead ; and how that Juliet hath carved,
 With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
 Desyrous to accompany her lover after death ;
 And how they could not save her, so they were afearde,
 And hidde them selfe, dreding the noyse of watchmen, hat they
 heard.
 And for the prooffe of thys his tale, he doth desyer
 The judge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
 To learne his cause of stay, and eke to reade his letter ;
 And, more beside, to thend that they might judge his cause the better,
 He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,
 And Romeus, man whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.
 Then Peter, not so much crst as he was, dismayd :
 My lordes, (quoth he) too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd.

And when my maister went into my mystres grave.
 This letter that I offer you, unto me then he gave,
 Which he himselfe dyd write, as I do understand,
 And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same
 That erst the skilfull frier said; and eke the wretches name
 That had at his request the dedly poyson sold,
 The price of it, and why he bought, his letters playne have tolde.
 The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,
 That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr eyes:
 So orderly all thinges were tolde and tryed out,
 That in the prease there was not one that stooode at all in doute.

The wyser sort, to counsell called by Escalus,
 Have geven advyse, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus:
 The nurce of Juliet is banisht in her age,
 Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,
 Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,
 Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne;
 And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters hest,
 In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in rest:
 Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
 And for the paynes he tooke with him the hangman had his cote.
 Bnt now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded syre?
 Of fryer Laurence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
 Because that many times he woorthely did serve
 The commen welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,
 He was discharged quyte, and no marke of defame
 Did seeme to blot or touch at all the honor of his name.
 But of him selfe he went into an hermitage,
 Two myles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his age;
 Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye:
 Fyve years he lived an hermite and an hermite dyd he dye.
 The straungenes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
 The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,
 That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
 Has emptied quite; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could asswage,
 Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynd of murthers donne,
 At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.

And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove
The memory of so perfect, sound and so approved love,
The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
In stately tombe, on pillers great of marble, rayse they hye.
On every syde above were set, and eke beneath,
Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene ;
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

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THE TWENTY-FIFTH NOVELL.

The goodly hystory of the true, and constant love betweene Rhomen and Julietta, the one of whom died of poyson, and the other of sorrow, and hevynesse : wherein be comprysed many adventures of love, and other devises touchinge the same.

I AM sure that they which measure the greatnesse of goddes workes accordinge to the capacity of their rude, and simple understandinge, wyll not lightly adhibite credite unto thys history, so wel for the variety of straunge accidents which be therein described, as for the novelty of so rare, and perfect amity. But they that have red Plinie, Valerius Maximus, Plutarche, and divers other writers, do finde, that in olde time a great number of men and women have died, some of excessive joy, some of overmutch sorrow, and some of other passions : and amongs the same, love is not the least, whych when it seazeth uppon any kynde and gentle subject, and findeth no resistaunce to serve for a rampart to stay the violence of his course, by little and little undermineth, melteth and consumeth the virtues of naturall powers, in sutch wyse as the spyrite yealdinge to the burden, abandoneth the place of lyfe : which is verified by the pitifull, and infortunate death of two lovers that surrendered their last breath in one tounge at Verona a citty of Italy, wherein repose yet to thys day : (with great marvell) the bones, and remnauntes of their late loving bodies : an hystory no lesse wonderfull than true. If then perticular affection which of good right every man ought to beare to the place where he was borne, doe not deceyve those that travayle, I thincke they will confesse wyth me, that few citties in Italy, can surpass the sayd citty of Verona, as well for the navigable river called Adissa, which passeth almost through the midst of the same, and thereby a great trafique into Almayne, as also for the prospect towards the fertile mountaynes, and pleasant valeys whych do environ the same, with a great number of very clere and lyvely fountaynes, that serve for the ease and commodity of the place. Omittinge (bisides many other singularities) foure bridges, and an infinite number of other honourable antiquities dayly apparaunt

unto those, that be to curious to viewe and looke upon them. Which places I have somewhat touched, bycause thys most true history which I purpose hereafter to recite, dependeth thereupon, the memory whereof to thys day is so wel known at Verona, as unneths their blubbred eyes be yet dry, that saw and beheld that lamentable sight.

When the Senior Escala was lorde of Verona, there were two families in the citty, of farre greater fame than the rest, aswell for riches as nobility: the one called the Montesches, and the other the Capellets: but lyke as most commonly there is discorde amongs theym which be of semblable degree in honour, even so there hapned a certayne emnity betweene them: and for so mutch as the beginning thereof was unlawfull, and of ill foundation, so lykewyse in processe of time it kindled to sutch flame, as by divers and sundry devyses practised on both sides, many lost their lyves. The lord Bartholmew of Escala, (of whom we have already spoken) being lord of Verona, and seeing sutch disorder in his common weale, assayed divers and sundry waies to reconcile those two houses but all in vayne: for their hatred had taken sutch roote, as the same could not be moderated by any wyse counsell or good advice: betweene whom no other thing could be accorded, but geving over armour, and weapon for the time, attending some other season more convenient, and with better leysure to appease the rest. In the time that these thinges were adoeing, one of the family of Montesches called Rhomeo, of the age of XX. or XXI. yeares, the comliest and best conditioned gentleman that was amonges the Veronian youth, fell in love with a young gentlewoman of Verona, and in few dayes was attached with hir beauty, and good behaviour, as he abandoned all other affaires and busines, *'to serve and honour hir: and after many letters, ambassades,* and presents, he determined in the ende to speake unto hir, and to disclose hys passions, which he did without any other practise. But she which was vertuously brought up, knew how to make him so good answeere to cut of his amorous affections, as he had no lust after that time to returne any more, and shewed hir selfe so austere, and sharpe of speach, as she vouchsafed not with one looke to behold him. But how mutch the young gentleman saw hir whist, and silent, the more he was inflamed; and after he had continued

certayne months in that service wythout remedy of his griefe, he determined in the ende to depart Verona, for prooffe if by chaunge of the place he might alter his affection, saying to himselfe: "What do I meane to love one that is so unkinde, and thus doth disdayn me: I am all hir owne, and yet she flieth from me: I can no longer live, except hir presence I doe enjoy: and she hath no contented mynde, but when she is furthest from me: I will then from henceforth estraunge my selfe from hir, for it may so come to passe by not beholding hir, that thys fire in me which taketh increase and nourishment by hir fayre eyes, by little and little may dy and quench." But minding to put in prooffe what he thought, at one instant hee was reduced to the contrary, who not knowing whereupon to resolve, passed dayes and nights in marveilous playnts, and lamentations: for love vexed him so neare, and had so well fixed the gentlewoman's beauty within the bowels of his heart, and mynde, as not able to resist, hee faynted with the charge, and consumed by little and little as the snow agaynst the sunne: whereof hys parentes, and kinred did marvayle greatly, bewaylinge hys misfortune, but above all other one of hys companyons of riper age, and counsell than hee, began sharply to rebuke him: for the love that he bare him was so great as hee felt hys martirdome, and was pertaker of hys passion: which caused him by ofte viewyng his friend's disquietnesse in amorous panges, to say thus unto him: "Rhomeo, I marvell much that thou spendest the best time of thine age, in pursute of a thing, from which thou seest thy self despised and banished, wythout respecte either to thy prodigall dispense, to thine honor, to thy teares, or to thy myserable lyfe, which be able to move the most constant to pity: wherefore I pray thee for the love of our auncient amity, and for thyne health sake, that thou wilt learn to be thine owne man, and not to alienat thy lyberty to any so ingrate as she is: for so farre as I conjecture by things that are passed betwene you, either she is in love wyth some other, or else determineth never to love any. Thou arte yong, rich in goods and fortune, and more excellent in beauty than any gentleman in thys cyty: thou art well learned, and the onely sonne of the house wherof thou comdest: what gryef would it bee to thy poore olde father and other thy parentes, to see the so drowned in this dongeon of vyce, specially at that age wherein thou oughtest rather to put them in some hope of thy vertue?

begyn then from henceforth to acknowledge thyne error, wherein thou hast hitherto lyved, doe away that amorous vaile or coverture whych blyndeth thyne eyes and letteth thee to folow the ryghte path, wherein thine auncestors have walked: or else if thou do feele thy selfe so subject to thyne owne wyll, yelde thy hearte to some other place, and chose some mistresse accordyng to thy worthynesse, and henceforth doe not sow thy paynes in a soyle so barrayne whereof thou reapest no fruyete: the tyme approacheth when al the dames of the cyty shal assemble, where thou mayst behold sutch one as shall make thee forget thy former gryefs." Thys younge gentleman attentyvely hearyng all the persuadyng reasons of hys fryend, began somewhat to moderate that heate and to acknowledge all the exhortatyons which hee had made to be directed to good purpose: and then determined to put them in prooffe, and to be present indifferently at al the feasts and assemblies of the city, without bearing affection more to one woman than to an other: and continued in thys manner of lyfe, ii. or iii. monthes, thinking by that meanes to quench the sparks of auncient flames. It chaunced then within few dayes after, about the feast of Chrystmasse, when feasts and bankets most commonly be used, and maskes accordinge to the custome frequented, that Anthonie Capellet being the chief of that familye, and one of the principall lords of the city too, made a banket, and for the better solempnization thereof, invited all the noble men and dames, to which feast resorted the moste parte of the youth of Verona. The family of the Capellets (as we have declared in the beginninge of thys hystory) was at variance with the Montescos, which was the cause that none of that family repaired to that banket, but onelye the yong gentleman Rhomeo, who came in a maske after supper with certaine other yong gentlemen: and after they had remained a certayne space with their visards on, at length they did put of the same, and Rhomeo very shamefast, withdrew himself into a corner of the hall: but by reason of the light of the torches which burned very bright, he was by and by knowen and loked upon of the whole company, but specially of the ladies, for besides his native beauty wherewith nature had adorned him, they marvelled at his audacity how hee durst presume to enter so secretly into the house of that famyllye which had litle cause to do him any good. Notwithstanding, the Capellets dis-

sembling their mallice, either for the honor of the company, or else for respect of his age, did not misuse him eyther in worde or deede: by meanes whereof wyth free liberty he behelde and viewed the ladies at hys pleasure, which hee dyd so well, and wyth grace so good, as there was none but did very well lyke the presence of his person: and after hee had particularly given judgement uppon the excellency of each one, according to his affection, hee sawe one gentlewoman amonges the reste of surpassinge beautye who (althoughe hee had never seene hir tofore) pleased him above the rest, and attributed unto hir in heart the chyefest place for all perfection in beautye: and feastyng hir incessantlye with piteous lookes, the love whych hee bare to his first gentlewoman, was overcomen with this newe fire, that tooke sutch norishment and vigor in his hart, as he was not able never to quench the same but by death onely: as you may understande by one of the strangest discourses, that ever any mortall man devised. The yong Rhomeo then felyng himselfe thus tossed wyth thys newe tempest, could not tell what countenaunce to use, but was so surprised and chaunged with these last flames, as he had almost forgotten himselfe in sutch wise as he had not audacity to enquire what shee was, and wholly bente himself to feede hys eyes with hir sighte, wherewyth hee moystened the sweete amorous venome, which dyd so empoysen him, as hee ended hys dayes with a kinde of most cruell death. The gentlewoman that dydde put Rhomeo to sutch payne, was called Julietta, and was the daughter of Capellet, the mayster of the house wher that assembly was, who as hir eyes did rolle and wander too and fro, by chaunce espied Rhomeo, which unto hir seemed to be the goodliest personage that ever shee sawe: and love (which lay in wayte never untill that time,) assayling the tender heart of that yong gentlewoman, touched hir so at the quicke, as for any resistance she coulde make, was not able to defende his forces, and then began to set at naught the royalties of the feast, and felt no pleasure in hir heart, but when she had a glimpse by throwing or receiving some sight or looke of Rhomeo. And after they had contented eche others troubled heart with millions of amorous lookes which oftentimes interchangeably encountred and met together, the burning beames gave sufficient testimony of loves privy onsets.

Love having made the heartes breache of those two lovers, as they two sought meanes to speake together, fortune offered them a very meete and apt occasion. A certayne lord of that troupe and companye tooke Julietta by the hande to daunce, wherein shee behaved hir selfe so well, and wyth so excellent grace, as shee wanne that daye the prise of honour from all the damosels of Verona. Rhomeo, havyng foreseene the place whereunto shee mynded to retire, approached the same, and so dyscretelye used the matter, as hee founde the meanes at hir returne to sit beside hir : Julietta when the daunce was finished, returned to the very place where she was set before, and was placed betwene Rhomeo and an other gentleman called Mercutio, which was a courtlyke gentleman, very well be loved of all men, and by reason of his pleasaunt and curteous behavior was in every company wel intertayned. Mercutio that was of audacity among maydens, as a lyon is among lambes, seazed incontynently upon the hande of Julietta, whose hands wontedly were so cold both in wynter and sommer as the mountayne yce, although the fire's heat did warm the same. Rhomeo whych sat uppon the left side of Julietta, seyng that Mercutio held hir by the right hand, toke hir by the other that he myght not be deceived of his purpose, and straying the same a little, he felt himself so prest wyth that newe favor, as he remayned mute, not able to aunswer : but she perceyvyng by his chaunge of color, that the fault proceded of the vehemence of love, desyryng to speake unto hym, turned hir selfe towards hym, and wyth tremblyng voyce joyned with virginal shamefastnesse, intermeddled with a certayn bashfulnesse, sayd to hym : " Blessed be the howre of your neare approche : " but mynding to procede in further talke, love had so closed up hir mouth, as she was not able to end hir tale.

Wherunto the yong gentleman all ravished with joy and contentation, sighing, asked hir what was the cause of that ryght fortunate blessing : Julietta, somewhat more emboldened with pytyful loke and smyling countenance, said unto him : " Syr, do not marvell yf I do blesse your comminge hither, bicause sir Mercutio a good tyme wyth frosty hand hath wholly frosen mine, and you of your curtesy have warmed the same agayne." Wherunto immediatly Rhomeo replied : " Madame, if the heavens have ben so favorable to

employe me to do you some agreeable service, being repaired hither by chance amongs other gentlemen, I esteemo the same well bestowed, craving no greater benefite for satisfaction of all my contentations received in this world, than to serve obey and honor you as long as my lyfe doth last, as experience shall yeld more ample prooffe when it shall please you to geve further assaye: moreover, if you have received any heat by touche of my hand, you may be well assured that those flames be dead in respect of the lyvely sparkes and violent fire which sorteth from your fayre eyes, which fire hath so fiercely inflamed all the most sensible parts of my body, as if I be not succored by the favoure of your good graces, I do attend the time to be consumed to dust." Scarse had he made an ende of those last words, but the daunce of the torche was at an end: whereby Julietta, which wholly burnt in love, straightly claspyng her hand with hys, had no leysure to make other aunswer, but softly thus to say: "My deare frend, I know not what other assured wytnesse you desire of love, but that I let you understand that you be no more your own, than I am yours, beyng ready and dysposed to obey you so farre as honour shal permyt, beseechyng you for the present tyme to content your selfe wyth thys aunswere, untill some other season meeter to communicate more secretly of our affaires." Rhomeo seeing himselfe pressed to part of the company, and for that hee knew not by what meanes he myght see hir agayne that was hys life and death, demaunded of one of his friends what shee was, who made aunswer that she was the daughter of Capellet, the lord of the house, and mayster of that dayes feast (who wroth beyonde measure that fortune had sent him to so daungerous a place, thought it impossible to bring to end his enterprise begon.) Julietta covetous on the other side, to know what yong gentleman he was which had s^o curteously intertayned hir that nyght, and of whome shee felt the new wound in hir heart, called an olde gentlewoman of honor which had nurssed hir and brought hir up, unto whom she sayd leaning upon hir shoulder: "Mother, what two yong gentlemen be they which first goe forth with the two torches before them." Unto whome the old gentlewoman told the name of the houses wherof they came. Then she asked hir againe, what young gentleman that was which holdeth the visarde in his hand, wyth the

damaske cloke about hym. "It is" (quod she) "Romeo Montesche, the sonne of youre father's capytall enemye and deadly foe to all your kinne." But the mayden at the onely name of Montesche was altogyther amazed, despayrynge for ever to attayne to husband hir great affectyoned fryend Rhomeo, for the auneynt hatreds betwene those two families. Neverthelesse she knewe so well how to dissemble hir grief and discontented minde, as the olde gentlewoman perceived nothing, who then began to persuade hir to retire into hir chamber: whom she obeyed, and being in bed, thinking to take hir wonted rest, a great tempest of divers thoughtes began to environ and trouble hir mynde, in sutch wyse as shee was not able to close hir eyes, but turninge heere and there, fantasied divers things in hir thought, sometimes purposed to cut of the whole attempte of that amorous practise, sometimes to continue the same. Thus was the poore pucell vexed with two contraries, the one comforted hir to pursue hir intent, the other proposed the immynente perill whereunto undyscretly she headlong threwe hir self: and after she had wandred of long time in this amorous labyrinthe, she knew not whereuppon to resolve, but wept incessantly, and accused hir self, saying: "Ah, caitife and myserable creature, from whence do rise these unaccustomed travayles which I feele in mynde, provokynge mee to loose my rest: but infortunate wretch, what doe I know if that yong gentleman doe love mee as hee sayeth. It may be under the vaile of sugred woordes he goeth about to steale away mine honore, to be revenged of my parentes whych have offended his, and by that meanes to my everlasting reproche to make me the fable of the Verona people."

Afterwardes sodainly as she condempned that which she suspected in the beginning, sayd: "Is it possible that under sutch beautye and rare comelynesse, dysloyaltye and treason may have theyr syedge and lodgyng? If it bee true that the face is the faythfull messenger of the myndes conceypte, I may bee assured that hee doeth love mee: for I marked so many chaunged colours in his face in time of his talke with me, and sawe hym so transported and besides himselfe, as I cannot wyshe any other more certayne lucke of love, wherein I wyll persyst immutable to the laste gaspe of lyfe, to the intente I may have hym to bee my husband: for it maye so come to passe, as this newe aliaunce shall engender a

perpetuall peace and amity betweene hys house and mine." Arrestinge then uppon this determynation styll, as she saw Rhomeo passynge before hir father's gate, she shewed hir self with merry countenance, and followed him so with loke of eye, untill she had lost his sight. And continuing this manner of lyfe for certayne dayes, Rhomeo not able to content himself with lookes, daily did behold and marke the situation of the house, and one day amongst others hee espyed Julietta at hir chamber window, bounding upon a narrow lane, ryght over against which chamber he had a gardein, which was the cause that Rhomeo fearing discovery of their love, began the day time to passe no more before the gate, but so soone as the night with his browne mantell had covered the earth, hee walked alone up and downe that little streat: and after he had bene there many times, missing the chieftest cause of his comming, Julietta impacient of hir evill, one night repaired to hir window, and perceived throughe the bryghtnesse of the moone hir friend Rhomeo under hir window, no lesse attended for, than hee hymselfe was waighting. Then she secretly with teares in hir eyes, and wyth voyce interrupted by sighes, sayd: "Signior Rhomeo, me thinke that you hazarde your person to mutch, and commyt the same into great daunger at thys time of the nyght, to protrude your self to the mercy of them which meane you little good. Who yf they had taken would have cut you in pieces, and mine honor (which I esteeme dearer than my lyfe), hindred and suspected for ever." "Madame," aunswered Rhomeo, "my lyfe is in the hand of God, who only can dispose the same: howbeyt yf any man had soughte menes to beryeve mee of my lyfe, I should (in the presence of you) have made him knowen what mine ability had ben to defend the same. Notwythstandyng lyfe is not so deare, and of sutch estimation wyth me, but that I coulde vouchsafe to sacrifice the same for your sake: and althoughe my myshappe had bene so greate, as to bee dyspatched in that place, yet had I no cause to be sorrye therefore, excepte it had bene by losynge the meanes, and way how to make you understande the good wyll and duety which I beare you, desyrynge not to conserve the same for anye commodytye that I hope to have thereby, nor for anye other respecte, but onelye to love, serve, and honor you, so long as breath shal remaine in me." So soone as he had made an end of

his talke, love and pity began to seaze upon the heart of Julietta, and leaning hir head upon hir hand, having hir face all besprent wyth teares, she said unto Rhomeo: “Syr Rhomeo, I pray you not to renue that grief agayne: for the onely memory of sutch *inconvenyence, maketh me to counterpoysse betwene death and lyfe, my heart being so united with yours, as you cannot receyve the least injury in this world, wherein I shall not be so great a partaker as your self: besecchyng you for conclusion, that if you desire your owne health and mine, to declare unto me in fewe wordes what youre determynation is to attaine: for if you covet any other secrete thing at my handes, more than myne honoure can well allowe, you are marvelously deceived: but if your desire be godly, and that the frendship which you protest to beare mee, be founded uppon vertue, and to bee concluded by maryage, receiving me for your wyfe and lawfull spouse, you shall have sutch part in me, as whereof without any regard to the obedience and reverence that I owe to my parentes, or to the auncient enimity of oure famylyes, I wyll make you the onely lord and mayster over me, and of all the thyngys that I possesse, being prest and ready in all poyntes to folow your commaundement: but if your intent be otherwyse, and thinke to reape the fruycte of my virginity, under pretense of wanton amity, you be greatly deceived, and doe pray you to avoide and suffer me from henceforth to lyve in rest amongs myne equals.”*

Rhomeo whych looked for none other thyng, holding up his handes to the heavens, wyth incredible joy and contentation, aunswered: “Madame, for so much as it hath pleased you to doe me that honour to accepte me for sutch a onē, I accorde and consent to your request, and do offer unto you the best part of my heart, which shall remayn with you for guage and sure testimony of my saying, untill such time as God shall give me leave to make you the entier owner and possessor of the same. And to the intent I may begyn mine enterpryse, to morrow I will to the frier Laurence for counsell in the same, who besides that he is my ghostly father, is accustomed to give me instruction in al my other secret affaires, and fayle not (if you please) to meete me agayne in this place at this very hour, to the intent I may give you to understand the device betwene him and me.” Which she lyked very well, and ended their talke for that time. Rhomeo receyving none

other favour at hir hands for that night, but only wordes. Thys fryer Laurence, of whom hereafter wee shall make more ample mention, was an auncient doctor of divinity, of the order of the fryers minors, who besides the happy profession which he had made *in study of holy writ, was very skilful in philosophy, and a great searcher of natures secrets, and exceeding famous in magike knowledge, and other hidden and secret seiences, which nothing diminished his reputation, bicause hee did not abuse the same.* And this frier through his vertue and piety, had so well won the citzens hearts of Verona, as he was almost the confessor to them all, and of all men generally revered and beloved: and many tymes for his great prudence was called by the lords of the citty, to the hearing of their weighty causes. And amonges other he was greatly favored by the lorde of Escal, that tyme the principall governor of Verona, and of all the family of Montescches, and of the Capellets, and of many other. The young Rhomeo (as we have already declared) from his tender age, bare a certayne particuler amity to frier Laurence, and departed to him his secrets, by meanes whereof so soone as he was gone from Julietta, went strayght to the fryers Franciscans, where from point to point he discoursed the successe of his love to that good father, and the conclusion of mariage betwene him and Julietta, adding upon the ende of talke, that hee woulde rather choose shamefull death, than to fayle hir of his promise. To whom the good frier after he had debated divers matters, and proposed al the inconveniences of that secret mariage, exhorted hym to more mature deliberation of the same: notwithstandinge, all the alleged persuasions were not able to revoke his promysc. Wherefore the frier vanquished with his stubbornesse, and also forecasting in his mynde that the mariage might be some meanes of reconciliation of those two houses, in th'end agreed to his request, intreating him, that he myght have one dayes respit for leysure to excogitate what was best to be done. But if Rhomeo for his part was carefull to provide for his affayres, Julietta lykewise did her indeavour. For seeing that shee had none about her to whom she might discover hir passions, shee devised to impart the whole to hir nurse which lay in her chamber, appoynted to wayte uppon hir, to whom she committed the intier secrets of the love betwene Rhomeo and hir. And although

the olde woman in the beginnunge resisted Julietta hir intent, yet in the ende she knew so wel how to perswade and win hir, that she promised in all that she was able to do, to be at her commaundement. And then she sent hir with all diligence to speake to Rhomeo, and to know of him by what meanes they might be married, and that he would do hir to understand the determination betwene fryer Laurence and him. Whom Rhomeo aunswered, how the first day wherein he had informed fryer Laurence of the matter, the sayde fryer deferred aunswere until the next, which was the very same, and that it was not past one houre sithens he returned with finall resolution, and that frier Laurence and he had devised, that she the Saturday following, should crave leave of hir mother to go to confession, and to repayre to the church of Saynct Francis, where in a certayne chappell secretly they should be married, praying hir in any wyse not to fayle to be there. Which thinge she brought to passe with sutch discretion, as hir mother agreed to hir request: and accompanied onely wyth hir governesse, and a young mayden, she repayred thither at the determined day and tyme. And so soone as she was entred the church, she called for the good doctor fryer Laurence, unto whom answere were made that he was in the shriving chappell, and forthwith advertisement was given him of hir comming. So soone as fryer Laurence was certified of Julietta, hee went into the body of the church, and willed the olde woman and yong mayden to go heare service, and that when hee had heard the confession of Julietta, he would send for them agayn. Julietta beinge entred a litle cell wyth frier Laurence, he shut fast the dore as he was wont to do, where Rhomeo and he had bin together shut fast in, the space of one whole hour before. Then friar Laurence that after he had shrived them, sayd to Julietta: "Daughter, as Rhomeo here present hath certified me, you be agreed, and contented to take him to husband, and he likewise you for his espouse and wyfe. Do you now still persist and continue in that mynde?" The lovers aunswered that they desired none other thing. The fryer seeing they conformed and agreeable willes, after he had discoursed somewhat uppon the commendation of mariage dignity, pronounced the usuall woordes of the church, and she having receyved the ring from Rhomeo, they rose up before the fryer, who sayd unto them: "If you have any other

thing to conferre together, do the same wyth speede: for I purpose that Rhomeo shall goe from hence so secretly as he can." Rhomeo sory to goe from Julietta sayde secretly unto hir, that shee shoulde send unto hym after diner the old woman, and that he would cause to be made a corded ladder the same evening, thereby to climbe up to her chamber window, where at more leisure they would devise of their affaires. Things determined betwene them, either of them retyred to their house with incredible contentation, attending the happy houre for consummation of their mariage. When Rhomeo was come home to his house, he declared wholly what had passed betwen him and Julietta, unto a servaunt of his called Pietro, whose fidelity he had so greatly tryed, as he durst have trusted him with hys lyfe, and commaunded him wyth expedition to provide a ladder of cordes wyth ii. strong hookes of iron fastned to both endes, which hee easily did, because they were mutch used in Italy. Julietta did not forget in the evening about five of the clocke, to send the olde woman to Rhomeo, who having prepared all things necessary, caused the ladder to be delivered unto her, and prayed hir to require Julietta the same evening not to fayle to bee at the accustomed place. But if this jorney seemed long to these two passioned lovers, let other judge, that have at other tymes assayed the lyke: for every minute of an houre seemed to them a thousande yeares, so that if they had power to commaund the heavens (as Josua did the sunne) the earth had incontinently bene shadowed wyth darkest cloudes. The appoynced houre come, Rhomeo put on the most sumptuous apparell hee had, and conducted by good fortune neere to the place where his heart tooke lyfe, was so fully determined of hys purpose, as easily hee clymed up the garden wall. Beinge arrived hard to the wyndow, he perceyved Julietta, who had already so well fastned the ladder to draw him up, as without any daunger at all, he entred hir chambre, which was so clere as the day, by reason of the tapers of virgin wax, which Julietta had caused to be lighted, that she might the better beholde hir Rhomeo. Julietta for hir part, was but in hir night kerchief: who so soone as she perceyved him colled him about the neck, and after she had kissed and re-kissed hym a million of times, began to imbrace hym betwene hir armes, having no power to speake unto him, but by sighes onely.

holding hir mouth close against his, and being in this trauunce beheld him with pitifull eye, which made him to live and die together. And afterwards somewhat come to hir selfe, she sayd with sighes deeply fetched from the bottom of hir heart: "Ah Rhomeo, the exampler of al vertue and gentlenes, most hartely welcome to this place, wherein for your lacke, and absence, and for feare of your person, I have gushod forth so many teares as the spring is almost dry: but now that I hold you between my armes, let death and fortune doe what they list. For I count my selfe more than satisfied of all my sorrowes past, by the favour alone of *your presence.*" Whom Rhomeo with weeping eye, giving over silence aunswered: "*Madame, for somutch as I never receyved so mutch of fortune's gracc, as to make you feele by lively experience what power you had over me, and the torment every minute of the day sustained for your occasion, I do assure you the least grief that vexeth me for your absence, is a thousand times more paynefull than death, which long time or this had cut of the threede of my lyfe, if the hope of this happy journey had not bene, which paying mee now the just tribute of my weepings past, maketh me better content, and more glad, than if the whole worlde were at my commaundement, besecching you (without further memory of auncient grieffe) to take advice in tyme to come how we may content our passionate hearts, and to sort our affayres with sutch wysedome and discretion, as our enimies without advantage may*" let us continue the remnant of our dayes in rest and quiet." And as Julietta was about to make answer, the olde woman came in the meane time, and sayd unto them: "He that wasteth time in talke, recovereth the same to late. But for so mutch as cyther of you hath endured sutch mutuall paynes, behold (quoth shee) a campe which I have made ready:" (shewing them the fielde bed which shee had prepared and furnished,) whereunto they easily agreed, and being then betwene the sheets in privy bed, after they had gladded and cherished themselves with al kinde of delicate embracements which love was able to devise, Rhomeo unloosing the holy lines of virginity, tooke possession of the place, which was not yet besieged with sutch joy and contentation as they can judge which have assayed like delites. Their marriage thus consumate, Rhomeo perceyving the morning make to hasty approach,

tooke his leave, making promise that he would not fayle wythin a day or two to resòrt agayne to the place by lyke meanes, and semblable time, until fortune had provided sure occasion unfearfully to manyfest their marriage to the whole worlde. And thus a month or twayne, they continued their joyful mindes, to their incredible satisfaction, until lady Fortune envious of their prosperity, turned hir wheele to tumble them into sutch a bottomlesse pit, as they payed hir usury for their pleasures past, by a certayne most cruell and pitifull death, as you shal understand hereafter by the discourse that followeth. Now as we have before declared, *the Capellets and the Montesches were not so well reconciled by the lord of Verona, but that there rested in them sutch sparks of auncient displeasures, as either partes waited but for some light occasion to draw togethers, which they did in the Easter holy dayes, (as bloody men commonly be most willingly disposed after a good time to commit some nefarious decde) besides the gate of Boursarie leading to the olde castel of Verona, a troupe of Capellets rencountred with certayne of the Montesches, and without other woordes began to set upon them. And the Capellets had for chiefe of their glorious enterprise one called Thibault, cosin germayne to Julietta, a yong man strongly made, and of good experience in armes, who exhorted his companions with stout stomakes to repress the boldnes of the Montesches, that ther might from that time forth no memory of them be left at all. The rumoure of this fray was disperssed throughout al the corners of Verona, that succour might come from all partes of the citty to depart the same. Whereof Rhomeo advertized, who walked alonges the citty with certayne of his companions, hasted him speedily to the place where the slaughter of his parents and alyes were committed: and after he had well advised and beholden many wounded and hurt on both sides, he sayd to hys companions: "My frends let us part them, for they be so flesht one upon an other, as will all be hewed to pieces before the game be done." And saying so, he thrust himselfe amids the troupe, and did no more but part the blowes on eyther side, crying upon them aloud: "My freends, no more, it is time henceforth that our quarel cease. For besides the provocation of God's just wrath, our two families be slaunderous to the whole world, and are the cause that this*

RHOMEO AND JULIETTA.

common wealth doth grow unto disorder." But they were so egre and furious one agaynst the other, as they gave no audience to Rhomeo his counceyl, and bent theymselves too kyll, dysmember and teare eche other in pecies. And the fyght was so cruell and outragious betweene them as they which looked on, were amased to see theym endure those blowes, for the grounde was all covered with armes, legges, thighes, and bloude, wherein no signe of cowardnes appeared, and mayntayned their feyghte so longe, that none was able to judge who hadde the better, untill that Thibault cousin to Julietta inflamed with ire and rage, turned towardes Rhomeo thinkinge with a pricke to runne him through. But he was so wel armed and defended with a privye coate whiche he wore ordinarily for the doubt he had of the Capellets, as the pricke rebounded : unto whom Rhomeo made answeare : "*Thibault thou maiest know by the pacience which I have had untill this present tyme, that I came not hether to fyght with thee or thyne, but to seeke peace and attonement betweene us, and if thou thinkest that for default of courage I have fayled myne endeavor, thou doest greate wronge to my reputacion. And impute thys my suffrance to some other perticular respecte, rather than to wante of stomacke. Wherefore abuse mee not but be content with this greate effusion of bloude and murders already committed. And provoke mee not I beseeche thee to passe the boundes of my good will and mynde.*" "Ah traitor," sayd Thibaulte, "thou thinkest to save thy selfe by the plotte of thy pleasaunt tounge, but see that thou defende thy selfe, els presently I will make thee feeble that thy tounge shal not gard thy corps, nor yet be the buckler to defende the same from present death." And saying so, he gave him a blow with such furye, as hadde not other warded the same hee had cutte of his heade from his shoulders, and the one was no readyer to lende, but the other incontinentlye was able to paye agayne, for hee being not onelye wroth with the blowe that hee had received, but offended with the injury which the other had don, began to pursue his ennemy with suche courage and vivacity, as the third blowe with his swerd hee caused him to fall backwarde starke deade uppon the ground with a pricke vehementlye thruste into his throte, whiche hee followed till hys sworde appeared through the hynder parte of the same, by reason wherof the conflicte ceased.

For besides that Thibault was the chiefe of his companye he was also borne of one of the noblest houses within the citty, which caused the potestate to assemble his souldiers with diligence for the apprehension and imprisonment of Rhomeo, who seyeng yl fortune at hand, in secrete wise conuayed himselfe to fryer Laurence at the friers Franciscanes. And the fryer understandinge of his facte, kepte him in a certayne secret place of his covente until fortune did otherwise provyde for his safe goinge abroad. The bruite spred throughout the citty, of this chaunce don upon the lorde Thibault, the Capellets in mourning weedes caused the deade bodye to be caryed before the sygnory of Verona, so well to move them to pytty, as to demaunde justice for the murder: before whom came also the Montesches, declaryng the innocencye of Rhomeo, and the wilfull assault of the other. *The counsell assembled and witnesses heard on both partes, a straight commaundemente was geven by the lorde of the citty to geeve over their weapons, and touchinge the offence of Rhomeo, because he hadde killed the other in his owne defence, he was banished Verona for ever.* This common misfortune published throughout the citty, was generally sorowed and lamented. Som complayned the death of the lorde Thibault, so well for his dexteritye in armes as for the hope of his great good service in time to come, if hee hadde not bene prevented by sutch cruell death. Other bewailed (specially the ladies and gentlewomen) the overthrow of yong Rhomeo, who besides his beauty and good grace wherwith he was enriched, had a certayne naturall allurements, by vertue whereof he drew unto him the hearts of eche man, like as the stony adamante doth the cancred iron, in sutch wise as the whole nation and people of Verona lamented his mischaunce: but above all infortunate Julietta, who advertised both of the death of hir cosin Thibault, and of the banishment of hir husband, made the ayre sound with infinite number of mornefull playnts and miserable lamentations. Then feeling herselfe to mutch outraged with extreeme passion, she went into hir chamber, and overcome with sorrowe threwe hir selfe upon hir bed, where she began to reinforce hir dolor after so straunge fashion, as the most constant would have bene moved to pitty. Then like one out of hir wits, she gazed heere and there, and by fortune beholding the window whereat Rhomeo was wont

to enter into hir chamber, cried out : “Oh unhappy windowe, oh entry most unlucky, wherein were woven the bitter toyle of my former mishaps, if by thy meanes I have receyved at other times some light pleasure or transitory contentation, thou now makest me pay a tribute so rigorous and paynefull, as my tender body not able any longer to support the same, shall henceforth open the gate to that lyfe where the ghost discharged from this mortal burden, shall seeke in some place els more assured rest. Ah Rhomeo, Rhomeo, when acquayntaunce first began betweene us, and reclined myne cares unto thy suborned promisses, confirmed with so many othes, I would never have beleevd that in place of our continued amtyty, and in appeasing of the hatred of our houses, thou wouldest have sought occasion to breake the same by an acte so shamefull, whereby thy fame shall be spotted for ever, and I miserable wretch desolate of spouse and companion. But if thou haddest beene so greedy after the Cappelletts bloud, wherefore didst thou spare the deare bloud of mine owne heart when so many tymes, and in sutch secret place the same was at the mercy of thy cruell handes ? The victory which thou shouldest have gotten over me, had it not bene glorious inough for thine ambitious minde, but for more triumphant solempnity to bee crowned wyth the bloude of my dearest kinsman ? Now get thee hence therefore into some other place to deceive some other, so unhappy as my selfe. Never come agayne in place where I am, for no excuse shall heereafter take holde to asswage mine offended minde : in the meane tyme I shall lament the rest of my heavy lyfe, with sutch store of teares, as my body dried up from all humidity, shall shortly search reliefe in earth.” And having made an ende of those hir wordes, hir heart was so grievously strayned, as shee coulde neyther weepe nor speake, and stooode so immoveable, as if she had bene in a traunce. Then being somewhat come agayne unto hirselfe, with feeble voyce shee sayd : “Ah, murderous tongue of other men’s honor, how darest thou so infamously to speake of him whom his very enemics doe commend and prayse ? How presumest thou to impute the blame upon Rhomeo, whose unguiltines and innocent deede every man alloweth ? Where from henceforth shall be hys refuge, sith she which ought to bee the onely bulwarke, and assured rampire of his distresse, doth pursue and defame him ? Receyve, receyve then

Rhomo the satisfaction of mine ingratitude by the sacrifice which I shal make of my proper lyfe, and so the faulte whiche I have committed agaynste thy loyaltie, shall bee made open to the worlde, thou being revenged and my selfe punished." And thinking to use some further talke, all the powers of hir body fayled hir wyth signes of present death. But the good olde woman which could not imagine the cause of Julietta hir long absence, doubted very much that she suffred some passion, and sought hir up and downe in every place wythin hir father's pallace, untill at length shee founde her lying upon hir bed, all the outwarde parts of hir body so colde as marble. But the good olde woman which thought hir to bee deade, began to cry like one out of hir wittes, saying: "Ah deare daughter, and noursechylde, howe much doeth thy death now grieve mee at the very heart?" And as she was feeling all the partes of hir body, shee perceyved some sparke of lyfe to bee yet within the same, which caused hir to call hir many tymes by her name, til at length she brought her oute of her sounde, then sayde unto her: "Why Julietta, myne owne deare darelyng, what meane you by this tormoylinge of your selfe? I cannot tel from whence this youre behaviour and that immoderate heavines doe proceede, but wel I wot that within this houre I thought to have accompanied you to the grave." "Alas good mother" (aunswared woful Julietta) "do you not most evidently perceive and see what just cause I have too sorrow and complayne, loosyng at one instante two persons of the world which wer unto mee most deare?" "Methinke," aunswared the good woman, "that it is not seemely for a gentlewoman of your degree to fall into such extremetye: for in tyme of tribulation wysedome should most prevaile. And if the lord Thibault be deade do you thinke to get him agayn by teares? What is he that doth not accuse his overmuch presumption: woulde you that Rhomo hadd done that wronge to him, and hys house, to suffer himselfe outraged and assayled by one to whom in manhoode and prowesse he is not inferioure? Sufficeth you that Rhomo is alyve, and his affayres in sutche estate whoe in tyme may be called home agayne from banishmente, for he is a greate lorde, and as you know well allied and favored of all men, wherefore arme your selfe from henceforth with pacyence: for albeit that fortune doth estraunge him from

you for a tyme, yet sure I am, that hercafter shee will restore him unto you agayne wyth greater joye and contentatyon than before. And to the ende that wee bee better assured in what state he is, yf you wyll promyse me to gyve over your heavynesse, I wyll to daye knowe of fryer Laurence whether he is gone." To which request Julietta agreed, and then the good woman repayed to S. Frauncis, wher shee founde fryer Laurence who tolde her that the same nyghte Rhomeo would not fayle at hys accustomed houre to visite Julietta, and there to do hir to understande what he purposed to doe in tyme to come. This jorney then fared like the voiaiges of mariners, who after they have ben tost by grcate and troublous tempest seeyng some sunne beame pearce the heavens to lyghten the lande, assure themselves agayne, and thinkinge to have avoyded shipwracke, and sodaynlye the seas begynne to swell, the waves do roare with sutch vehemence and noyse, as if they were fallen agayne into greater danger than before. The assigned hour come, Rhomeo fayled not accordinge to hys promise to bee in his garden, where he found his furniture prest to mount the chamber of Julietta, who with displayed armes, began so strayghtly to embrace hym, as it seemed that the soule would have abandoned hir body. And they two more than a large quarter of an hour were in sutch agony, as they were not able to pronounce one word, and wetting ech others face fast closed together, the teares trickled downe in sutch abundance as they seemed to be thoroughly bathed therein, which Rhomeo perceyving thinking to stay those immoderate teares, sayd unto hir: "Myne owne dearest freend Julietta, I am not now determined to recite the particulars of the straung happes of frayle and inconstaunte fortune, who in a moment hoisteth a man up to the hyghest degree of hir wheele, and by and by, in lesse space than in the twynkeling of an eye, she throweth hym downe agayne so lowe, as more misery is prepared for him in one day, than favour in one hundred yeares: whych I now prove, and have experience in my selfe, which have bene nourished delicately amonges my frends, and maynteyned in sutch prosperous state, as you doe little know, (hoping for the full perfection of my felicity) by meanes of our mariage to have reconciled our parents, and frends, and to conduct the residue of my lyfe, according to the scope and lot determined by Almighty God:

and neverthelesse all myne enterprises be put backe, and my purposes tourned cleane contrary, in sutch wise as from henceforth I must wander lyke a vagabonde through divers provinces, and sequesterate my selfe from my frends, wythout assured place of myne abode, whych I desire to let you weete, to the intent you may be exhorted, in tyme to come, patiently to beare so well myne absence, as that whych it shal please God to appoint." But Julietta, al affrighted wyth teares and mortal agonies, would not suffer hym to passe any further, but interruptinge his purpose, sayd unto hym: "*Rhomeo, how canst thou be so harde hearted and voyde of all pity, to leave mee heere alone, besieged with so manye deadlye myseries? There is neyther houre nor minute, wherein death doth not appeare a thousand tymes before mee, and yet my missehappe is sutch, as I can not dye, and therefore doe manifestlye perceyve, that the same death preserveth my lyfe, of purpose to delight in my gryefes, and tryumphe over my evyls. And thou lyke the mynister and tyrante of hir cruelty, doest make no conscience (for ought that I can see) having atchieved the summe of thy desyres and pleasures on me, to abandon and forsake me: whereby I well perceyve, that all the lawes of amity are deade and utterly extinguyshed, forsomutch as he in whom I had greatest hope and confidence, and for whose sake I am become an enemy to my self, doth disdayne and contemne me. No, no Rhomeo, thou must fully resolve thy selfe uppon one of these ii. points, either to see me incontynently throwen down headlong from this high window after thee: or else to suffer me to accompany thee into that countrey or place whither fortune shall guide thee: for my heart is so mutch transformed into thine, that so soone as I shall understande of thy departure, presently my lyfe will depart this wofull body: the continuance whereof I doe not desire for any other purpose, but only to delight my selfe in thy presence, to bee pertaker of thy misfortunes: and therefore if ever there lodged any pity in the heart of gentleman, I beseeche the Rhomeo with al humility, that it may now finde place in thee, and that thou wilt vouchsafe to receyve me for thy servaunt, and the faithful companion of thy mishaps: and if thou thinke that thou canst not conveniently receyve me in the estate and habite of a wyfe, who shall let me to chaunge myne apparell? Shall I be the first that have*

used lyke shiftes, to escape the tyranny of parentes? Doste thou doubt that my service will not bee so good unto thee as that of Petre thy servaunte? Wyll my loyaltie and fidelity be lesse than his? My *beauty which at other tymes thou hast so greatly commended, it is not esteemed of thee? my teares, my love, and the aunciente pleasures and delights that you have taken in mee* shal they be in oblivyon?"

Rhomo seeing hir in these alterations, fearing that worss inconvenience would chauce, tooke hir agayne betwene hys armes, and kissing hir amorously, sayd: "Julietta, the onely mistresse of my heart, I pray thee in the name of God, and for the fervent love whych thou bearest unto me, to doe away those vayne cogitations, excepte thou meane to seeke and hazard the destruction of us both: for yf thou persever in this purpose, there is no remedye but wee muste both perish: for so soone as thyne absence shalbe knowen, thy father will make sutch earnest pursute after us, that we cannot choose but be discried and taken, and in the ende cruelly punished, I as a theefe and stealer of thee, and thou as a dysobedyent daughter to thy father: and so instead of pleasaunt and quiet lyfe, our dayes shalbe abridged by most shamefull death. But if thou wyll recline thy self to reason, (the ryght rule of humane lyfe), and for the tyme abandon our mutuall delygths, I will take sutch order in the time of my banishment, as within three or foure months wythoute any delay, I shalbe revoked home agayne: but if it fall out otherwyse (as I trust not), howsoever it happen, I wyll come agayne unto thee, and with the helpe of my fryendes wyll fetch thee from Verona by strong hand, not in counterfeit apparell as a straunger, but lyke my spouse and perpetuall companion: in the meane time quyet your selfe, and be sure that nothing else but death shall devide and put us a sunder." The reasons of Rhomo so much prevailed with Julietta, as shee made hym thys aunswere: "My deare fryend, I wyll doe nothing contrary to your wyll and pleasure: and to what place so ever you repayre, my hearte shall bee your owne, in like sorte as you have given yours to be mine: in the meane while I pray you not to faile oftentimes to advertise me by frier Laurence, in what state your affaires be, and specially of the place of your abode." Thus these two pore lovers passed the night together, until the day began to appeare which did dyvyde them, to their extreame

sorrow and gryef. Rhomeo havinge taken leave of Julietta, went to S. Fraunces, and after he hadde advertysed frier Laurence of his affaires, departed from Verona in the habit of a marchaunt straunger, and used sutch expedytyon, as without hurt he arrived at Mantuoa, (accompanied onely wyth Petre his servaunt, whome hee hastily sente backe agayne to Verona, to serve his father) where he tooke a house: and lyvyn in honorable companye, assayed certayne monthes to put away the gryefe whych so tormented him. But duryng the tyme of his absence, miserable Julietta could not so cloke hir sorrow, but that through the evyll colour of hir face, hir inwarde passion was discryed: by reason whereof hir mother, who heard hir oftentimes sighing, and incessantly complayning, coulde not forbear to say unto hir: "Daughter, if you continue long after thys sort, you wyll hasten the death of your good father and me, who love you so dearely as our owne lyves: wherefore henceforth moderate your heavinesse, and endeavor your self to be mery: think no more upon the death of your cosin Thibault, whome (sith it pleased God to cal away) do you thinke to revoke wyth teares, and so withstande his almighty will?" But the pore gentlewoman not able to dyssemble hir griefe, sayd unto hir: "Madame, long time it is sithens the last teares for Thibault were poured forth, and I beleve that the fountayne is so well soked and dried up, as no more will spryng in that place." The mother which could not tell to what effect those woords were spoken held hir peace, for feare she should trouble hir daughter: and certayne dayes after seeing hir to continue in heavinesse and continuall griefs, assaied by al meanes possible to know, aswell of hir, as of other the housholde servauntes, the occasion of their sorrow, but al in vayne: wherwith the pore mother vexed beyonde measure, proposed to let the lord Antonio hir husband to understand the case of hir daughter: and uppon a day seeing him at convenient leisure, she sayd unto him: "My lord, if you have marked the countenance of our daughter, and hir kinde of behavior sithens the death of the lord Thibault hir cosyn, you shall perceive so straunge mutation in hir, as it will make you to marvell, for she is not onely contented to forgoe meate, drinke, and slepe, but she spendeth her tyme in nothing else than in weeping and lamentatyon, delighting to kepe hir selfe solytarye

wythin hir chamber, where she tormenteth hir self so outrageously as yf wee take not heede, hir lyfe is to be doubted, and not able to knowe the oryginall of hir payne, the more difficulte shall bee the remedye : for albeit that I have sought meanes by-all extremity, yet cannot I learne the cause of hir sicknesse : and where I thought in the beginning, that it proceeded upon the death of hir cosin, now I doe manifestly perceive the contrary, specially when she hir self did assure me that she had already wept and shed the last teares for him that she was mynded to doe: and uncertayne where-uppon to resolve, *I do thinke verily that she mourneth for some despitte, to see the most part of hir companions married, and she yet unprovdyed, persuading with hir selfe (it may be) that wee hir parents do not care for hir: wherefore deare husband, I heartely beseech you for our rest and hir quiet, that hereafter ye be carefull to provyde for hir some maryage worthy of our state.*"

Whercunto the lord Antonio, willingly agreed, saying unto hir: "Wyfe, I have many times thought uppon that whereof you speake, notwythstandyng sith as yet shee is not attayned to the age of xviii. yeares, I thought to provide a husband at leysure: neverthesse, things beynge come to these termes, and knowing that virgins chastity is a daungerous treasure, I wyll be mindfull of the same to your contentation, and she matched in sutch wyse, as she shall thynke the tyme hitherto well delayed. In the meane while marke dylygently whyther she bee in love wyth any, to the end that we have not so greate regard to goodes, or the nobylity of the house wherein we mean to bestow hir, as to the lyfe and health of our daughter who is to me so deare as I had rather die a begger without landes or goods, than to bestow hir upon one which shall use and intreat hir il." Certayne dayes after that the lorde Antonio had bruted the maryage of his daughter, many gentlemen were suters, so wel for the excellency of hir beauty, as for hir great rychesse and revenue. But above all others the alyaunce of a young earle named Paris, the count of Lodronne. lyked the lord Antonio: unto whom lyberally he gave his consent, and told his wyfe the party uppon whom he dyd mean to bestow his daughter. The mother very joy ful that they had found so honest a gentleman for theyr daughter, caused her secretly to be called before hir, doying hir to understande what things had passed

between hir father and the counte Paris, discoursing unto hir the beauty and good grace of the yong counte, the vertues for which he was commended of al men, joyning thereunto for conclusion the great riches and favor which he had in the goods of fortune, by means whereof she and hir fryendz should live in eternal honor : but Julietta which had rather to have ben torne in pieces than to agree to that maryage, answered hir mother with a more than accustomed stoutnesse : “ Madame, I mutch-marvel, and therewithal am astonned that you being a lady discrete and honorable, wil be so liberal over your daughter as to commit her to the pleasure and wil of an other, before you do know how her mind is bent : you may do as it pleaseth you, but of one thing I do wel assure you, that if you bring it to passe, it shal be against my wil : and touching the regard and estimation of counte Paris, I shal first lose my lyfe before he shal have power to touch any part of my body : which being done, it is you that shal be counted the murderer, by delivering me into the handes of him, whome I neyther can, wil, or know whiche way to love : wherefore I pray you to suffer me henceforth thus to lyve, without taking any further care of me, for so mutche as my cruell fortune hath otherwyse disposed of me.”

The dolorous mother which knewe not what judgement to fixe upon hir daughter's aunswere, lyke a woman confused and besides hir selfe went to seeke the lord Antonio, unto whom without conceyling any part of hir daughter's aunswer, she dyd him understand the whole. The good olde man offended beyonde measure, commaunded her incontinently by force to be brought before him, if of hir own good will she would not comê : so soone as she came before hir father, hir eyes full of tears, fel down at his fete, which she bathed with the luke warme drops that distilled from hir eyes in great abundance, and thynkyng to open hir mouth to crye him mercy, the sobbes and sighes many times stopt hir speach, that shee remained dumbe not able to frame a woorde. But the olde man nothing moved with his daughter's teares, sayd unto hir in great rage : “ Come hither thou unkynd and dysobedient daughter, hast thou forgotten how many tynes thou hast hearde spoken at the table, of the puissance and authority our auneyente Romane fathers had over their chyldren ? unto whome it was not onelye lawfull to sell, guage, and other-

wyse dyspose them (in theyr necessity) at their pleasure, but also *which is more, they had absolute power over their death and lyfe?* With what yrons, with what torments, with what racks would those good fathers chasten and correct thee if they were a live againe, to see that ingratitude, misbehavior, and disobedience which thou usest towards thy father, who with many prayers and requestes hath provided one of the greatest lords of this province to be thy husband, a gentleman of best renoume, and indued wyth all kynde of vertues, of whom thou and I be unworthy, both for the notable masse of goods and substance wherewith he is enriched, as also for the honoure and generositie of the house whereof hee is discended, and yet thou playest the parte of an obstinate and rebellyous chylde agaynst thy fathers will. I take the omnipotency of that Almightye God to witnesse, which hath vouchsafed to bryng thee forth into this world, that if upon Tuesday nexte thou failest to prepare thy selfe to be at my castell of Villafranco, where the counte Paris purposeth to meete us, and there give thy consent to that whych thy mother and I have agreed uppon, I will not onely deprive thee of my worldly goodes, but also will make thee espouse and marie a pryson so straight and sharpe, as a thousande times thou shalt curse the day and tyme wherein thou wast borne : wherfore from henceforth take advisement what thou doest, for excepte the promise be kept which I have made to the counte Paris, I will make thee feelee how greate the just choler of an offended father is against a chylde unkynde." And without staying for other answer of his daughter, the olde man departed the chamber, and left hir uppon hir knees. Julietta knowing the fury of hir father, fearing to incurre his indignation, or to provoke his further wrath, retired for the day into hir chamber, and contrived that whole nyght more in weeping then slopyng. And the next morning fayning to goe heare service, she went forth with the woman of hir chamber to the fryers, where she caused father Laurence to be called unto hir, and prayed him to heare hir confession : and when she was upon hir knees before hym, shee began hir confession wyth teares, telling him the greate mischyeffe that was prepared for hir, by the maryage accorded betweene hir father and the counte Paris : and for conclusion sayd unto him : " Sir, for so mutch as you know that I cannot by God's law bee married

twice, and that I have but one God, one husband, and one faith, I am determind when I am from hence, with these two hands which you see joyued before you, this day to end my sorowful lyfe, that my soule may beare wytnesse in the heavens, and my bloude uppon the earth of my faith and loyalty preserved." Then havyng ended hir talke, shee looked about hir, and seemed by hir wylde countenance, as though she had devised some sinister purpose: wherefore frier Laurence, astonned beyonde measure, fearyng least she would have executed that which she was determynd, sayd unto hir: "Mistresse Julietta, I pray you in the name of God by little and little to moderate youre conceived grieve, and to content your self whilst you bee heere, untill I have provided what is best for you to doe, for before you part from hence, I will give you sutch consolation and remedy for your afflictions, as you shall remaine satysfied and contented." And resolved uppon thys good minde, he speedily wente out of the churche unto his chamber, where he began to consider of many things, his conscience beyng moved to hinder the marriage betwene the counte Paris and hir, knowing by his meanes she had espoused an other, and callynge to remembraunce what a daungerous enterprise he had begonne by committynge hymself to the mercy of a symple damosell, and that if shee fayled to bee wyse and secrete, all theyr doyngs should be discried, he defamed, and Rhomeo hir spouse punished. Hce then after he had well debated upon infinite numbere of devises, was in the end overcome with pity, and determined rather to hazarde his honour, than to suffer the adultery of the counte Paris with Julietta: and being determined hereupon, opened his closet, and takynge a vyall in his hande, retourned agayne to Julietta, whom he founde lyke one that was in a traunce, wayghtinge for newes, eyther of lyfe or death: of whome the good olde father demaunded upon what day hir maryage was appoynted. "The firste daye of that appoyntment (quod shee) is uppon Wednesdaye, whych is the daye ordeyned for my consente of maryage accorded betweene my father and counte Paris, but the nuptiall solemnitye is not before the x. day of September." "Wel then" (quod the religious father) "be of good cheere daughter, for our Lord God hathe opened a way unto me both to deliver you and Rhomeo from the

prepared thralldom. I have knowne your husband from his crad
 and hee hath daily committed unto me the greatest secretes of hy
 conscience, and I have so dearely loved him agayne, as if hee ha
 been mine owne sonne: wherefore my heart can not abide tha
 anye man should do him wrong in that specially whercin my
 counsell may stande him in stede. And for somutch as you are his
 wyfe, I ought lykewyse to love you, and seke meanes to delyver
 you from the martyrdome and anguish wherewyth I see your
 heart besieged: understande then (good daughter) of a secrete
 which I purpose to manifest unto you, and take heede above all
 thinges that you declare it to no living creature, for therein con
 sisteth your life and death. Ye be not ignorant by the common re
 port of the cityzens of this city, and by the same published of me,
 that I have travailed throughe all the provinces of the habytale
 carthe, wherby duryng the continuall tyme of xx. yeres, I have
 soughte no rest for my wearied body, but rather have many times
 protruded the same to the mercy of brute beasts in the wyldernesse,
 and many times also to the mercilesse waves of the seas, and to
 the pity of common pirates, together with a thousand other daun
 gers and shipwracks uppon sea and land: so it is good daughter
 that all my wandring voyages have not bene altogether unpro
 fitable. For besides the incredible contentation received ordina
 rily in mind, I have gathered some particular fruyet, whereof by
 the grace of God you shall shortly feele some experience. I have
 proved the secrete properties of stones, of plants, metals, and other
 thinges hydden within the bowels of the earth, wherewith I am
 able to helpe my selfe againste the common lawe of men, when
 necessity doth serve: specyally in thynges whercin I know mine
 eternal God to be least offended. For as thou knowest I beyng
 approached as it were, even to the brymme of my grave, and that
 the tyme draweth neare for yeldyng of myne accompte before the
 audytor of all audytors, I oughte therefore to have some deepe
 knowledge and apprehension of God's judgement more than I
 had when the heat of inconsidered youth did boyle within my lusty
 body. Know you therefore good daughter, that with those graces,
 and favours which the heavens prodigally have bestowed up
 on me, I have learned and proved of long time the com
 position of a certayne paaste, which I make of divers soporiferous

simples, which beaten afterwards to poudre, and dronke wyth a quantyty of water, within a quarter of an houre after, bringeth the receiver into sutch a sleepe, and burieth so deeply the senses and other sprites of life, that the cunningest phisitian will judge the party dead : and besides that it hath a more marvellous effect, for the person which useth the same feeleth no kinde of grieve, and according to the quantity of the dough, the pacient remayneth in a sweete sleepe, but when the operation is wrought and done, hee returneth into his first estate. Now then Julietta receive myne instruction, put of all feminine affection by taking uppon you a manly stomacke for by the only courage of your minde consisteth the hap or mishap of your affayres. Beholde here I geve you a vyale which you shall keepe as your owne propre heart, and the night before your mariage, or in the morninge before day, you shal fil the same up with water, and drink so much as is contayned therein. And then you shall feele a certayne kynde of pleasaunt sleepe, which incrochinge by litle and litle all the partes of your body, wil constrayne them in sutch wyse, as unmoveable they shal remayne : and by not doing their accustomed duncties, shall loose their naturall feelinges, and you abide in sutch extasie the space of forty houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be deade, and accordinge to the custome of our citty, you shal be caried to the churchyarde hard by our church, where you shal be intombd in the common monument of the Capellets your auncestors, and in the meane tyme we will send word to lord Rhomeo by a speciall messanger of the effect of our device, who now abideth at Mantua. And the night following I am sure he will not fayle to be heere, then he and I together will open the grave, and lift up your body, and after the operation of the poudre is past, hee shall convey you secretly to Mantua, unknowen to all your parents and frends. Afterwards (it may be) tyme, the mother of truth, shall cause concord betwene the offended city of Verona and Rhómeo. At which time your common cause may be made open to the generall contentacion of all your frends." The words of the good father ended, new joy surprised the heart of Julietta, who was so attentive to his talke as she forgat no one poynct of hir lesson. Then she sayd

unto him: "Father, doubt not at all that my heart shall fayle in performaunce of your commaundement: for were it the strongest poyson, or most pestiferous venome, rather woulde I thrust it into my body, than to consent to fall into the hands of him, whom I utterly mislike: with a right strong reason then may I fortifie my selfe, and offer my body to any kinde of mortall daunger to approch and draw neare to him, upon whom wholly dependeth my life and all the solace I have in this world." "Go your wayes then my daughter" (quod the frier) "the mighty hand of God keepe you, and hys surpassing power defende you, and confirme that will and good mynde of yours, for the accomplishment of this worke." Julietta departed from frier Laurence, and returned home to hir father's pallace about xi. of the clock, where she found hir mother at the gate attending for hir: And in good devotion demaunded if shee continued still in hir former follies? But Julietta with more glad-some cheere than she was wont to use, not suffering hir mother to aske agayne, sayd unto hir: "Madame I come from S. Frauncis church, where I have taried longer peradventure than my duety requireth: how be it not without fruit and great rest to my afflicted conscience, by reason of the godly persuasions of our ghostly father frier Laurence, unto whom I have made a large declaration of my life. And chiefly have communicated unto him in confession, that which hath past betwene my lord my father and you, upon the mariage of counte Paris and me. But the good man hath reconciled me by his holy words, and commendable exhortations, that where I had minde never to mary, now I am well disposed to obey your pleasure and commaundement. Wherefore, madame, I beseech you to recover the favor and good wyll of my father, aske pardon in my behalfe, and say unto him (if it please you) that by obeying his fatherly request, I am ready to meete the counte Paris at Villafranco, and there in your presence to accept him for my lorde and husband: In assurance whereof, by your pacience, I meane to repayre into my closet, to make choise of my most pretious jewels, that I being richly adorned, and decked, may appeare before him more agreeable to his mynde, and pleasure." The good mother rapt with exceeding great joy, was not able to aunswere a word, but rather made specede to seeke out hir husband the lord Antonio, unto whom she reported the

good will of hir daughter, and how by meanes of frier Laurence hir minde was chaunged. Whereof the good olde man marvellous joyfull, prayed God in heart, saying: "Wife this is not the firste good turne which we have received of that holy man, unto whom euery cittizen of this common wealth is dearly bounde. I would to God that I had redeemed xx. of his yeares with the third parte of my goods, so grievous is to me his extreme olde age." The selfe same houre the lord Antonio went to seeke the counte Paris, whom hee thought to perswade to goe to Villafranco. But the counte told him agayne, that the charge would be to great, and that better it were to reserve that cost to the mariage day, for the better celebration of the same. Notwithstanding if it were his pleasure, he would himselfe goe visite Julietta: and so they went together. The mother advertised of his comming, caused hir daughter to make hir selfe ready, and to spare no costly jewels for adorning of hir beauty agaynst the counte's comming, which she bestowed so well for garnishing of hir personage, that before the counte parted from the house, shee had so stolne away his heart, as he lived not from that time forth, but upon meditation of hir beauty, and slacked no time for acceleration of the mariage day, ceasing not to be importunate upon father and mother for th'ende and consummation thereof. And thus with joy inough passed forth this day and many others until the day before the mariage, against which time the mother of Julietta did so well provide, that there wanted nothing to set forth the magnificence and nobility of their house. Villafranco whereof we have made mention, was a place of pleasure, where the lord Antonio was wont many tymes to recreate himselfe a mile or two from Verona, there the dynner was prepared, for so much as the ordinary solemnity of necessity muste be done at Verona. Julietta perceyving hir time to approche dyssembled the matter so well as shee coulde: and when tyme forced hir to retire to hir chamber, hir woman would have waited upon hir, and have lyen in hir chambre as hir custome was: but Julietta sayd unto hir: "Good and faithfull mother, you know that to morrow is my maryage day, and for that I would spend the most parte of the nyght in prayer, I pray you for this time to let me alone, and to morrow in the mornynge about vi. of the clocke come to me agayne to helpe make mee readie." The good olde woman

willing to follow hir minde, suffred hir alone, and doubted nothyng of that which she did meane to do. Julietta beinge within hir chambre having an ewer full of water standing upon the table filled the viole which the frier gave her: and after she had made the mixture, she set it by hir bed side, and went to bed. And being layde, new thoughtes began to assaile hir, with a conceipt of grievous death, which brought hir into sutch case as she could not tell what to doe, but playning incessantly sayd: "Am not I the most unhappy and desperat creature, that ever was borne of woman? For mee there is nothyng left in this wretched worlde but mishap, misery, and mortall woe, my distresse hath brought me to sutch extremity, as to save mine honor and conscience, I am forced to devoure the drynke whereof I know not the vertue: but what know I (sayd she) whether the operatyon of thys powder will be to soone or to late, or not correspondent to the due tyme, and that my fault being discovered, I shall remayne a fable to the people? What know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling wormes, whych commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth wyll hurt me, thynkyng that I am deade. But howe shall I indure the styneche of so many carious and bones of myne auncestors whych rest in the grave, yf by fortune I do awake before Rhomeo and fryer Laurence doe come to help me?" And as shee was thus plunged in the deepe contemplatyon of thynges, she thought that she saw a certayn vision or fansie of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as shee sawe him wounded and imbrued wyth bloud, and musing how that she must be buried quick amongs so many dead carcasses and deadely naked bones, hir tender and delicate body began to shake and tremble and hir yellowe lockes to stare for feare, in sutch wyse as fryghtened with a terroure a cold sweate beganne to pierce hir heart and bedewe the rest of al her membres, in sutch wise as she thought that an hundred thousand deathes did stande about hir, haling her on every side, and plucking her in pieces, and feelyng that hir forces diminyshed by lyttle and lyttle, fearing that through to great debilyty she was not able to do hir enterpryse, like a furious and insensate woman, with out further care, gulped up the water wythin the voyal, then crossing hir armes upon hir stomacke, she lost at that instante all the powers of hir body, restyng in a

traunce. And when the morning lyght began to thrust his head out of his oryent, hir chaumber woman which had lockte hir in with the key, did open the doore, and thynkyng to awake hir, called her many tymes, and sayde unto hir: "Mistresse, you sleepe to long, the counte Paris will come to raise you." The poore olde woman spake unto the wall, and sange a song unto the deafe. For if all the horrible and tempestuous soundes of the world had bene cannoned forth out of the greatest bombardes, and sounded through hir delycate cares, hir spyrites of lyfe were so fast bounde and stopt, as she by no meanes coulde awake, wherewith the pore olde woman amazed, began to shake hir by the armes and handes, whych she found so colde as marble stone. Then puttyng hande unto hir mouthe, sodainely perceyved that she was deade, for shee perceyved no breath in hir. Wherefore lyke a woman out of hir wyttes, shee ranne to tell hir mother, who so madde as a tigre berefte of hir faons hied hir selfe into hir daughter's chaumber, and in that pitiful state beholdyng hir daughter, thynkyng hir to be deade, cried out: "Ah cruell death, which hast ended all my joye and blysse, use the last scourge of thy wrathfull ire agaynst me, leas by sufferying mee to lyve the rest of my woefull dayes, my torment doe increase." Then she began to fetch sutch straying sighes, as hir heart did seeme to cleave in peeces. And as hir cries began to encrease, behold the father, the counte Paris, and a great troupe of gentlemen and ladies, which were come to honour the feaste, hearing no sooner tell of that which chaunced, were stroke into sutch sorrowfull dumpes as he which had beheld their faces would easily have judged that the same had ben a day of ire and pity, specially the lord Antonio, whose heart was frapped with sutch surpassing woe, as neither teare nor word could issue forth, and knowing not what to doe, straight way sent to seeke the most expert phisicians of the town, who after they had inquired of the life past of Julietta, deemed by common reporte, that melancoly was the cause of that sodayne death, and then their sorows began to renue a fresh. And if ever day was lamentable, piteous, unhappy, and fatall, truly it was that wherein Julietta hir death was published in Verona: for shee was so bewayled of great and small, that by the common playnts, the common wealth seemed to be in daunger, and not without cause: for besides hir naturall beauty (accompanied with

many vertues wherewith nature had enriched hir) she was else so humble, wise and debonaire, as for that humility and curtesie she had stollen away the hearts of every wight, and there was none but did lament hir misfortune. And whilst these thinges were in this lamented state, frier Laurence with diligence dispatch-ed a frier of his covent, named frier Anselme, whom hee trusted as himselfe, and delivered him a letter written with hys owne hande, commaunding him expressely not to give the same to any other but to Rhomeo, wherein was conteyned the chaunce which had passed betwene him and Julietta, specially the vertue of the pouder, and commaunded him the nexte ensuinge nighte to speede himselfe to Verona, for that the operation of the pouder that time would take ende, and that he should cary wyth him back agayne to Mantua his beloved Julietta, in dissembled apparell, untill fortune had otherwise provided for them. The frier made sutch hast as (too late) hee arrived at Mantua, within a while after. And bicause the maner of Italy is, that the frier trayling abroade ought to take a companion of his covent, to doe his affaires wythin the city, the fryer went into his covent, and for that he was within, it was not lawfull for him to come oute againe that day, bicause that certayn dayes before, one relygious of that covent it was sayd, dyd dye of the plague: wherefore the magistrates appoynted for the health and visitation of the sick, commaunded the warden of the house that no friers should wander abrode the city, or talke with any citizen, untill they were licensed by the officers in that behalfe appoynted, which was the cause of the great mishap, which you shal heare hereafter. The frier being in this perplexitye, not able to goe forth, and not knowng what was contayned in the letter, deferred hys jorney for that day. Whilst things were in thys plyght, preparation was made at Verona, to doe the obsequies of Julietta. There is custome also (whych is common in Italy,) to place all the best of one lignage and familye in one tombe, whereuppon Julietta was intoumbed, in the ordinary grave of the Capelletes, in a churcheyarde, hard by the church of the fryers, where also the lord Thibault was interred, whose obsequies honorably done, every man returned: whereunto Pietro, the servaunt of Rhomeo, gave hys assystance: for as we have before declared, hys mayster sente hym backe

agayne from Mantua to Verona, to do his father service, and to advertise him of that which should chaunce in hys absence there : who seeyng the body of Julietta, inclosed in tounge, thinkyng with the reste that shee had bene dead in deede, incontynently tooke poste horse, and with dyligence rode to Mantua, where he founde his mayster in his wonted house, to whome he sayde, wyth hys eyes full of teares : “Syr, there is chaunced unto you so straunge a matter as if so be you do not arme your selfe with constancye, I am afrajd that I shall be the cruell minyster of your death : be it known unto you sir, that yesterday morning my mistresse Julietta left hir lyfe in thys worlde to seeke rest in an other : and wyth these eyes I saw hir buryed in the churchyarde of S. Frauncis.” At the sounde of whych heauey message, Rhomeo begann woefullye to lamente, as thoughe hys spyrites gryeved wyth the tormente of hys passion at that instant would have abandoned his bodye. But stronge love which woulde not permytte him to faynt untill the extremity, framed a thoughte in hys fantesie, that if it wer possyble for him to dye besides hir his death should be more glorious, and shee (as he thought) better contented : by reason whereof, after hee had washed his face for feare to discover his sorrowe, hee wente out of his chamber, and commaunded hys man to tarry behynd him, that he myght walke through out all the corners of the citey, to fynde propre remedye (if it were possyble) for hys gryefe. And amouges others, beholdyng an apotecaryes shop of lyttle furnytur and lesse store of boxes and other thinges requisite for that scyence, thought that the verye poverty of the mayster apothecarye would make hym wyllingle yeld to that which he pretended to demaunde : and after he had taken hym aside, secretly sayde unto hym : “Syr, if you be the mayster of the house, as I thynke you be, beholde here fifty ducates, whych I gyve you to the intent you delyver me some strong and vyolente poyson that within a quarter of an houre is able to procure death unto hym that shall use it.” The couetous apothecarye entysed by gayne, agreed to his request, and fayning to gyve hym some other medycine before the peoples face, he speedily made ready a strong and cruell poyson, afterwarde he sayd unto him softly : “Syr, I gyve you more than is needefull, for the one halfe is able to destroy the strongest manne of the world :” who after he hadde

receyved the poyson, retourned home, where he commaunded his man to departe with diligence to Verona, and that he should make provision of candels, a tynder boxe, and other instrumentes meete for the opening of the grave of Julietta, and that above all things hee shoulde not fayle to attende hys commynge besides the churchyarde of S. Frauncis, and uppon payne of life to keepe hys intente in silence. Which Pietro obeied in order as hys maister had requyred, and made therin sutch expedityon, as he arrived in good time to Verona, taking order for al things that wer commaunded him. Rhomeo in the meane while beyng solyicyted wyth mortall thoughtes caused incke and paper to be broughte unto hym, and in few words put in wryting all the discourse of his love, the mariage of him and Julietta, the meane observed for consummation of the same, the helpe that he had of frier Laurence, the buying of his poyson, and last of all his death. Afterwardes having finished his heavy tragedy, hee closed the letters, and sealed the same with his scale, and directed the superscription thereof to hys father: and puttynge the letters into his pursse, he mounted on horsebacke, and used sutch dylygence, as he arrived uppon darke nyght at the citye of Verona, before the gates were shut, where he founde his servuante, taryng for hym with a lanterne and instrumentes as is before sayd, meete for the opening of the grave, unto whome hee said: "Pietro, helpe mee to open this tombe, and so soone as it is open I commaunde thee uppon payne of thy life, not to come neere mee, nor to stay me from the thing I purpose to doe. Beholde, there is a letter which thou shalt present to morrow in the mornynge to my father at his uprysing, which peradventure shall please him better than thou thinkest." Pietro, not able to imagine what was his maisters intent, stode somewhat aloofe to beholde his maisters gestes and countenance. And when they had opened the vaulte, Rhomeo descended downe two steppes, holdyng the candel in his hand and began to behold wyth pityfull eye, the body of hir, which was the organ of his eyes, and kyst it tenderly, holdyng it harde between his armes, and not able to satisfie him selfe with hir sight, put hys fearefull handes uppon the colde stomacke of Julietta. And after he had touched her in many places, and not able to feele anye certayne judgements of lyfe, he drew the poyson out of hys boxe, and

swallowyng downe a great quantytye of the same, cryed out: "O Julietta, of whome the worlde was unworthy, what death is it possyble my hearte coulde choose oute more agreeable than that whych yt suffereth harde by thee? what grave more glorious, than to bee buried in thy tombe? what more woorthy or excellent epytaphe can bee vov'd for memorye, than the mutuall and pytyfull sacryfice of our lyves?" And thinkinge to renue his sorrowe, his hearte began to frette through the vyolence of the poyson, which by lyttle and lyttle assailed the same, and lookyng about hym, espyed the bodye of the lorde Thibault, lying nexte unto Julietta, whych as yet was not altogether putrified, and speakyng to the bodye as though it hadde bene alyve, sayde: "In what place so ever thou arte (O cousyn Thibault) I most heartely do crye the mercy for the offence whych I have done by depryving of thy lyfe: and yf thy ghost doe whyshe and crye out for vengeaunce vppon mee, what greater or more cruell satisfaction canste thou desyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see him whych murdered thee, to bee empysoned with his owne handes, and buried by thy side?" Then endyng hys talk, felyng by lyttle and lyttle that his lyfe began to fayle, falling prostrate uppon his knees, wyth feeble voyce hee softly sayd: "O my Lord God, which to redeeme me didest descend from the bosom of thy father, and tookest humane fleshe in the wombe of the vyrgine, I acknowledge and confesse, that this body of myne is nothing else but earth and dust." Then seized uppon wyth desperate sorrow, he fell downe uppon the body of Julietta with sutch vehemence, as the heart faint and attenuated with too great torments, not able to beare so hard a vyolence, was abandoned of all his sense and naturall powers, in sutch sorte as the siege of hys soule fayled him at that instant, and his members stretched forthe, remayned stiffe and colde. Fryer Laurence whych knew the certayne tyme of the pouders operation, marvelled that he had no answer of the letter which he sent to Rhomeo by his fellowe fryer Anselme, departed from S. Frauncis and with instruments for the purpose, determined to open the grave to let in aire to Julietta, whych was ready to wake: and approachyng the place, hee espied a lyght within, which made him afraide untill that Pietro whych was hard by, had certyfyed

hym that Rhomeo was with in, and had not ceased there to lamente and complayne the space of halfe an houre: and when they two were entred the grave and finding Rhomeo without lyfe, made sutch sorrowe as they can well conceyve whych love their dear fryende wyth lyke perfection. And as they were making theyr complaints, Julietta rising out of hir traunce, and beholding light within the tounge, uncertayne wheather it were a dreame or fantasie that appeared before his eyes, comming agayne to hir selfe, knew frier Laurence, unto whom she said: "Father, I pray thee in the name of God to perfourme thy promise, for I am almost deade." And then frier Laurence concealing nothing from hir, (bycause he feared to be taken through his too long abode in that place) faythfully rehearsed unto hir, how he had sent frier Anselme to Rhomeo at Mantua, from whom as yet hee had receyved no aunswere. Notwithstanding he found Rhomeo dead in the grave, whose body he poyncted unto, lyinge hard by hir, praying hir sith it was so, patiently to beare that sodayne misfortune, and that if it pleased hir, he would convey hir into some monastery of women where she might in time moderate hir sorrow, and give rest unto hir minde. Julietta had no sooner cast eye uppon the deade corps of Rhomeo, but began to breake the fountayne pipes of gushing teares, which ran forth in sutch abundance, as not able to support the furor of hir griefe, she breathed without ceasing upon his mouth, and then throwen hir selfe uppon his body, and embracing it very hard, seemed that by force of sighes and sobs, she would have revived, and brought him againe to ilfe, and after she had kissed and rekindled hym a million of times, she cried out: "Ah the sweete rest of my cares, and the onely port of all my pleasures and pastimes, hadst thou so sure a heart to choose thy churchyarde this in place betwene the armes of thy perfect lover, and to ende the course of thy life for my sake in the floure of thy youth when lyfe to thee should have bene most deare and delectable? how had this tender body power to resist the furious combat of death, very death it selfe here present? how coulde thy tender and delicate youth willingly permit that thou shouldest approach into this filthy and infected place, where from henceforth thou shalt be the pasture of worms unworthy of thee? Alas, alas, by what meanes shall I now renue my playnts.

which time and long pacience ought to have buried and clearely quenched? Ah I, miserable and caitife wretch, thinking to finde remedy for my griefs, have sharpened the knife that hath gieven me this cruell blow, whereof I receive the cause of mortall wound. Ah, happy and fortunate grave which shalt serve in world to come for witsse of the most perfect aliaunce that ever was betwene two most infortunate lovers, receyve now the last sobbing sighes, and intertayment of the most cruell of all the cruell subjects of ire and death." And as she thought to continue hir complainys, Pietro advertised Frier Laurence that he heard a noyse besides the citadell, wherewyth being afrayd, they speedily departed, fearing to be taken: and then Julietta seeing hir selfe alone, and in full liberty, tooke agayne Rhomeo betwene hir armes, kissing him with sutch affection, as she seemed to be more attaynted with love than death, and drawing out the dagger which Rhomeo ware by his side, she pricked hir selfe with many blowes against the heart, sayinge with feeble and pitiful voice: Ah death the end of sorrow, and beginning of felicity, thou art most hartely welcome: feare not at this time to sharpen thy dart: give no longer delay of life, for feare that my sprite travayle not to finde Rhomeo's ghost amongs sutch number of carion corpses: and thou my deare lord and loyall husband Rhomeo, if there rest in thee any knowledge, receyve hir whom thou hast so faythfully loved, the onely cause of thy violent death, which frankley offreth up hir soule that none but thou shalt joy the love whereof thou hast made so lawfull conquest, and that our soules passing from this light, may eternally, live together in the place of everlasting joy." And when she had ended those wordes shee yelded up hir ghost. While these thinges thus were done, the garde and watch of the citty, by chaunce passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that there were some necromancers which had opened the tounbe to abuse the deade bodies for ayde of their arte: and desirous to knowe what it ment, went downe into the vault, where they found Rhomeo and Julietta, with their armes imbracing ech other's neck, as though there had bene some token of lyfe. And after they had well viewed them at leysure, they perceyved in what case they were: and then all amazed they sought for the theeves which (as they thought) had done the murther, and in the ende founde the good

father fryer Laurence, and Pietro the servaunte of deade Rhomeo (whych had hid themselves under a stall) whom they caryed to pryson, and advertysed the lord of Escala, and the magistrates of Verona of that horrible murder, which by and by was published throughout the city. Then flocked together al the citizens, women and children leavyng their houses, to loke uppon that pityful sighte, and to the ende that in presence of the whole cytie, the murder should be knowne, the magistrates ordayned that the two deade bodies should be erected uppon a stage to the view and sight of the whole world, in sutch sorte and manner as they were founde withyn the grave, and that Pietro and frier Laurence should publicly bee examyned, that afterwarde there myght be no murmure or other pretended cause of ignoraunce. And thys good olde frier beyng upon the scaffold, havinge a whyte bearde all wet and bathed with teares, the judges commaunded him to declare unto them who were the authours of that murder, sith at untimely houre hee was apprehended with certayne irons besides the grave. Fryer Laurence, a rounde and franke man of talke, nothyng moved with that accusation, answered them with stoute and bolde voyce: "My maisters, there is none of you all (if you have respect unto my forepassed life, and to my aged yeres, and therewithall have consideration of this heavy spectacle, whereunto unhappy fortune hath presently brought me) but doeth greatly marvell of so sodaine mutation and change unlooked for, for so much as these three score and ten or twelve yeres sithens I came into this worlde, and began to prove the vanities thereof, I was never suspected, touched, or found guilty of any crime which was able to make me blushe, or hide my face, although (before God) I doe confesse my self to be the greatest and most abhominable sinner of al the redeemed flocke of Christ. So it is notwithstanding, that sith I am prest and ready to render mine accompte, and that death, the grave and wormes do dailye summon this wretched corps of myne to appeare before the justyce seate of God, still wayghtyng and attending to be carried to my hoped grave, this is the houre I say, as you likewise may thinke wherein I am fallen to the greatest damage and prejudice of my lyfe and honest porte, and that which hath ingendred thys synyster opynyon of mee, may peradventure bee these greate teares which in abundaunce

tryckle downe my face as though the holy scriptures do not witnessse, that Jesus Christ moved with humayne pittie, and compassion, did weepe, and pour forth teares, and that many times teares be the faythfull messengers of a man's innocency. Or else the most likely evidencce, and presumption, is the suspected hour, which (as the magistrate doth say) doth make mee culpable of the murder, as though all houres were not indifferently made equall by God their Creator, who in his owne person declarerth unto us that there be twelve houres in the day, shewing thereby that there is no exception of houres nor of minutes, but that one may doe eyther good or ill at all times indifferently, as the party is guided or forsaken by the sprite of God : touching the irons which were founde about me, needefull it is not now to let you understand for what use iron was first made, and that of it selfe it is not able to increase in man cyther good or evill, if not by the mischievous minde of hym which doth abuse it. Thus much I have thought good to tell you, to the intent that neyther teares nor iron, ne yet suspected houre, are able to make me guilty of the murder, or make me otherwyse than I am, but only the witnessse of mine owne conscience, which alone if I were guilty should be the accuser, the witnessse, and the hangman, whych, by reason of mine age and the reputation I have had amonges you, and the little time that I have to live in this world shoulde more torment me within, than all the mortall paynes that coulde be devised : but (thankes be to myne eternall God) I feele no worme that gnaweth, nor any remorse that pricketh me touching that fact, for which I see you all troubled and amazed : and to set your harts at rest, and to remove the doubts which hereafter may torment your consciences, I sweare unto you by all the heavenly parts wherein I hope to be, that forthwith I will disclose from first to last the entire discourse of this pitifull tragedy, whych peradventure shall drive you into no lesse wondre and amaze, than those two poore passionate lovers were strong and pacient, to expone themselves to the mercy of death, for the fervent and indissoluble love betwene them." Then the fatherly frier began to repeate the beginning of the love betwene Julietta, and Rhomeo, which by certayne space of time confirmed, was prosecuted by wordes at the first, then by mutual promise of mariage. unknown

to the world. And as within few dayes after, the two lovers feelinge themselves sharpned and incited with stronger onset, repaired unto him under colour of confession, protesting by othe that they were both married, and that if he would not solempnize that mariage in the face of the church, they should be constrained to offend God to live in disordred lust: in consideration whereof, and specially seeing their alliaunce to be good, and comfortable in dignity, richesse and nobility on both sides, hoping by that meanes perchaunce to reconcile the Montesches, and Capellets, and that by doinge sutch an acceptable worke to God, he gave them the churches blessing in a certayne chappel of the friers church whereof the night following they did consummate the mariage fruiets in the pallace of the Capellets. For testimony of which copulation, the woman of Juliettaes chamber was able to depose: Adding moreover, the murder of Thibault, which was cousin to Julietta: by reason whereof the banishment of Rhomeo did followe, and howe in the absence of the sayd Rhomeo, the mariage being kept secret betwene them, a new matrimony was intreated wyth the counte Paris, which misliked by Julietta, she fell prostrate at his feete in a chappell of S. Frauncis church, with full determination to have killed himself with hir owne hands, if he gave hir not counsell how she should avoyde the mariage agreed betwene hir father and the counte Paris. For conclusion, he sayd, that although he was resolved by reason of his age, and nearnesse of death to abhorre all secret sciences, wherein in his younger yeares he had delight, notwithstanding, pressed with importunity, and moved with pittie, fearing lest Julietta should do some cruelty agaynst herselfe, he strayned his conscience, and chose rather with some little fault to grieve his minde, than to suffer the young gentlewoman to destroy hir body, and hazarde the daunger of hir soule: and therefore he opened some part of his auncient cunning, and gave her a certayne powder to make hir sleepe, by meanes whereof she was thought to be deade. Then he tolde them how he had sent frier Anselme to cary letters to Rhomeo of their enterprise, whereof hitherto he had no aunswere. Then briefly he concluded how he found Rhomeo dead within the grave, who as it is most likely did impoyson himselfe, or was otherwise smothered or suffocated with sorrow by findinge Julietta in that

state, thinking shee had bene dead. Then he tolde them how Julietta did kill herselfe with the dagger of Rhomco to beare him company after his death, and how it was impossible for them to save hir for the noyse of the watch which forced theym to flee from thence. And for more ample approbation of his saying, he humbly besought the lord of Verona and the magistrats to send to Mantua for frier Anselme to know the cause of his slack returne, that the content of the letter sent to Rhomeo might be seene: to examine the woman of the chamber of Julietta, and Pietro the servaunt of Rhomeo, who not attending for further request, sayd unto them: "My lordes, when Rhomeo entred the grave, he gave me this pacquet, written as I suppose with his owne hand, who gave me expresse commaundement to deliver it to his father." The pacquet opened, they founde the whole effect of this story, specially the apothecaries name, which sold him the poyson, the price, and the cause wherefore he used it, and all appeared to be so cleare and evident, as there rested nothing for further verification of the same, but their presence at the doing of the particulars thereof, for the whole was so well declared in order, as they were out of doubt that the same was true: and then the lord Bartholomew of Escala, after he had debated with the magistrates of these events, decreed that the woman of Julietta hir chamber should bee banished, because shee did conceale that privy mariage from the father of Rhomeo, which if it had bene knowne in tyme, had bred to the whole city an universall benefit. Pietro because he obeyed hys maysters commaundement, and kept close hys lawfull secrets, according to the well conditioned nature of a trusty servaunt, was set at liberty. The poticary taken, rackt, and founde guilty, was hanged. The good olde man frier Laurence, as well for respect of his aunient service which he had done to the common wealth of Verona, as also for his vertuous life (for the which hee was specially recommended) was let goe in peace, without any note of infamy. Notwithstanding by reason of his age, he voluntarily gave over the world, and closed himselfe in an hermitage, two miles from Verona, where he lived v. or vi. yeares, and spent hys tyme in continuall prayer, until he was called out of this transitory worlde, into the blisfull state of everlasting joy. And for the compassion of so straunge an infortune, the Montes-

ches, and Capelletts poured forth sutch abundaunce of teares, as with the same they did evacuate their auncient grudge and choler, whereby they were then reconciled: and they which coulde not bee brought to attonement by any wisdomer or humayne counsell, were in the ende vanquished and made frends by pity: and to immortalize the memory of so intier and perfect amity, the lord of Verona ordayned, that the two bodies of those miraculous lovers should be fast intombd in the grave where they ended their lyves, in which place was erected a high marble pillar, honoured with an infinite number of excellent epytaphes, which to this day be apparaunt, with sutch noble memory, as amongs all the rare excellencies, wherewith that city is furnished, there is none more famous than the monument of Rhomeo and Julietta.

THE STORY
OF
GILETTA OF NARBONA,
ON WHICH IS FOUNDED
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Reprinted from the first tome of

THE PALACE OF PLEASURE, 1566.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of "Giletta of Narbona" is a translation from the Italian, and it forms *Nov. 9, Giorn. iii*, of the *Decameron*. Paynter, in his version in tome i of his "Palace of Pleasure," 4to, 1566, somewhat amplifies the title, in order to render it a sort of argument to the story, but in Boccaccio it is, perhaps, sufficiently explanatory: it runs thus:—"Giglietta di Nerbona guarisce il Re di Francia d'una fistola; domanda per marito Beltramo di Rossiglione; il quale contra sua voglia sposatala, a Firenze se ne va per isdegno; dove vagheggiando una giovane, in persona di lei Giglietta giacque con lui, e hebbene due figlioli; perchè egli poi havutala cara per moglie la tiene." Whether Shakespeare did or did not understand Italian, he need not in this instance have taken the trouble to resort to that language, for Paynter rendered his original very literally, and there is little doubt, for various reasons, that our great Dramatist availed himself of the version he found already made to his hands.

It will be seen on comparison that Shakespeare adopted all the main incidents from the novel, with some important additions to the characters. He anglicised Beltramo into Bertram, and changed Giglietta into Helena, and these are the only names given by Boccaccio: the characters of the Countess, the Clown, and Parolles, are new in Shakespeare, and there is no hint in the Italian of any part of the comic scenes in which the latter is engaged, and which so admirably heighten the effect of the more serious portions of the play. The Countess is a delightful creation; and the Clown is the domestic fool, a jester in the disguise of a half-witted menial, the nature of whose duties and situation is illustrated with peculiar force in Armin's "Nest of Ninnies," 1608,

INTRODUCTION.

recently reprinted by the Shakespeare Society from the sole *existing copy in the Bodleian Library*. *There is no work in our language so curious and valuable, in respect to the manners of the times, as regards a character so conspicuous, not only in the plays of Shakespeare, but in those of many of his contemporaries; and it is extraordinary that it seems to have been entirely unknown to the late Mr. Douce, who has left behind him so much learning on the subject.*

Regarding William Paynter, the collector and translator of the two volumes of which "The Palace of Pleasure" consists, it is, of course, not necessary to repeat here what we have said of him in the "Introduction" to Parts VII and VIII, which contain the "Romeus and Juliet" of Arthur Brooke, and the "Rhomeo and Julietta" of Bandello and Boisteau, as rendered by Paynter. His version of the tale of Giglietta di Nerbona is faithful, and that seems to have been the principal excellence at which he aimed, for he was certainly not an elegant writer of English, even for the time at which he flourished: he seldom or never attempts any of the graces of style, and seems generally satisfied with the first word that presented itself to his mind, if it conveyed sufficiently the meaning of his author. He was a man of no fancy, and of very limited original powers of any kind.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH NOVELL.

Giletta a phisician's daughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche Kyng of a fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo counte of Rossiglione to husbande. The counte beyng married againste his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved an other. Giletta his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbande, in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two soonnes: whiche knowen to her husbande, he received her againe, and afterwarde he lived in greate honor and felicitie.

IN Fraunce there was a gentleman called Isnardo, the counte of Rossiglione, who bicause he was sickly and diseased, kepte alwaies in his house a phisicion, named maister Gerardo of Narbona. This counte had one onely sonne called Beltramo, a verie yonge childe, pleasaunt and faire. With whom there was nourished and broughte up, many other children of his age: emonges whom one of the daughters of the said phisicion, named Giletta, who ferventlie fill in love with Beltramo, more then was meete for a maiden of her age. This Beltramo, when his father was dedde, and left under the roial custodie of the kyng, was sente to Paris, for whose departure the maiden was verie pensife. A little while after, her father beyng likewise dedde, she was desirous to goe to Paris, onely to see the younge counte, if for that purpose she could gette any good occasion. But beyng diligently looked unto by her kinsfolke (bicause she was riche and fatherlesse) she could see no conveniente waie for her intended journey: and being now mariageable, the love she bare to the counte was never out of her remembraunce, and refused many husbandes with whom her kinsfolke would have placed her, without making them privie to the occasion of her refusall. Now it chaunced that she burned more in love with Beltramo than

ever she did before, bicause she heard tell that hee was growen to the state of a goodly yonge gentlewomanne. She heard by reporte, that the Frenche kyng had a swellng upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure was growen to a fistula, and did putte him to merveilous paine and grief, and that there was no phisicion to be founde (although many were proved) that could heale it, but rather did impaire the grief and made it worsse and worsse. Wherefore the kyng, like one that was in dispaire, would take no more counsaill or helpe. Whereof the yonge maiden was wonderfull glad, and thought to have by this meanes, not onelie a lawfull occasion to goe to Paris, but if the disease were suche (as she supposed,) easely to bryng to passe that she might have the counte Beltramo to her husbnde. Whereupon with suche knowledge as she had learned at her fathers handes before time, shee made a powder of certain herbes, whiche she thought meete for that disease, and rode to Paris. And the first thing she went about when she came thither was to see the counte Beltramo. And then she repaired to the kyng, praying his grace to vouchsaufe to shewe her his disease. The kyng perceivng her to be a faire yonge maiden and a comelie, would not hide it, but opened the same unto her. So soone as she sawe it, shee putte hym in comforte, that she was able to heale hym, sayng: "Sire, if it shall please your grace, I trust in God without any paine or grief unto your highnesse, within eighte daies I will make you whole of this disease." The kyng hearyng her saie so, began to mocke her, sayng: "How is it possible for thee, beyng a yong woman, to doe that whiche the best renoumed phisicions in the worlde can not?" He thanked her for her good will, and made her a directe answer, that he was determined no more to followe the counsaile of any phisicion. Whereunto the maiden answered: "Sire, you dispise my knowledge bicause I am yonge and a woman, but I assure you that I doe not minister phisicke by profession, but by the aide and helpe of God: and with the cunningg of maister Gerardo of Narbona, who was my father,

and a phisicion of greate fame so longe as he lived." The kyng hearyng those wordes, saied to hymself: "This woman, peradventure, is sent unto me of God, and therefore why should I disdain to prove her cunnyng? sithens she promiseth to heale me within a litle space, without any offence or grief unto me." And beyng determined to prove her, he said: "Damosell, if thou doest not heale me, but make me to breake my determinacion, what wilt thou shall folowe thereof." "Sire," saied the maiden: "Let me be kept in what garde and keepyng you list: and if I dooe not heale you within these eight daies, let me bee burnte: but if I doe heale your grace what recompence shall I have then? To whom the kyng answered: "Bicause thou art a maiden and unmarried, if thou heale me accordyng to thy promisse, I wil bestowe thee upon some gentleman, that shalbe of right good worship and estimacion." To whom she answered: "Sire, I am verie well content that you bestowe me in mariage: but I will have suche a husbnde as I my self shall demaunde, without presumpcion to any of your children or other of your bloudde." Whiche requeste the kyng incontynently graunted. The yong maiden began to minister her phisicke, and in shorte space before her appoynted tyme, she had thoroughly cured the kyng. And when the king perceiued himself whole, said unto her: "Thou hast well deserved a husbnde (Giletta) even suche a one as thy selfe shalt chose." "I have then my lorde (quod she) deserved the countie Beltramo of Rossiglione, whom I have loved from my youthe." The kyng was very lothe to graunte hym unto her: but bicause he had made a promis which he was lothe to breake, he caused hym to be called forthe, and saied unto hym: "Sir counte, bicause you are a gentleman of greate honor, our pleasure is, that you retourne home to your owne house, to order your estate according to your degree: and that you take with you a damosell whiche I have appoynted to be your wife." To whom the counte gave his humble thanks, and demaunded what she was? "It is she (quoth the kyng) that with her

medecines hath healed me." The counte knewe her well, and had alredie seen her, although she was faire, yet knowing her not to be of a stocke convenable to his nobilitie, disdainfullie said unto the king, "Will you then (sir) give me a phisicion to wife? It is not the pleasure of God that ever I should in that wise bestowe my self." To whom the kyng said: "Wilt thou then, that we should breake our faith, whiche we to recover healthe have given to the damosell, who for a rewarde thereof asked thee to husband?" Sire (quoth Beltramo) you maie take from me al that I have, and give my persone to whom you please, bicause I am your subject: but I assure you I shall never be contented with that mariage." "Well, you shall have her, (saied the kyng) for the maiden is faire and wise, and loveth you moste intirely: thinkyng verelie you shall leade a more joyfull life with her, then with a ladie of a greater house." The counte therewithal helde his peace, and the king made great preparacion for the mariage. And when the appointed daie was come, the counte in the presence of the kyng (although it were againste his will) married the maiden, who loved hym better then her owne self. Whiche dooen, the counte determyng before what he would doe, praied licence to retourne to his countrie to consummat the mariage. And when he was on horsebacke he went not thither, but tooke his journey into Thuscane, where understanding that the Florentines and Senois were at warres, he determined to take the Florentines parte, and was willinglie received and honourable interteigned, and made capitaine of a certaine number of men, continuynge in their service a longe tyme. The newe married gentlewoman, scarce contented with that, and hopynge by her well doynge to cause hym to retourne into his countrie, went to Rossiglione, where she was received of all his subjectes for their ladie. And perceivyng that through the countes absence all thinges were spoiled and out of order, she like a sage lady, with greate diligence and care, disposed all thynges in order againe; whereof the subjectes rejoyced verie much,

bearyng to her their hartie love and affection, greatlie blamyng the counte bicause he could not contente himself with her. This notable gentlewoman having restored all the countrie againe, sent worde thereof to the counte her husbände, by two knightes of the countrie, whiche she sent to signifie unto hym, that if it were for her sake that he had abandoned his countrie, he should sende her worde thereof, and she to doe hym pleasure, would depart from thence. To whom he chorlishlie saied: "Lette her doe what she list: for I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng (meanynge a ryng which he wore) upon her finger, and a soonne in her armes begotten by me." He greatly loved that ryng, and kepte it verie carefullie, and never tooke it of from his finger, for a certaine vertue that he knewe it had. The knightes hearyng the harde condicion of twoo thynges impossible: and seying that by them he could not be removed from his determinacion, thei retourned againe to the ladie, tellinge her his answer: who, verie sorowfull, after she hadde a good while bethought herself, purposed to finde meanes to attaine to those twoo thynges, to the intente that thereby she might recover her husbände. And havynge advised with her self what to doe, she assembled the noblest and chiefest of her countrie, declaring unto them in lamentable wise what shee had alredie dooen, to winne the love of of the counte, shewyng them also what folowed thereof. And in the ende saied unto them, that she was lothe the counte for her sake should dwell in perpetuall exile: therefore she determined to spende the rest of her tyme in pilgrimages and devocion, for preservacion of her soule, praiyng them to take the charge and governemente of the countrie, and that they would lette the counte understande, that she had forsaken his house, and was removed farre from thence: with purpose never to retourne to Rossiglione againe. Many teares were shedde by the people, as she was speakyng these wordes, and divers supplicacions were made unto him to alter his opinion, but al in vaine. Wherefore commending them all

unto God, she tooke her waie with her maide, and one of her kinsemen, in the habite of a pilgrime, well furnished with silver and precious jewelles: tellyng no man whither shee wente, and never rested till she came to Florence: where arrivng by fortune at a poore widowes house, she contented her self with the state of a poore pilgrime, desirous to here newes of her lorde, whom by fortune she sawe the next daie passing by the house (where she lay) on horsebacke with his companie. And although she knewe him well enough, yet she demaunded of the good wife of the house what he was: who answered that he was a straunge gentleman, called the counte Beltramo of Rossiglione, a curteous knighte, and wel beloved in the citie, and that he was merveilously in love with a neighbor of hers, that was a gentlewoman, verie poore and of small substaunce, neverthesse of right honest life and report, and by reason of her povertie was yet unmarried, and dwelte with her mother, that was a wise and honest ladie. The countesse well notyng these wordes, and by litle and litle debatyng every particular point thereof, comprehendng the effecte of those newes, concluded what to doe, and when she had well understood whiche was the house, and the name of the ladie, and of her doughter that was beloved of the counte: upon a daie repaired to the house secretelie in the habite of a pilgrime, where finding the mother and doughter in poore estate emonges their familie, after she hadde saluted them, tolde the mother that she had to saie unto her. The gentlewoman risyng up, cyrteouslie interteigned her, and beyng entred alone into a chamber, thei satte doune, and the countesse began to saie unto her in this wise. "Madame, me thinke that ye be one upon whom fortune doeth frowne, so well as upon me: but if you please, you maie bothe comfort me and your self." The ladie answered, "That there was nothyng in the worlde whereof she was more desirous then of honest comforte." The countesse procedyng in her talke, saied unto her. "I have nede now of your fidelitie and trust, whereupon if I doe

staie, and you deceive mee, you shall bothe undoe me and your self." "Tel me then what it is hardelie (saied the gentlewoman :) if it bee your pleasure: for you shall never bee deceived of me." Then the countesse beganne to recite her whole estate of love: tellyng her what she was, and what had chaunced to that present daie, in such perfite order that the gentlewoman belevyng her woordes, bicause she had partlie heard report thereof before, beganne to have compassion upon her, and after that the countesse had rehearsed all the whole circumstaunce, she continued her purpose, sayng: "Now you have heard emonges other my troubles, what twoo thynges thei bee, whiche behoveth me to have, if I do recover my husbände, whiche I knowe none can helpe me to obtain, but onely you, if it bee true that I heare, whiche is, that the counte my husbände, is farre in love with your doughter." To whom the gentlewoman saied: "Madame, if the counte love my doughter, I knowe not, albeit the likelihoode is greate: but what am I able to doe, in that whiche you desire?" "Madame, answered the countesse, I will tell you: but first I will declare what I mean to doe for you, if my determinacion be brought to effect: I see your faier doughter of good age, redie to marie, but as I understand the cause why she is unmarried, is the lacke of substance to bestowe upon her. Wherefore I purpose, for recompence of the pleasure, whiche you shall dooe for me, to give so much redie money to marie her honorably, as you shall thinke sufficient." The countesse' offer was very well liked of the ladie, bicause she was but poore: yet having a noble hart, she said unto her, "Madame, tell me wherein I maie do you service: and if it be a thing honest, I will gladlie performe it, and the same being brought to passe, do as it shal please you." Then saied the countesse: "I thinke it requisite, that by some one whom you truste, that you give knowledge to the counte my husbände, that your doughter is, and shalbe at his commaundement: and to the intent she maie bee well assured that he loveth her in deede above any other, that she praieth him to sende her

a ring that he weareth upon his finger, whiche ring she heard tell he loved verie derely: and when he sendeth the ryng, you shall give it unto me, and afterwarde sende hym woorde, that your doughter is redie to accomlishe his pleasure, and then you shall cause him secretly to come hither, and place me by hym (in steede of your doughter) peradventure God will give me the grace, that I maie bee with childe, and so havynge this ryng on my finger, and the childe in myne armes begotten by him, I shall recover him, and by your meanes continue with hym, as a wife ought to doe with her husbnde." This thing semed difficulte unto the gentlewoman: fearyng that there would folowe reproche unto her doughter. Notwithstandyng, consideryng what an honest parte it were, to be a meane that the good ladie should recover her husband, and that she should doe it for a good purpose, havynge affiaunce in her honest affection, not onely promised the countesse to bryng this to passe, but in fewe daies with greate subtiltie, folowyng the order wherein she was instructed, she had gotten the ryng, although it was with the countes ill will, and toke order that the countesse in stede of her doughter did lye with hym. And at the first meetyng, so affectuously desired by the counte: God so disposed the matter that the countesse was begotten with child, of twoo goodly sonnes, and her delivery chaunced at the due time. Whereupon the gentlewoman, not onely contented the countesse at that tyme with the companie of her husbnde, but at many other times so secretly that it was never knowen: the counte not thinkyng that he had lien with his wife, but with her whom he loved. To whom at his uprisyng in the mornyng, he used many curteous and amiable woordes, and gave divers faire and precious jewelless, whiche the countesse kepte moste carefullie: and when shee perceived herself with childe, she determined no more to trouble the gentlewoman, but saied unto her. "Madame, thanks be to God and you, I have the thyng that I desire, and even so it is tyme to recompence your desert, that afterwarde I maie departe."

The gentlewoman saied unto her, that if she had doene any pleasure agreable to her mind, she was right glad thereof whiche she did, not for hope of rewarde, but because it appertained to her by well doying so to doe. Whereunto the countesse saied : "Your sayng pleaseth me well, and likewise for my parte, I dooe not purpose to give unto you the thing you shall demaunde of me in rewarde, but for consideration of your well doying, which duetic forceth me to so dooe." The gentlewoman then constrained with necessitie, demaunded of her with greate bashfulnessse, an hundred poundes to marie her doughter. The countesse perceivng the shamefastnesse of the gentlewoman, and hearyng her curteous demaunde, gave her five hundred poundes, and so many faire and costly jewels whiche almoste amounted to like valer. For whiche the gentlewoman more then contented, gave moste hartie thanks to the countesse, who departed from the gentlewoman and retourned to her lodging. The gentlewoman to take occasion from the counte of any farther repaire, or sendyng to her house, tooke her doughter with her, and went into the countrie to her frendes. The counte Beltramo, within fewe daies after, beyng revoked home to his owne house by his subjectes, (hearyng that the countesse was departed from thence) retourned. The countesse knowyng that her housband was gone from Florence and retourned into his countrie, was verie glad and contented, and she continewed in Florence till the tyme of her childbedde was come, and was brough a bedde of twoo soones, whiche were verie like unto their fatner, and caused them carefullic to be nursed and brought up, and when she sawe tyme, she toke her journey (unknownen to any manne) and arrived at Montpellier, and restyng her self there for certaine daies, hearyng newes of the counte, and where he was, and that upon the daie of All Saintes, he purposed to make a great feast and assemblie of ladies and knightes, in her pilgrimes weede she wente thither. And knowyng that thei were all assembled, at the palace of the counte, redie to sitte doune at the table,

she passed through the people without chaunge of apparell, with her two sonnes in her armes: and when she was come up into the hall, even to the place where the counte was, fallyng doune prostrate at his feete, wepyng, saied unto him: "My lorde, I am thy poore infortunate wife, who to th'intent thou mightest returne and dwel in thine owne house, have been a great while beggyng about the worlde. Therefore I now beseeche thee, for the honour of God, that thou wilt observe the condicions, whiche the twoo knightes (that I sent unto thee) did commaunde me to doe: for beholde, here in myne armes, not onelie one soonne begotten by thee, but twaine, and likewise thy rynges. It is now tyme then (if thou kepe promis) that I should be received as thy wife." The counte hearyng this, was greatly astonned, and knewe the rynges, and the children also, thei were so like hym. "But tell me (quod he) how is this come to passe?" The countesse to the great admiracion of the counte, and of all those that were in presence, rehearsed unto them in order all that, whiche had been doen, and the whole discourse thereof. For whiche cause the counte knowyng the thynges she had spoken to be true (and perceivyng her constaunt minde and good witte, and the twoo faier yonge boies to kepe his promisse made, and to please his subjectes, and the ladies that made sute unto him, to accept her from that time forth as his lawfull wife, and to honour her) abjected his obstinate rigour: causyng her to rise up, and imbraced and kissed her, acknowledgyng her againe for his lawfull wife. And after he had apparelled her according to her estate, to the greates pleasure and contentacion of those that were there, and of all his other frendes not onely that daie, but many others, he kepte great chere, and from that tyme forth, he loved and honoured her, as his dere spouse and wife.

THE STORY
OF THE
TWO LOVERS OF PISA,
WHICH SHAKESPEARE EMPLOYED IN HIS PLAY OF
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Reprinted from "TARLTONS NEWS OUT OF PURGATORY."

INTRODUCTION.

"THE Two Lovers of Pisa" was printed at an early date in a tract called "Tarlton's News out of Purgatory." This novel is not, as has been usually supposed and asserted, a translation from *Il Pecorone* of Giovanni Fiorentino, but more properly from *Le tredici Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola. The two Italian tales have, however, a strong resemblance; and a comparison of them has been rendered easy, because both are contained in the Appendix to Mr. Halliwell's "First Sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor," printed for the Shakespeare Society. The main incident, however, of concealing a lover in a heap of family linen, as Falstaff is hidden in the buck-basket, is found in *Il Pecorone*, and is not in the story as related by Straparola: the words of Giovanni Fiorentino are worth quoting:—"La donna era à sedere al fuoco con Buccivolo, e sentendo bussar l'uscio, subitamente si pensò che fosse il maestro, e prese Buccivolo, e nascose lo sotto un monte di panni di bucato, il quali non erano ancora rasciutti, e per lo tempo gli haveva ragunati in su la tavola à pie d'una finestra." This important circumstance is preserved in another production, as far as we now know, of a date considerably subsequent to the time of Shakespeare, but of which there may have been an earlier edition, although the style seems more modern than the close of the sixteenth century: it is called "The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers," 4to, 1682, and it has been referred to by Steevens. Mr. Halliwell informs us (p. 101) that a copy of a much later date is preserved among Capell's books in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge; and he is quite correct, for it was, in fact, reprinted in 1685.

"Tarlton's News out of Purgatory" is silent respecting the half-dry clothes from the wash, so that, if Shakespeare derived the incident from the Italian, it must have been from

INTRODUCTION.

the original novel in *Il Pecorone*, or from some early version of it with which we are not now acquainted: as we have said, the story of "The Two Lovers of Pisa" bears a much closer resemblance to Straparola than to Giovanni Fiorentino. Richard Tarlton, as many of our readers are aware, was a very celebrated actor, who died not long after the date when it is probable Shakespeare came to London: he was buried in 1588, and his extraordinary popularity long survived him. The "News out of Purgatory" must have been printed soon after his decease, perhaps in 1589: it has no date on the title-page, but in 1590 came out an answer to it, called "The Cobler of Caunterburie, or an Invective against Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie," of which a second edition appeared in 1608, and a third under a new name, "The Tinker of Turvey" (with some alterations at the beginning and end, in order to give it the appearance of a different work) in 1630. The truth is, that although "The Cobler of Caunterburie" professes to be "an invective against Tarlton's News out of Purgatory," it is a direct imitation of it, in form and substance, as well as in style. However, we have here nothing to do with "The Cobler of Caunterburie," farther than as the printing of it with the date of 1590 ascertains that "Tarlton's News out of Purgatory," containing the Novel of "The Two Lovers of Pisa," was published before it.

Excepting as regards the "buck-basket" of Shakespeare, and the *panni di bucato* of Giovanni Fiorentino, the coincidences between the comedy and the novel are rather general than particular, consisting mainly of the manner in which a gallant takes the husband of the lady with whom he wishes to have an intrigue into his confidence, and thus obtains his assistance. Of course, we hear of no such personage as Falstaff either in Straparola or in Giovanni Fiorentino: he was, and must necessarily have been, a character of Shakespeare's invention.

THE TWO LOVERS OF PISA.

IN Pisa, a famous cittie of Italye, there lived a gentleman of good linage and landes, feared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue; but indeed well thought on for both, yet the better for his riches. This gentleman had one onely daughter called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and desired of many: but neither might their sutes, nor her own prevaile about her father's resolution, who was determynd not to marrye her, but to such a man as should be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her beauty. Divers young gentlemen proffered large foeffments, but in vaine: a maide shee must be still; till at last an olde doctor in the towne, that professed phisicke, became a sutor to her, who was a welcome man to her father, in that he was one of the welthiest men in all Pisa. A tall stripling he was, and a proper youth, his age about fourscore; his head as white as milke, wherein for offence sake there was left never a tooth: but it is no matter; what he wanted in person he had in the purse; which the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wishing rather to tie herself to one that might fit her content, though they lived meanely, then to him with all the wealth in Italye. But shee was yong and forcest to follow her father's direction, who upon large covenants was content his daughter should marry with the doctor, and whether she likte him or no, the-match was made up, and in short time she was married. The poore wench was bound to the stake, and had not onely an old impotent man, but one that was so jealous, as none might enter into his house without suspicion, nor shee doo any thing without blame: the least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile, was a manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others better

then himselfe: thus he himselfe lived in a hell, and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chaunced that a young gentleman of the citie comming by her house, and seeing her looke out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in love with her, and that so extreame as his passion had no meanes till her favour might mitigate his heart sick content. The young man that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had never been used to court any gentlewoman, thought to reveale his passions to some one freend, that might give him counsaile for the winning of her love; and thinking experience was the surest maister, on a daye seeing the olde doctor walking in the churche, that was Margarets husband, little knowing who he was, he thought this was the fittest man to whom he might discover his passions, for that hee was olde and knewe much, and was a physition that with his drugges might help him forward in his purposes: so that seeing the old man walke solitary, he joinde unto him, and after a curteous salute, tolde him he was to impart a matter of great inport unto him; wherein if hee would not onely be secrete, but endeavour to pleasure him, his pains should bee every way to the full considered. You must imagine, gentleman, quoth Mutio, for so was the doctors name, that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their secrets in their hearts bottome; and therefore reveale what you please, it shall not onely be concealed, but cured, if either my art or counsaile may doo it. Upon this Lionell, (so was the young gentleman called,) told and discourst unto him, from point to point, how he was false in love with a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profession; discovered her dwelling and the house, and for that hee was unacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in love matters, he required his favour to further him with his advise. Mutio at this motion was stung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fallen in love withall: yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wives chastity, and that if she plaide false, he might be re-

vengde on them both, he dissembled the matter, and answered, that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly; but saide, she had a churle to her husband, and therefore he thought shee would bee the more tractable: trie her man, quoth hee; fainte hart never wooonne faire lady; and if shee will not bee brought to the bent of your bowe, I will provide such a potion as shall dispatch all to your owne content; and to give your further instructions for opportunitie, knowe that her husband's foorth every after noone from three till sixe. Thus farre I have advised you, because I pittie your passions as my selfe being once a lover: but now I charge thee, reveale it to none whomsoever, lest it doo disparage my credit, to meddle in amorous matters. The young gentleman not onely promised all carefull secrecy, but gave him hartly thanks for his good counsell, promising to meete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife should any way play false. He saw by experience, brave men came to besiege the castle, and seeing it was in a woman's custodie, he had so weake a governor as himselfe, he doubted it would in time be delivered up: which feare made him almost franticke, yet he drivde of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his rival. Lionello, he hastes him home, and sutes him in his bravery, and goes down towards the house of Mutio, where he sees her at her window, whom he courted with a passionate looke, with such an humble salute as shee might perceiv how the gentleman was affectionate. Margarettalooking earnestly upon him, and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him in her eye the flower of all Pisa; thinkt herselfe fortunate if she might have him for her freend, to supply those defaultes that she found in Mutio. Sundry times that afternoone he past by her window, and he cast not up more loving lookes then he received gracious favours: which did so incourage him, that the next daye betweene three and sixe hee went to her house, and knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the

mistris of the house, who hearing by her maid's description what he was, commaunded him to come in, where she interteined him with all curtesie.

The youth that never before had given the attempt to covet a ladye, began his exordium with a blushe: and yet went forward so well, that hee discourst unto her howe hee loved her, and that if it might please her so to accept of his service, as of a freende ever vowde in all duetye to bee at her commaunde, the care of her honour should bee deerer to him then his life, and hee would bee ready to prise her discontent with his blood at all times.

The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they part they concluded that the next day at foure of the clock hee should come thither and cate a pound of cherries, which was resolved on with a succado des labras; and so with a loath to depart they took their leaves. Lionello, as joyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde doctor, where he found him in his olde walke. What newes, syr, quoth Mutio? How have you sped? Even as I can wishe, quoth Lionello; for I have been with my mistresse, and have found her so tractable, that I hope to make the olde peasant her husband look broad-hedded by a paire of browantlers. How deepe this strooke into Mutio's hart, let them imagine that can conjecture what jelousie is; insomuch that the olde doctor askte, when should be the time. marry, quoth Lionello, to morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoone; and then maister doctor, quoth hee, will I dub the olde squire knight of the forked order.

Thus they past on in chat, till it grew late; and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, covering all his sorrowes with a merrie countenance, with full resolution to revenge them both the next day with extremitie. He past the night as patiently as he could, and the next daye after dinner awaye hee went, watching when it should bee four of the clocke. At the houre justly came Lyonello, and was interteined with all curtesie: but scarce

had they kist, ere the maide cried out to her mistresse that her maister was at the doore; for he hasted, knowing that a horne was but a litle while on grafting. Margaret at this alarum was amazed, and yet for a shifte chopt Lyonello into a great driefatte full of feathers, and sat her downe close to her woorke: by that came Mutio in blowing; and as though hee came to looke somewhat in haste, called for the keyes of his chambers, and looked in everye place, searching so narrowly in evrye corner of the house, that he left not the very privie unsearcht. Seeing he could not finde him, hee saide nothing, but fayning himselfe not well at ease, staide at home, so that poore Lionello was faine to staye in the driefatte till the old churle was in bed with his wife; and then the maide let him out at a backe doore, who went home with a flea in his care to his lodging.

Well, the next daye he went againe to meete his doctor, whome hee found in his woonted walke. What news, quoth Mutio? How have you sped? A poxe of the olde slave, quoth Lyonello, I was no sooner in, and had given my mistresse one kisse, but the jealous asse was at the doore; the maide spied him, and cryed, her maister: so that the poore gentlewoman for verye shifte, was faine to put me in a driefatte of feathers that stoode in an olde chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and asleepe, and then the maide let me out, and I departed.

But it is no matter; twas but a chaunce; and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long. As how, quoth Mutio? Marry thus, quoth Lionello: she sent me woord by her maide this daye, that upon Thursday next the olde churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pisa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all. It is well, quoth Mutio; fortune bee your freende. I thank you, quoth Lionello; and so after a little more prattle they departed.

To bee shorte, Thursdaye came; and about sixe of the clocke fourth goes Mutio, no further than a freendes house of his, from whence he might descrye who went into his house.

Straight he sawe Lionello enter in; and after goes hee, inso-muche that hee was scarselye sitten downe, before the mayde cryed out againe, my maister comes. The good wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a privie place between two seelings of a plauncher, and there she thrust Lionello; and her husband came sweting. What news, quoth shee, drives you home againe so soone, husband? Marrye, sweete wife, quoth he, a fearfull dreame that I had this night, which came to my remembrance; and that was this: Me thought there was a villeine that came secretly into my house with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himselfe; but I could not finde the place: with that mine nose bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God I will seeke every corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marry, I pray you doo, husband, quoth she. With that he lockt in all the doors, and began to search every chamber, every hole, every chest, every tub, the very well; he stabd every featherbed through, and made havocke, like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and hee began to blame his eies that thought they saw that which they did not. Upon this he reste halfe lunaticke, and all night he was very wakefull; that towâds the morning he fell into a dead sleepe, and then was Lionello conveyghed away.

In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no meanes hee should be able to take Lyonello tardy; yet he laid in his head a most dangerous plot, and that was this. Wife, quoth he, I must the next Monday ride to Vicensa to visit an olde patient of mine; till my returne, which will be some ten dayes, I will have thee stay at our little graunge house in the countrey. Marry very well content, husband, quoth she: with that he kist her, and was verye pleasant, as though he had suspected nothing, and away hee flinges to the church, where hee meetes Lionello. What sir, quoth he, what newes? Is your mistresse yours in possession? No, a plague of the old slave, quoth he: I think he is either a

witch or els woorkes by magick : for I can no sooner enter in the doores, but he is at my backe, and so he was againe yesternight; for I was not warme in my seate before the maide cried, my maister comes; and then was the poore soule faine to conveigh me between two seelings of a chamber in a fit place for the purpose : wher I laught hartely to myself, too see how he sought every corner, ransackt every tub, and stabd every featherbed,—but in vaine; I was safe enough till the morning, and then when he was fast a sleepe, I lept out. Fortune frowns on you, quoth Mutio : I, but I hope, quoth Lionello, this is the last time, and now shee will begin to smile; for on monday next he rides to Vicensa, and his wife lyes at a grange house a little of the towne, and there in his absence I will revenge all forepassed misfortunes. God send it be so, quoth Mutio; and so took his leave. These two lovers longd for monday, and at last it came. Early in the morning Mutio horst himselfe, and his wife, his maide and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange house; where after he had brok his fast he took his leave, and away towards Vicensa. He rode not far ere by a false way he returned into a thicket, and there with a company of cuntry peasants lay in an ambuscado to take the young gentleman. In the afternoon comes Lionello gallopping; and assoon as he came within sight of the house, he sent back his horse by his boy, and went easily afoot, and there at the very entry was entertaind by Margaret, who led him up the staires, and convaid him into her bedchamber, saying he was welcome into so mean a cottage: but, quoth she, now I hope fortun shal not envy the purity of our loves. Alas, alas, mistres (cried the maid,) heer is my maister, and 100 men with him, with bils and staves. We are betraid, quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man. Feare not, quoth she, but follow me; and straight she carried him downe into a lowe parlor, where stoode an olde rotten chest full of writings. She put him into that, and covered him with old papers and evidences, and went to the gate to meet her husband. Why signior

Mutio, what means this hurly burly, quoth she ! Vile and shameless strumpet as thou art, thou shalt know by and by, quoth he. Where is thy love ? All we have watcht him, and seen him enter in : now quoth he, shal neither thy tub of feathers, nor thy seeling serve, for perish he shall with fire, or els fall into my hands. Doo thy woorst, jealous foole, quoth she ; I ask thee no favour. With that in a rage he beset the house round, and then set fire on it. Oh ! in what a perplexitie was poore Lionello, that was shut in a chest, and the fire about his eares ? And how was Margaret passionat, that knew her lover in such danger ? Yet she made light of the matter, and as one in a rage called her maid to her and said : Come on, wench ; seeing thy maister mad with jelousie hath set the house and al my living on fire, I will be revengd upon him ; help me heer to lift this old chest where all his writings and deeds are ; let that burne first ; and assoon as I see that on fire, I will walk towards my freends : for the old foole will be beggard, and I will refuse him. Mutio that knew al his obligations and statutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men carry the chest into the feeld, and see it were safe ; himself standing by, and seeing his house burnd downe, stickē and stone. Then quieted in his minde he went home with his wife, and began to flatter her, thinking assuredly that he had burnd her paramour ; causing his chest to be carried in a cart to his house at Pisa. Margaret impatient went to her mothers, and complained to her and to her bretheren of the jealousie of her husband ; who maintained her it be true, and desired but a daies respite to prove it. Wel, hee was bidden to supper the next night at her mothers, she thinking to make her daughter and him freends againe. In the meane time he to his woonted walk in the church, and there *præter expectationem* he found Lionello walking. Wondring at this, he straight enquires, what newes ? What newes, maister doctor, quoth he, and he fell in a great laughing : in faith yesterday I scapt a scowring ; for, syrrah, I went to the grange house,

where I was appointed to come, and I was no sooner gotten up the chamber, but the magicall villeine her husband beset the house with bills and staves, and that he might be sure no seeling nor corner should shrowde me, he set the house on fire, and so burnt it down to the ground. Why, quoth Mutio, and how did you escape? Alas, quoth he, wel fare a womans wit! She conveighed me into an old chest ful of writings, which she knew her husband durst not burne; and so was I saved and brought to Pisa, and yesternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This, quoth he, is the pleasantest jest that ever I heard; and upon this I have a sute to you. I am this night bidden foorth to supper; you shall be my guest: onelye I will crave so much favour, as after supper for a pleasant sporte to make relation what successe you have had in your loves. For that I will not sticke, quoth he; and so he carried Lionello to his mother in lawes house with him, and discovered to his wives brethren who he was, and how at supper he would disclose the whole matter: for quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets husband. At this all the brethren bad him welcome, and so did the mother too; and Margaret she was kept out of sight. Supper time being come, they fell to their victals, and Lionello was carrowst unto by Mutio, who was very pleasant, to draw him to a merry humor, that he might to the ful discourse the effect and fortunes of his love. Supper being ended, Mutio requested him to tel to the gentlemen what had hapned between him and his mistresse. Lionello with a smiling countenance began to describe his mistresse, the house and street where she dwelt, how he fell in love with her, and how he used the counsell of this doctor, who in al his affaires was his secretarye. Margaret heard all this with a greate feare; and when he came at the last point she caused a cup of wine to be given him by one of her sisters wherein was a ring that he had given Margaret. As he had told how he escapt burning, and was ready to confirm all for a troth, the gentlewoman drunke to him; who taking the cup, and

seeing the ring, having a quick wit, and a reaching head, spide the fetch, and perceived that all this while this was his lovers husband, to whome hee had revealed these escapes. At this drinking the wine, and swallowing the ring into his mouth, he went forward: Gentlemen, quoth he, how like you of my loves and my fortunes? Wel, quoth the gentlemen; I pray you is it true? As true, quoth he, as if I would be so simple as to reveal what I did to Margaret's husband: for know you, gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her husband whom I notified to be my lover; and for that he was generally known throughout Pisa to be a jealous fool, therefore with these tales I brought him into this paradise, which indeed are follies of mine own braine: for trust me, by the faith of a gentleman, I never spake to the woman, was never in her companie, neither do I know her if I see her. At this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was ashamde that Lionello had so scoft him: but all was well, they were made friends; but the jest went so to his hart, that he shortly after died, and Lionello enjoyed the ladye: and for that they two were the death of the old man, now they are plagued in purgatory, and he whips them with nettles.

THE HISTORIE

APOLONIUS AND SILLA;

CONTAINING PART OF THE PLOT OF

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Reprinted from RICH HIS FAREWELL TO MILITARIE PROFESSION, 1606.

INTRODUCTION.

It is not necessary to say much of Barnaby Rich's "History of Apollonius and Silla," and of its connexion with "Twelfth Night." The novel was originally published in 1581, 4to, and we give the following exact copy of the title-page of the tract, because only a single copy of that date is known:—"Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession: conteinyng verie pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable tyme: Gathered together for the onely delight of the courteous Gentlewomen, bothe of Englande and Irelande, for whose onely pleasure thei were collected together, and unto whom thei are directed and dedicated by Barnabe Riche, Gentleman. *Malim me divitem esse quam vocari.* Imprinted at London, by Robart Walley, 1581." The extreme rarity of this edition of the book is proved by the fact that neither Ames, Herbert, nor Dibdin, have included it in any list of works from Walley's press. It was reprinted in 1606, 4to; and in a manuscript note to his copy of that impression Malone speaks of a copy of 1583: it may then have been republished, as the work could not fail to have been popular; but no such edition appears to exist in any public or private collection, and it is not at all impossible that Malone mistook, and meant the impression of 1581, as he does not seem to have been aware of any in that year. It is among Bishop Tanner's books, at Oxford, and it is therefore included in the Catalogue recently issued of the printed works in the Bodleian Library.

Our re-impression has been made from the edition of 1606, because a copy of the original in 1581 was not found until after Part IX of the present work had been printed: the differences are merely literal, for in other respects the edition of 1606 exactly follows that of 1581.

It was supposed until lately that Shakespeare, in compos-

INTRODUCTION.

ing "Twelfth Night," had employed the edition of 1606, because Malone conjectured that that play was not written, at the earliest, until 1607 (Mal. Shaksp., by Boswell, ii, 441). It turns out, however, that "Twelfth Night" was in being in 1602 (Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, i, 327), having been acted on February 2d, in that year, in the Middle Temple Hall: consequently Shakespeare, as far as he was indebted to Rich's story, must have resorted to an earlier impression than that of 1606. It may, however, be a question, whether our great Dramatist was not under obligations to one, or even to two Italian comedies, called *Gl' In-ganni* and *Gl' Ingannati*, in which characters and incidents occur similar to those in "Twelfth Night." The part of the plot in which Viola, disguised as a page, is made the medium of courtship between her lover and her rival, is common to various old novels and dramas in different languages: our readers will hereafter find that it belongs to the story of Felismena, in the "Diana" of Montemayor, which appeared in English in 1598. Translations of the comedies *Gl' In-ganni* and *Gl' Ingannati* are about to be printed by the Shakespeare Society, and an analysis of the former is contained in "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," 8vo, 1839.

APOLONIUS AND SILLA.

DURING the time that the famous citty of Constantinople, remained in the handes of the Christians, amongst many other noble men, that kept their abiding in that flourishing citty, there was one whose name was Apolonius, a worthy duke, who being but a very yong man, and even then newe come to his possessions which were very great, levied a mighty bande of men, at his owne proper charges, with whom hee served against the Turke, during the space of one whole yeere, in which time although it were very short, this young duke so behaved himselfe, as well by prowesse and valiance shewed with his owne hands, as otherwise, by his wisdom and liberality, used towards his souldiors, that all the world was filled with the fame of this noble duke. When he had thus spent one yeeres service, he caused his trompet to sound a retrait, and gathering his company together, and imbarking themselves he set saile, holding his course towards Constantinople: but beeing upon the sea, by the extremity of a tempest which sodainely fell, his fleete was severed some one way, and some an other, but hee him selfe recovered the Ile of Cypres, where he was worthily received by Pontus duke and governour of the same ile, with whom hee lodged, while his shippes were new repairing.

This Pontus that was lord and governour of this famous ile, was an auncient duke, and had two children, a sonne and a daughter, his son was named Silvio, of whom hereafter we shal have further occasion to speake, but at this instant he was in the parts of Africa, serving in the warres.

The daughter her name was Silla, whose beauty was so pereles, that she had the sovereignty amongst all other dames, as well for her beauty as for the noblenesse of her birth. This Silla having heard of the worthinesse of Apolo-

nius, this yong duke, who besides his beauty and good graces, had a certaine natural allurement, that being now in his company in her fathers court, she was so strangely attached with the love of Apolonius, that there was nothing might content her but his presence and sweet sight, and although she saw no maner of hope, to attaine to that she most desired: knowing Apolonius to be but a guest, and ready to take the benefit of the next wind, and to depart into a straunge cuntrye, whereby shee was bereaved of all possibility ever to see him againe, and therefore strived with her selfe to leave her fondnesse, but al in vaine, it would not bee, but like the fowle which is once limed, the more shee striveth, the faster she tyeth her selfe. So Silla was now constrained perforce her will to yeeld to love, wherefore from time to time, shee used so great familiarity with him, as her honour might well permitte, and fedde him with such amorous baites, as the modestye of a maide, could reasonably afforde, which when shee perccived, did take but small effect, feeling her selfe out ragged with the extremity of her passion, by the onely countenance that she bestowed upon Apolonius, it might have bene well perceived, that the very eyes pleaded unto him for pitie and remorse. But Apolonius comming but lately from out the field, from the chasing of his enemies, and his fury not yet thoroughly desolved, nor purged from his stomacke, gave no regard to those amorous entisements, which by reason of his youth, he had not bin acquainted withall. But his minde ran more to heare his pilots, bring newes of a merry wind, to serve his turne to Constantinople which in the ende came very prosperously: and giving Duke Pontus hearty thanks for his great entertainment, taking his leave of himselfe, and the ladie Silla his daughter, departed with his company, and with a happy gale arived at his desired porte; Gentlewoman according to my promise, I will here for brevities sake, omit to make repetition of the long and dolorous discourse recorded by Silla, for this sodaine departure of her Apolonius, knowing you to be as

tenderly hearted as Silla her selfe, whereby you may the better conjecture the furie of her fever.

But Silla the further that she saw her selfe bereaved of al hope, ever any more to see her beloved Apolonius, so much the more contagious were her passions, and made the greater speed to execute that she had premeditated in her minde, which was this: Amongest many servants that did attend upon her, there was one whose name was Pedro, who had a long time waited upon her in her chamber, whereby shee was well assured of his fidelity and trust: to that Pedro therefore shee bewraied first the fervencie of her love borne to Apolonius, conjuring him in the name of the Gods [Goddess] of Love her selfe, and binding him by the duety that a servant ought to have, that tendereth his mistresse safety and good liking, and desiring him with teares trickling downe her cheekes, that hee would give his consent to aide and assiste her, in that she had determined, which was for that she was fully resolved to goe to Constantinople, where she might againe take the view of her beloved Apolonius, that hee according to the trust she had reposed in him, would not refuse to give his consent, secretly to convey her from out her fathers court according as she would give him direction, and also to make himselfe partaker of her journey, and to waite upon her, till she had seen the ende of her determination.

Pedro perceiving with what vehemencie his lady and mistresse had made request unto him, albeit hee sawe many perilles and doubts, depending in her pretence, notwithstanding, gave his consent to bee at her disposition, promising her to further her with his best advice, and to bee ready to obey whatsoever shee would please to commaund him. The match beeyng thus agreed upon, and all things prepared in a readinesse for their departure: it happened there was a galley of Constantinople, ready to depart, which Pedro understanding came to the captaine, desiring him to have passage for himselfe, and for a poore maide that was his sister, which were

bounde to Constantinople upon certaine urgent affaires, to which request, the captaine graunted, willing him to prepare aboarde with all speed, because the winde served him presently to depart.

Pedro now commyng to his misters [mistress], and tellyng her how he had handeled the matter with the captaine, she likyng verie well of the devise, disguisyng her selfe into verie simple atyre, stoole away from out her fathers court, and came with Pedro, whom now she called brother aboarde the gallye, where al things being in readinesse and the wind serving verie wel, they launched forth with their oores, and set saile, when they were at the sea, the captaine of the galley taking the vew of Silla, perceiving her singular beaultie, he was better pleased in beholdyng of her face, then in takyng the height either of the sunne or starre, and thinking her by the homlinesse of her apparell, to be but some simple maiden, calling her into his cabin, he beganne to breake with her after the sea fashion, desiring her to use his owne cabin for her better ease: and during the time that she remained at the sea, she should not want a bed, and then whispering softly in her eare, he saied, that for want of a bedfellow, he himselfe would supply that rome. Silla not being acquainted with any such talke, blushed for shame, but made him no answer at all, my captaine feeling such bickering within himselfe, the like whereof he had never indured upon the sea: was like to be taken prisoner aboard his owne ship, and forced to yeeld himselfe captive without any cannon shot, wherefore to salve all sores, and thinking it the readiest way to speed, he began to breake with Silla in the way of marriage, telling her how happy a voyage she had made, to fal into the lyking of such a one as himselfe was, who was able to keepe and maintaine her like a gentlewoman, and for her sake would likewise take her brother into his fellowship, whom hee would by some meanes prefer in such sort, that both of them should have good cause to thinke themselves thrise happy, shee to light of such a husband, and he to light

of such a brother. But Silla nothing pleased with these preferments, desired him to cease his talke, for that she did thinke her selfe indeede to be too unworthy such a one as hee was, neither was she minded yet to marry, and therefore desired him to fixe his fancie upon some that were better worthy then her selfe was, and that could better like of his courtesie then she could do, the captaine seeing himselfe thus refused, being in a great chafe, he said as followeth

“Then seeing you make so little accompt of my courtesie, proffered to one that is so far unworthy of it, from henceforth I will use the office of my authority, you shall know that I am the captaine of this shippe, and have power to commaund and dispose of things at my pleasure; and seeing you have so scornfully rejected me to be your loyall husband, I will now take you by force, and use you at my will, and so long as it shall please me, will keepe you for mine owne store, there shall be no man able to defend you, nor yet to perswade me from that I have determined.” Silla with these words being stroke into a great feare, did thinke it now too late, to rew her rashe attempt, determined rather to dye with her owne hands, then to suffer her selfe to be abused in such sort, therefore she most humbly desired the captaine so much as he could to save her credit, and seeing that she must needes be at his will and disposition, that for that present he would depart, and suffer her till night, when in the darke he might take his pleasure, without any maner of suspition to the residue of his companie. The captaine thinking now the goale to be more than halfe wonne, was contented so farre to satisfie her request, and departed out leaving her alone in his cabin.

Silla, being alone by her selfe, drue out her knife readie to strike her selfe to the heart, and falling upon her knees desired God to receive her soule, as an acceptable sacrifice for her follies, which she had so wilfully committed, craving pardon for her sinnes, and so forth continuing a long and pittifull reconciliation to God, in the midst whereof there

sodainly fell a wonderfull storme, the terrour whereof was such, that there was no man but did thinke the seas would presently have swallowed them, the bilowes so sodainly arose with the rage of the winde, that they were all glad to fall to heaving out of water, for otherwise their feeble gallie had never beene able to have brooked the seas, this storme continued all that day and the next night, and they being driven to put romer before the winde to keepe the gallie a head the billow, were driven upon the maine shore, where the gallie brake all to peeces, there was every man providing to save his owne life, some gat upon hatches, boordes, and casks, and were driven with the waves too and fro, but the greatest number were drowned, amongst the which Pedro was one, but Silla her selfe being in the cabyn as you have heard, tooke holde of a chest that was the captaines, the which by the onely providence of God brought her safe to the shore, the which when she had recovered, not knowing what was become of Pedro her man, shee deemed that both he and all the rest had beene drowned, for that she saw no body upon the shore but her selfe, wherefore, when she had a while made great lamentations, complaining her mishappes, shee beganne in the end to comfort her selfe with the hope, that she had to see her Apolonius, and found such meanes that she brake open the chest that brought her to land, wherein shee found good store of coine, and sondrie sutes of apparell that were the captaines, and now to prevent a number of injuries, that might bee proffered to a woman that was left in her case, shee determined to leave her owne apparell, and to sorte her selfe into some of those sutes, that being taken for a man, shee might passe through the countrie in the better safety, and as shee changed her apparell shee thought it likewise convenient to change her name, wherefore not readily happening of any other, shee called her selfe Silvio, by the name of her owne brother, whom you have heard spoken of before.

In this maner she travailed to Constantinople, where she

inquired out the pallace of the Duke Apolonius, and thinking her selfe now to bee both fit and able to play the serving-man, she presented her selfe to the duke craving his service, the duke very willing to give succour unto strangers, perceiving him to be a proper smogue yong man, gave him entertainment: Silla thought her selfe nowe more than satisfied for all the casualties that had happened unto her in her journey, that shee might at her pleasure take but the view of the Duke Apolonius, and above the rest of his servantes was verie diligent and attendaunt upon him, the which the duke perceiving, beganne likewise to growe into good liking with the diligence of his man, and therefore made him one of his chamber, who but Siluio then was most neare about him, in helping of him to make him readie in a morning in the setting of his ruffles, in the keeping of his chamber, Silvio pleased his maister so wel, that above all the rest of his servantes about him, he had the greatest credit, and the duke put him most in trust.

At this verie instaunt, there was remainyng in the Cittie a noble Dame a widdowe, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the partes of Grecia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great livings. This ladyes name was called Julina, who besides the aboundance of her wealth, and the greatnesse of her revenues, had likewise the soveraigntie of all the dames of Constantinople for her beautie. To this lady Julina, Apolonius became an earnest suter, and according to the manner of wooers, besides faire wordes, sorrowfull sighes, and piteous countenāces, there must be sending of loving letters, chaines, brāceletes, brouches, ringes, tablets, gemmes, juels, and presents I know not what: so my duke, who in the time that he remained in the Ile of Cypres, had no skill at all in the arte of love, although it were more then half profferred unto him, was now become a scholler in loves schoole, and had alreadie learned his first lesson, that is, to speake pittifully, to looke ruthfully, to promise largely, to serve diligently, and to

please carefully: now he was learning his second lesson, that is to reward liberally, to give bountifully, to present willingly, and to write lovingly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his new study, that I warrant you there was no man that could chalenge him for plaiyng the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will: and who must bee the messenger to carrie the tokens and love letters, to the lady Julina, but Siluio his man, in him the duke reposed his only cōfidence, to goe betwene him and his lady.

Now gentlewomen, doe you thinke there could have beene a greater torment devised wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla, then herself to be made the instrument to worke her owne mishap, and to plaic the attorney in a cause, that made so much against herself. But Silla altogether desirous to please her maister, cared nothing at all to offend her selfe, followed his businesse with so good a will as if it had been in her own preferment.

Julina nowe having many times, taken the gaze of this yong youth Siluio, perceiuyng him to bee of such excellent perfect grace, was so intangeled with the often sight of this sweete temptation, that she fell into as great a liking with the man, as the maister was with her selfe: and on a time Silvio beyng sent from his maister, with a message to the lady Julina, as he beganne very earnestly to sollicite in his maisters behalfe, Julina interrupting him in his tale, saied: Silvio it is enough that you have saied for your maister, from henceforth either speake for your self, or say nothing at all. Silla abashed to heare these words, begā in her mind to accuse the blindnes of love, that Julina neglecting the good of so noble a duke, wold preferre her love unto such a one, as nature it selfe had denied to recōpence her liking.

And now for a time, leaving matters depending as you have heard, it fell out that the right Silvio indeede (whom you have heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla,) was come to his fathers courte into y^e Ile of Cypres, where understāding, that his sister was departed, in maner as you have

heard conjectured, that the very occasion did proceede of some liking had betweene Pedro her man (that was missing with her) and her selfe, but Silvio who loved his sister, as dearly as his owne life, and the rather for that she was his naturall sister, both by father and mother, so the one of them was so like the other, in countenance and favour, that there was no man able to descerne the one from the other by their faces, saving by their apparell, the one being a man, the other a woman.

Silvio therefore vowed to his father, not onely to seeke out his sister Silla, but also to revenge the villanie, which he conceived in Pedro, for the carrying away of his sister, and thus departing, having travailed through many citties and townes, without hearing any maner of newes, of those he went to seeke for, at the last he arrived at Constantinople, where as he was walking in an evening for his owne recreation, on a pleasant greene yarde, without the walles of the citie, he fortun'd to meete with the lady Julina, who likewise had been abroad to take the aire, and as she sodainly cast her eyes upon Silvio, thinking him to be her olde acquaintance, by reason they were so like one another, as you have heard before, said unto him, Sir Silvio, if your hast be not the greater, I pray you let me have a little talke with you, seeing I have so luckely met you in this place.

Silvio wondering to heare himselfe so rightly named, being but a stranger, not of above two dayes continuance in the citie, very courteously came towards her, desirous to heare what she would say.

Julina commanding her traine something to stand back, sayd as followeth. Seeing my good will and friendly love, hath beene the onely cause to make me so prodigall to offer, that I see is so lightly rejected, it maketh me to thinke, that men be of this condition, rather to desire those things, which they cannot come by, then to esteeme or value of that, which both largely and liberallie is offered unto them, but if the liberalitie of my proffer, hath made to seeme lesse the value

of the thing that I meant to present, it is but in your owne conceipt, considering how many noble men there hath beene here before, and be yet at this present, which hath both served, sued, and most humbly intreated, to attaine to that, which to you of myselfe, I have freely offered, and I perceive is despised, or at the least very lightly regarded.

Silvio wondering at these wordes, but more amazed that shee could so rightly call him by his name, could not tell what to make of her speeches, assuring himselfe that shee was deceived, and did mistake him, did thinke notwithstanding, it had bene a point of great simplicity, if he should forsake that, which fortune had so favourably proffered unto him, perceiving by her traine, that she was some lady of great honour, and viewing the perfection of her beauty, and the excellency of her grace and countenance, did thinke it impossible that she should be despised, and therefore answered thus.

Madame, if before this time, I have seemed to forget my selfe, in neglecting your courtesie, which so liberally you have meant unto me: please it you to pardon what is past, and from this day forewardes, Silvio remaineth ready prest to make such reasonable amendes as his ability may any waies permit, or as it shall please you to commaund.

Julina the gladdest woman that might bee, to heare these joyfull newes, said: Then my Silvio see you faile not to morrow at night to sup with me at my owne house, where I will discourse farther with you, what amends you shall make me, to which request Silvio gave his glad consent, and thus they departed very well pleased. And as Julina did thinke the time very long, till she had reapt the fruite of her desire: so Silvio he wisht for harvest before corne could growe, thinking the time as long, till hee saw how matters would fall out, but not knowing what lady she might bee, he presently (before Julina was out of sight) demaunded of one that was walking up, what shee was, and how she was called, who satisfied Silvio in every point, and also in what

part of the towne her house did stand, whereby he might inquire it out.

Silvio thus departing to his lodging, passed the night with verie unquiet sleepes, and the next morning his mind ran so much of his supper, that he never cared, neither for his breakfast, nor dinner, and the day to his seeming passed away so slowly, that hee had thought the stately steedes had bin tired, that drawe the chariot of the sunne, or else some other Josua had commaunded them againe to stande, and wished that Phaeton had beene there with a whippe.

Julina on the other side, she had thought the clocke-setter had plaied the knave, the day came no faster forwards, but sixe a clocke being once stricken, recovered comfort to both parties; and Silvio hastening himselfe to the pallace of Julina, where by her he was friendly welcomed, and a sumptuous supper being made readie, furnished with sundrie sorts of delicate dishes, they sate them downe, passing the supper time with amorous lookes, loving countenances, and secret glaunces conveighed from the one to the other, which did better satisfie them, then the feeding of their daintie dishes.

Supper time being thus spent, Julina did thinke it very unfitly, if she should turne Silvio to go seeke his lodging in an evening, desired him therefore, that he would take a bed in her house for the night, and bringing him up into a faire chamber, that was very richly furnished, she found such meanes, that when all the rest of her household servants were a bed and quiet, she came her selfe to beare Silvio companie, where concluding upon conditions, that were in question betweene them, they passed the night with such joy and contentation, as might in that convenient time be wished for, but onely that Julina, feeding too much of some one dish above the rest, received a surfeit, whereof she could not be cured in fortie weekes after, a naturall inclination in all women which are subject to longing, and want the reason to use a moderation in their diet: but the morning approaching,

Julina tooke her leave, and conveighed her selfe into her owne chamber, and when it was faire day light, Silvio making himself readie, departed likewise about his affaires in the towne, debating with himselfe how things had happened, being well assured that Julina had mistaken him, and therefore for feare of further evils, determined to come no more there, but tooke his journey towards other places in the parts of Grecia, to see if he could learne any tidings of his sister Silla.

The Duke Apolonius having made a long sute and never a whit the neerer of his purpose, came to Julina to crave her direct answer, either to accept of him, and of such conditions as he proffered unto her, or els to give him his last farewell.

Julina, as you have heard, had taken an earnest pennie of an other, whom he [she] had thought had beene Silvio the dukes man, was at a controversie in her selfe, what she might doe: one while she thought, seeing her occasion served so fit, to crave the duke's good will, for the marrying of his man, then againe, she could not tell what displeasure the duke would conceive, in that she should seeme to preferre his man before him selfe, did thinke it best therefore to conceale the matter, till she might speake with Silvio, to use his opinion how these matters should be handled, and hereupon resolving her selfe, desiring the duke to pardon her speeches, said as followeth.

Sir Duke, for that from this time forwardes I am no longer of my selfe, having given my full power and authority over to an other, whose wife I now remaine by faithfull vowe and promise: and albeit, I knowe the world will wounder, when they shall understand the fondnesse of my choise, yet I trust you your selfe will nothing dislike with me, sith I have meant no other thing, then the satisfying of mine owne contentation and liking.

The duke hearing these wordes, aunswered: Madam, I must then content my selfe, although against my wil, having

the lawe in your owne hands, to like of whom you list, and to make choise where it pleaseth you.

Julina giving the duke great thankes, that would content himselfe with such pacience, desired him likewise, to give his free consent and good wil, to the partie whom she had chosen to be her husband.

Nay surely madam (quoth the duke) I will never give my consent, that any other man shall enjoy you then my selfe, I have made too great accompt of you, then so lightly to passe you away with my good will: but seeing it lieth not in me to let you, having (as you say) made your owne choise, so from hence forwards I leave you to your owne liking, alwaies willing you well, and thus will take my leave.

The duke departed towards his owne house very sorrowfull, that Julina had thus served him, but in the meane space that the duke had remained in the house of Julina, some of his servantes fell into talke and conference, with the servantes of Julina, where debating betweene them, of the likelihood of the marriage, betweene the duke and the ladie, one of the servants of Julina said: that he never sawe his lady and mistresse, use so good countenance to the duke himselfe, as shee had done to Silvio his man, and beganne to report with what familiarity and courtesie, she had received him, feasted him, and lodged him, and that in his opinion, Silvio was like to speede before the duke or any other that were suters.

This tale was quickly brought to the duke himself, who making better inquiry into the matter, found it to bee true that was reported, and better considering of the words, which Julina had used towards himselfe, was very well assured that it could be no other then his owne man, that had thrust his nose so far out of joynt, wherefore without any further respect, caused him to bee thrust into a dungeon, where he was kept prisoner, in a verie pitifull plight.

Poore Silvio, having got intelligence by some of his fellowes, what was the cause that the duke his maister did

bear such displeasure unto him, devised all the meanes he could, as well by meditation [mediation] by his fellowes, as otherwise by petitions, and supplications to the duke, that he would suspend his judgement, till perfect prooffe were had in the matter, and then if any manner of thing did fall out against him, wherby the duke had cause to take any greefe, he would confesse himselfe worthy not onely of imprisonment, but also of most vile and shamefull death: with these petitions he daieily plied the duke, but all in vaine, for the duke thought hee had made so good prooffe, that he was throughlie confirmed in his opinion against his man.

But the ladie Julina wondering what made Silvio, that he was so slacke in his visitation, and why hee absented himselfe so long from her presence, began to thinke that all was not well, but in the end, perceiving no decoction of her former surfet, received as you have heard, and finding in her selfe, an unwounted swelling in her bellie, assuring her selfe to bee with child, fearing to become quite banckrout of her honour, did thinke it more then time to seeke out a father, and made such secret search, and diligent enquirie, that shee learned the truth how Silvio, was kepte in prison, by the duke his maister, and minding to find a present remedie, as well for the love she bare to Silvio, as for the maintainaunce of her credit and estimation, shee speedily hasted to the pallace of the duke, to whom she saied as followeth.

Sir Duke, it may be that you will thinke my comming to your house in this sorte, doeth something passe the limites of modestie, the which I protest before God, proceedeth of this desire, that the worlde should know, how justly I seeke meanes to maintaine my honour, but to the end I seeme not tedious with prolixitie of words, not to use other then direct circumstaunces, knowe sir, that the love I beare to my onely beloved Silvio, whom I doe esteeme more then all the jewelles in the world, whose personage I regard more then my owne life, is the onely cause of my attempted journey, beseeching you, that all the whole displeasure, which I un-

derstand you have conceived against him, may be imputed unto my charge, and that it would please you lovingly to deale with him, whom of my selfe I have chosen rather for the satisfaction of mine honest liking, then for the vaine preheminences or honourable dignities looked after by ambitious mindes.

The duke having heard this discourse, caused Silvio presently to be sent for, and to be brought before him, to whom he saied: Had it not been sufficient for thee, when I had reposed my selfe in thy fidelitie, and the trustinesse of thy service, that thou shouldest so traiterously deale with me, but since that time hast not spared, still to abuse me with so many forgeries, and perjured protestations, not onely hateful unto me, whose simplicitie thou thinkest to be such that by the plotte of thy pleasant tongue, thou wouldest make mee beleeve a manifest untroth, but most abominable be thy doings in the presence and sight of God, that hast not spared to blasphemc his holy name, by calling him to be a witnesse to maintaine thy leasinges, and so detestably wouldest thou forswearc thy selfe, in a matter that is so openly knowne.

Poore Silvio whose innocencie was such, that he might lawfully sweare, seeing Julina to be there in place, aunswered thus.

Most noble duke, well understanding your conceived greefe, most humbly I beseech you paciently to heare my excuse, not minding thereby to aggravate or heape up your wrath and displeasure, protesting before God, that there is nothing in the world, which I regarde so much, or doe esteeme so deare, as your good grace and favour, but desirous that your grace should know my innocencie, and to cleare my selfe of such impositions, wherewith I knowe I am wrongtully accused, which as I understand should be in the practising of the lady Julina, who standeth here in place, whose acquitaunce for my better discharge, now I most humbly crave, protesting before the almightie God, that neither in thought, word, nor deede, I have not otherwise used my selfe,

then according to the bonde and duetie of a servant, that is both willing and desirous, to further his maisters sutes, which if I have otherwise sayed then that is true, you madame Julina, who can verie wel decide the depthes of all this doubt, I most humbly beseech you to certifie a troth, if I have in any thing missaid, or have otherwise spoken then is right and just.

Julina having heard this discourse which Silvio had made, perceivynge that he stood in great awe of the dukes displeasure, answered thus: Thinke not my Silvio that my comming hither is to accuse you of any misdemeanour towards your maister, so I doe not deny, but in all such imballances wherein towards me you have been employed, you have used the office of a faithfull and trustie messenger, neither am I ashamed to confesse, that the first daie that mine eyes did behold, the singular behaviour, the notable curtesie, and other innumerable giftes wherewith my Silvio is endued, but that beyond al measure my heart was so inflamed, that impossible it was for me, to quench the fervent love, or extinguish the least part of my conceived torment, before I had bewraied the same unto him, and of my owne motion, craved his promised faith and loialty of marriage, and now is the time to manifest the same unto the world, which hath been done before God, and betweene our selves: knowing that it is not needefull, to keepe secret that, which is neither evill done, nor hurtfull to any persone, therefore (as I said before) Silvio is my husband by plighted faith, whō I hope to obtaine without offence, or displeasure of any one, trusting that there is no man, that will so farre forget himselfe, as to restraîne that, which God hath left at libertie for every wight, or that will seeke by crueltie, to force ladies to marrie otherwise, then according to their owne likynge. Feare not then my Silvio to keepe your faith and promise, which you have made unto me, and as for the rest: I doubt not thinges will so fall out, as you shall have no maner of cause to complaine.

Silvio amased to heare these wordes, for that Julina by

her speech, seemed to confirme that, which he most of all desired to bee quite of, saied : Who would have thought that a ladie of so great honour and reputation, would her selfe bee the embassadour, of a thing so prejudiciall, and uncomely for her estate, what plighted promises be these which bee spoken of: altogether ignoraunt unto me, which if it be otherwise than I have saied, you sacred gods consume me straight with flashing flames of fire. But what wordes might I use to give credit to the truth, and innocencie of my cause ? Ah madame Julina I desire no other testimonie, then your owne honestye and vertue thinking that you wil not so much blemish the brightnesse of your honour, knowing that a woman is or should be, the image of curtesie, continencie, and shamfastnesse, from the which so soone as she stoopeth, and leaveth the office of her ductie and modesty, besides the degraduation of her honour, she thrusteth her selfe into the pit of perpetual infamy, and as I can not think you would so farre forget your selfe, by the refusall of a noble duke, to dimme the light of your renowne and glorie, which hitherto you have maintained, amongst the best and noblest ladies, by such a one as I knowe my selfe to be, too farre unworthie your degree and callyng, so most humbly I beseech you to confesse a troth, whereto tendeth those vowes and promises you speake of, which speeches bee so obscure unto me, as I know not for my life howe I might understand them.

Julina something nipped with these speeches, saied, and what is the matter that now you make so little account of your Julina, that beeing my husband indeed, have the face to denie me, to whom thou art contracted by so many solemne othes : what art thou ashamed to have me to thy wife ? how much oughtest thou rather to be ashamed to breake thy promised faith, and to have despised the holie and dreadfull name of God, but that time constraineth me to lay open that, which shame rather willeth I should dissemble and keepe secret, behold me then here Silvio whom thou hast gotten with childe, who if thou bee of such honestie, as I trust

for all this I shall finde, then the thing is done without prejudice, or any hurt to my conscience, considering that by the professed faith, thou didest account mee for thy wife, and I received thee for my spouse and loyall husband, swearing by the almightie God, that no other then you have made the conquest and triumph of my chastitie, whereof I crave no other witness then your selfe, and mine owne conscience.

I praise you gentlewomen, was not this a foule oversight of Julina, that would so precisely swear so great an oth, that she was gotten with child by one, that was altogether unfurnisht with implementes for such a tourne. For Gods love take heede, and let this be an example to you, when you be with child, how you swear who is the father, before you have had good prooffe and knowledge of the partie, for men be so subtile, and full of sleight, that God knoweth a woman may quickly be deceived.

But now to returne to our Silvio, who hearing an othe sworne so divinely that he had gotten a woman with child, was like to believe that it had bin true in very deede, but remembering his owne impediment, thought it impossible that he should committe such an acte, and therefore halfe in a chafe, hee saied. What lawe is able to restraîne the foolish indiscretion of a woman, that yeeldeth herselfe to her owne desires, what shame is able to bridle or withdrawe her from her mind and madnesse, or with what snaffell is it possible to holde her back, from the execution of her filthinesse, but what abomination is this, that a lady of such a house should so forget the greatnesse of her estate, the alliance whercof she is descended, the nobility of her deceased husband, and maketh no conscience to shame and slander herselfe, with such a one as I am, being so far unfit and unseemely for her degree, but how horrible it is to heare the name of God so defaced, that we make no more account, but for the maintainance of our mischiefs, we feare no whit at all to forswear his holy name, as though he were not in all his dealings most righteous true and just, and will not onely

lay open our leasings to the worlde, but will likewise punish the same with sharpe and bitter scourges.

Julina not able to indure him to proceede any further in his sermon, was alreadie surprised with a vehement grieffe, began bitterly to cry out, uttering these speeches following.

Alas, is it possible that the soveraigne justice of God, can abide a mischiefe so great and cursed, why may I not now suffer death, rather then the infamy which I see to wander before mine eies. Oh happy and more then right-happy had I bin, if inconstant fortune had not devised this treason, wherein I am surprised and caught, am I thus become to be intangled with snares, and in the handes of him, who injoying the spoiles of my honour, will openly deprive mee of my fame, by making mee a common fable to all posterity in time to come, ah traitour and discourteous wretch, is this the recompence of the honest and firme amity which I have borne thee, wherein I have deserved this discourtesie, by loving thee more then thou art able to deserve, is it I, arrant theefe is it I, upon whom thou thinkest to worke thy mischiefs, doest thou thinke me no better worth, but that thou maiest prodigally wast my honour at thy pleasure, didest thou dare to adventure upon me, having thy conscience wounded with so deadly a treason: ah unhappy and above all other most unhappy, that have so charely preserved mine honour, and now am made a prey to satisfie a yong mans lust, that hath coveted nothing but the spoile of my chastity and good name.

Herewithall the teares so gushed downe her cheekes, that she was not able to open her mouth to use any further speech.

The duke who stooode by all this while, and heard this whole discourse, was wonderfully moved with compassiō towards Julina, knowing that from her infancie she had ever so honourably used her selfe, that there was no man able to detect her of any misdemeanour, otherwise then beseemed a lady of her estate, wherefore being fully resolved that Silvio

his man had committed this villanie against her, in a great furie drawing his rapier, he said unto Silvio.

How canst thou (arrant theefe) shew thy selfe so cruell and carelesse to such as doe thee honour, hast thou so little regard of such a noble lady, as humbleth her selfe to such a villaine as thou art, who without any respect either of her renowne or noble estate, canst be content to seeke the wracke and utter ruine of her honour, but frame thy selfe to make such satisfaction as she requireth, although I know unworthy wretch, that thou art not able to make her the least part of amends, or I sweare by God, that thou shalt not escape the death which I will minister to thee with mine owne hands, and therefore advise thee well what thou dooest.

Silvio having heard this sharpe sentence, fell downe on his knees before the duke craving for mercie, desiring that he might be suffered to speake with the lady Julina apart, promising to satisfie her according to her owne contentation.

Well (quoth the duke) I take thy worde, and there withall I advise thee that thou performe thy promise, or otherwise I protest before God, I will make thee such an example to the world, that all traitours shall tremble for feare, how they doe seeke the dishonouring of ladies. •

But now Julina had conceived so great griefe against Silvio, that there was much adoe, to perswade her to talke with him, but remembring her owne case, desirous to heare what excuse he could make, in the end she agreed, and being brought into a place severallie by themselves, Silvio began with a pitious voyce to say as followeth.

I know not madam, of whom I might make complaint, whether of you or of my selfe, or rather of fortune, which hath conducted and brought us both into so great adversitie, I see that you receive great wrong, and I am condemned against all right, you in perill to abide the bruite of spightfull tongues, and I in danger to loose the thing that I most desire; and although I could alledge many reasons to proove

my sayings true, yet I referre my selfe to the experience and bountie of your minde. And here with all loosing his garments downe to his stomacke, and shewed Julina his breasts and pretie teates, surmounting farre the whitenesse of snow it selfe, saying: Loe madam, beholde here the party whom who have chalenged to be the father of your childe, see I am a woman the daughter of a noble duke, who onely for the love of him, whom you so lightly have spoken of, have forsaken my father, abandoned my countrey, and in manner as you see am become a serving nian, satisfying my selfe, but with the onely sight of my Apolonius, and now madam, if my passion were not vehement, and my tormentes without comparison, I would wish that my fained griefes might be laughed to scorne, and my dissembled paines to bee rewarded with floutes. But my love beeing pure, my travaile continuall, and my griefes endlesse, I trust madam you wil not only excuse me of crime, but also pittie my distresse, the which I protest I would stil have kept secret, if my fortune would so have permitted.

Julina did now thinke her selfe to be in a worse case then ever she was before, for now she knew not whom to challenge to be the father of her child, wherefore, when she had told the duke the verie certaintye of the discourse, which Silvio had made unto her, shee departed to her owne house, with such grieve and sorrowe, that she purposed never to come out of her owne doores againe alive, to be a wonder and mocking stocke to the world.

But the duke more amazed, to heare this straunge discourse of Silvio came unto him, whom when he had viewed with better consideration, perceived in deede that it was Silla, the daughter of Duke Pontus, and imbracing her in his armes, he said

Oh the branche of al vertue and the flowre of curtesie it selfe, pardon me I beseech you of all such discourtesies, as I have ignorantly committed towards you: desiring you that without farther memorie of auncient griefes, you will accept

of me, who is more joyfull and better contented with your presence, then if the whole world were at my commaundement. Where hath there ever bin founde such liberality in a lover, which having beene trained up and nourished amongst the delicacies and banquets of the court, accompanied with traines of many faire and noble ladies living in pleasure, and in the midst of delights, would so prodigally adventure your selfe, neither fearing mishaps, nor misliking to take such pains, as I knowe you have not bin accustomed unto. O liberality never heard of before! O fact that can never be sufficiently rewarded! O true love most pure and unfained: heere with all sending for the most artificiall workemen, he provided for her sondry suites of sumptuous apparell, and the marriage day appointed, which was celebrated with great triumph through the whole citty of Constantinople, every one praising the noblenesse of the duke, but so many as did behold the excellent beauty of Silla, gave her the praise above all the rest of the ladies in the troupe.

The matter seemed so wonderfull and straunge that the bruite was spread throughout al the parts of Grecia, in so much that it came to the hearing of Silvio, who as you have heard, remained in those parts to enquire of his sister, he being the gladdest man in the world, hasted to Constantinople, where comming to his sister he was joyfully received, and most lovingly welcomed, and intertained of the duke, his brother in law. After he had remained there two or three daies, the duke revealed unto Silvio, the whole discourse how it happened, betweene his sister and the lady Julina, and how his sister was chalenged, for getting a woman with child: Silvio blushing with these wordes, was stricken with great remorse to make Julina amends; understanding her to bee a noble lady, and was left defamed to the world through his default, hee therefore bewraied the whole circumstance to the duke, whereof the duke beeing very joyfull, immediately repaired with Silvio to the house of Julina, whom they found in her chamber, in great lamentation and mourning. To whom the

duke saide, take courage madam for behold here a gentleman, that wil not sticke, both to father your child and to take you for his wife, no inferiour person, but the sonne and heyre of a noble duke, worthy of your estate and dignity.

Julina seeing Silvio in place, did know very well that he was the father of her childe, and was so ravished with joy, that she knew not whether she were awake, or in some dreame. Silvio imbracing her in his armes, craving forgiveness of all that was past: concluded with her the marriage day, which was presently accomplished with great joy and contentation to all parties: and thus Silvio having attained a noble wife, and Silla his sister her desired husband, they passed the residue of their daies with such delight, as those that have accomplished the perfections of their felicities.

FINIS

THE HISTORY

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA,

CLOSELY RESEMBLING THE PLOT OF

SHAKESPEARE'S MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Reprinted from

"WHETSTONE'S HEPTAMERON OF CIVIL DISCOURSES," 1582.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE can, we think, be no doubt that Shakespeare took nearly the whole plot of his "Measure for Measure" from the "Promos and Cassandra," a drama in two parts, written by George Whetstone, and printed in 1578, 4to. Whether the latter was ever acted is uncertain; but we know that it had not been brought out in the interval between 1578 and 1582, because, in 1582 the author himself informs us that it had "never yet been presented upon the stage." The fact is, that as he wrote and printed it in 1578, it was not by any means well adapted to theatrical performance; and in 1582 he converted it into a narrative, and included it in a work which he called "The Heptameron of Civil Discourses." This narrative, not hitherto reprinted, is what we have published; and those who compare it with the two parts of the "History of Promos and Cassandra," included by Steevens in his "Six Old Plays," 8vo, 1779, will find that, in ten pages, it comprises all the incidents which, in the plays, are extended over as many acts. From whence Whetstone derived his materials for either we are without any information from himself, but we need not hesitate in believing that he obtained the story from the *Hecatommythi* of Giraldi Cinthio (Nov. 5, Decad. VIII), which bears the following title, in the Monte-Regale edition of 1565:—"Juriste [Angelo in Shakespeare] e mandato da Massimiano, Imperadore, in Ispruchi, ove fà prendere un giovane [Claudio] violatore di una vergine [Juliet] e con-

INTRODUCTION.

dannalo à morte: la Sorella [Isabella] cerca di liberarlo: Juriste dà speranza alla donna di pigliarla per moglie, e di darle libero il fratello: ella con lui si giace, e la notte istessa Juriste fà tagliar al giovane la testa, e la manda alla Sorella. Ella ne fà querela all' Imperadore, il quale fà sposare ad Juriste la donna; poscia lo fà dare ad essere ucciso: la donna lo libera, e con lui si vive amorevolissimamente." These incidents are followed very closely by Whetstone; but Shakespeare, with his usual superiority of judgment, varies from them, and substitutes Mariana for Isabella in the deception practised upon Angelo, and marries Isabella to the Duke, who was more worthy of her. Shakespeare also changes the scene from Inspruck, as it stands in the novel by Cinthio, to Vienna. Whetstone, in his play of "Promos and Cassandra," and in his "Heptameron," represented the events to have occurred at Julio, in Hungary.

THE RARE HISTORIE
OF
PROMOS AND CASSANDRA,

Reported by Madam ISABELLA.

AT what time Corvinus, the scourge of the Turkes, rayned as kinge of Bohemia, for to well governe the free cities of his realme, hee sent divers worthy majestrates. Among the rest, he gave the Lorde Promos the lieutenantsship of Julio; who in the beginning of his government, purged the cittie of many ancient vices, and severely punished new offenders.

This historie for rarenes therof, is lively set out in a comedie, by the Reporter of the whole worke, but yet never presented upon stage.

In this cittie, there was an olde custome (by the suffering of some majestrates, growne out of use) that what man so ever comitted adulterie, should lose his head; and the woman offender should ever after be infamously noted, by the wearing of some disguised apparrell: for the man was helde to bee the greatest offender, and therefore had the severest punishment.

A hard lawe for incontinent persons.

Lorde Promos, with a rough execution, revived this statute, and in the hiest degree of injurie brake it hymselfe, as shall appeare by the sequell of Andrugioes adventures.

This Andrugio, by the yeelding favour of fayre Polina, trespassed against this ordinaunce, who through envie was accused, and by Lorde Promos condemned to suffer execution.

The wofull Cassandra, Andrugioes sister, prostrates her selfe at Lorde Promos feete, and with more teares then wordes thus pleaded for her brothers lyfe.

Most noble Lorde, and worthy judge, vouchsafe, mee the favour to speake, whose case is so desperate, as unlesse you

Lawe adjudg-
eth, by the
generall of-
fence.

Justice, is
more renown-
ed by lenitie,
then severi-
tie.

A good cause
to move
pitty.

Love favour-
eth no degree.

Princes pre-
rogative, are
above lawe.

The true in-
tent of the
lawe.

beholde mee with the eyes of mercie, the frayle trespasse of condemned Andrugio, my brother, will bee the death of sorrowfull Cassandra, his innocent sister. I wil not presume to excuse his offence, or reproche the lawe of rigor; for in the generall construction, hee hath done most evill, and the law hath judged but what is right: but (reverent judge,) pardon the necessitie maketh mee here tel, that your wisdom already knoweth. The most soveraigne justice is crowned with laurell, although shee bee gyrt with a sword, and this priveledge shee giveth unto her administrators; that they shall mitigate the severetie of the law, according to the qualityty of the offence. Then, that Justice bee not robbed of her gracious pittie, listen good Lorde Promos, to the nature of my brothers offence, and his able meanes to repayre the injurie. Hee hath defyled, no nuptiall bed, the stayne wherof dishonoureth the guyltesse husband: hee hath committed no violent rape, in which act the injured mayde can have no amends. But with yeelding consent of his mistresse Andrugio hath onely sinned through love, and never ment but with marriage to make amendes.

I humbly beseeche you to accept his satisfaction, and by this example you shall be as much beloved for your clemencye, as feared for your severitie. Andrugio shalbe well warned, and hee with his sister, wofull Cassandra, shall ever remayne, your Lordships true servantes.

Promos eares were not so attentive to heare Cassandras ruethful tale, as his eyes were settled to regarde her excellent beautie. And Love, that was the appointed headsman of Andrugio, became now the soveraigne of his judges thought. But because he would seeme to bridle his passions, he answered: fayre damsell, have patience, you importune me with an impossybylytie: he is condemned by lawe, then without injurie to lawe, he can not be saved.

Princes and their deputies prerogatives (quoth she) are above the lawe. Besides, lawe, truelic construed, is but the amends of injurie; and where, the faulte may bee valued,

and amendes had, the breache of lawe is sufficiently repayed.

Quoth Lorde Promos: your passions mooveth more then your proofes, and for your sake I wyll reprove Andrugio, and studie how to do you ease without apparant breache of lawe.

A good turne upon an evyl cause.

Cassandra, recomforted, with humble thankes receyved his favoure, and in great haste goeth too participate this hope with her dying brother: but oh, that authorytie, should have power, to make the vertuous to doo amisse, as well as throughe correction to enforce the vicious to fall unto goodnesse.

Authorytie, in evyl magistrates, is a counge unto the good.

Promos is a witnes of this priviledge, who not able to subdue his incontinent love, and (withal) resolved that Cassandra would never be overcome with fayre wordes, large promises, or riche rewardes, demaunded the spoyle of her virginite for raunsome of her brothers lybertie.

A monstrous request.

Cassandra ymagyned at the first, that Lorde Promos used this speache but to trie her behaviour, answered hym so wisely, as, if he had not ben the ryvall of vertue, he could not but have suppressed his lewde affection, and have subscribed to her just petition: but to leave circumstaunces, Promos was fiered with a vicious desyre, which must be quenched with Cassandraes yeldyng love, or Andrugio must dye.

Unless they be reprobate, good examples, may reforme the wicked.

Cassandra, inooved with a chaste disdayne, departed with the resolution, rather to dye her selfe, then to stayne her honour; and with this heavie newes, greeted her condemned brother. Poore man, alas, what should he do! Life was sweete; but to be redeemed with his sisters infamie could not but be alwayes unsaverie.

To perswade her to consente was unnaturall: too yealde to death was more greevous.

To choose the leaste of these evylles was difficult: to studie long was daungerous.

A hard choice of two evils.

Fayne would he lyve, but shame cloased his mouth when he attempted to perswade his sister.

But necessity, that maistereth both shame and feare, brake a passadge for his inprysoned intent.

The force of necessity.
 Sweete Cassandra, (quoth he) that men love is usuall, but to subduc affection is impossyble; and so thornie are the motions of incontinent desire, as to finde ease the tongue is only occupied to perswade. The purse is ever open to entice, and wheare neither words nor giftes can corrupt (with the mightie) force shall constrayne, or dispight, avenge. That The force of love. Promos do love is but just: thy beautie commaundes hym; that Promos be refused is more just, because consent is thy shame.

Thou maiste refuse and lyve; but he beyng rejected, I die: for wantyng his wyll in thee he wyll wreake his teene on mee.

This is my hard estate: my lyfe lieth in thy infamie, and thy honour in my death. Which of these evylls be leaste I leave for thee to judge.

A hard fortune. The wofull Cassandra answered, that death was the leaste; whose darte we can not shunne, when honour, in deathes dispight, outlyveth tyme.

Death is to be preferred, before dishonorable lyfe. It is true (quoth Andrugio), but thy trespasse, wyll be in the leaste degree of blame; for in forced faultes justice sayth there is no intent of evyll.

The venomous nature of envy. Oh Andrugio, (quoth she), intent is now adayes lytle considered: thou art not condemned by the intent, but by the strickt worde of the law: so shall my crime bee reproched, and the forced cause passe unexcused; and such is the venome of envye. one evill deede shall disgrace ten good turnes, and in this yeelding, so shall I be valued: envye, disdaine, spight, mallice, sclaunder, and many moe furies will endeavour to shame mee, and the meanest vertue wyll blush to help to support my honour; so that I see no lybertie for thee but death, nor no ease for mee but to hasten my ende.

The vertuous are assured of many enemies, and uncertaine of their friends.

O yes (quoth Andrugio), for if this offence be known thy fame will bee enlarged, because it will lykewise bee

knowne, that thou receavedst dishonor to give thy brother lyfe : if it be secreat, thy conscience wyl be without scruple of guiltinesse. Thus, knowne, or unknowne, thou shalt be deflowred, but not dishonested, and for amends wee both shall lyve.

A cause that may excuse the breach of honour.

This further hope remaineth ; that as the gilliflower both pleaseth the eye and feedeth the sence, even so the vertue of thy chast behaviour may so grace thy bewty, as Promos filthie lust may bee turned into faithfull love, and so move him to salve thy honour in making thee hys wife, or for conscience forbear to doe so heynous an injurie.

A faint hope.

Soveraigne maddame, and you faire gentlewomen, (quoth Isabella) I intreate you in Cassandras behalfe, these reasons well wayed, to judge her yeelding a constrainte, and no consent ; who, werie of her owne life, and tender over her brothers, with the teares of her lovely eyes bathed his cheekes, with this comfortable sentence.

Lyve Andrugio, and make much of this kisse, which breatheth my honour into thy bowels, and draweth the infamie of thy first trespasse into my bosome.

Alovyng kys

The sharpe incounters betweene life and death so occupied Andrugios senses, that his tongue had not the vertue to bid her fare well. To greeve you with the hearing of Cassandras secrete plaints were an injurie, vertuous ladies, for they concluded with their good fortune, and everlasting fame ; but for that her offence grew neyther of frayltie, free wyl, or any motion of a woman, but by the meere inforcement of a man, because she would not staine the modest weedes of her kynde, shee attired her selfe in the habit of a page, and with the bashfull grace [of] a pure virgin, shee presented wicked Promos Andrugioes precious ransome.

A good consideration in Cassandra.

This devill, in humaine shape, more vicious then Hyliogabalus of Rome, and withall, as cruell as Denis of Sicyll, receaved this juell with a thousande protestations of favour. But what should I say ! in the begiunnyng of his love Promos was metamorphosed into Priapus : and of a feende what may

A damnable offence.

we expect, but vengeance heaped upon villany! And therefore, let it not seeme straunge, that after this helhound had dishonoured Cassandra, hee sent his warrant to the gayler pryvely to execute Andrugio, and, with his head crowned with these two breefes, in Promos name to present Cassandra:

A villanous
ingratitude.

Fayre Cassandra, as Promos promist thee,
From pryson loe, he sendes thy brother free.

An especial
providence of
God.

This was his charge, whose cursed wyll had ben executed had net God, by an especiall providence, at the howre of his death possessed Andrugio with the vertues of the two brave Romanes, Marcus Crassus, and Marius, the one of whiche by the force of his tongue, and the other by the motions of his eyes caused the axe to fall out of the headsmans hand, and mollyfyed his cruell mynde.

A signe of an
honourable
nature

With lyke compassion the gayler (in hearinge Andrugios hard adventure) left his resolution; and uppon a solempne othe, to live unknowne, yea, to his deare sister, he gave him life, and in the dead of the night, betooke him to God, and to good fortune: which done, this good gayler tooke the head of a yonge man newe executed, who somewhat resembled Andrugio, and according to lewde Promos commaundement made a present thereof to Cassandra. How unwelcome this present was, the testimonie of her former sorowes somewhat discover; but to give her present passion a true grace were the taske of Prometheus, or such a one as hath had experience of the anguishes of hell.

An unwe-
elcome present.

O! quoth shee, sweete Andrugio, whether shall I firste lament thy death, exclaime of Promos injurie, or bemoine my owne estate, deprived of honour? and which is worse, cannot die but by the violence of my owne hands. Alas the least of these greefes, are to heavic a burden for a man, then all, joynd in one poore womans heart, can not be eased but by death; and to be avenged of injurious fortune, I wil forthwith cut my fillet of life. But so shall Promos lewdnesse

escape unpunished : what remedie ! I am not of power to revenge : to complayne, I expresse my owne infamie, but withal proclaime his vilanie : and to heare his lewdnes re- proved woulde take away the bitterness of my death. I will goe unto the king, who is just and mercifull : hee shall heare the ruthfull events of Promos tyrannie ; and to give him example of vengeance, I will scale my complaints with my dearest blood.

Continuing this determination, Cassandra buried her imagined brothers heade, and with speed jorneyed unto king Corvinus court ; before whose presence when shee arrived, her mourninge attyre, but especially her modest countenance, moved him to beholde her with an especiall regarde.

Cassandra (uppon the graunt of audience) with her eyes overcharged with teares, reported the alreadie discoursed accidents, with suche an appaurance of greefe, as the king and his attendants were astonied to heare her ; and sure had shee not been happily prevented, shee had concluded her determination with chast Lucretias destiny. The king comforted her with many gracious words, and promised to take such order, that (although he could not be revived) her brothers death should fully be revenged, and her crased honour repayed without blemish of her former reputation.

Cassandra, upon these comfortable wordes, a lytell succoured her afflicted hart, and with patience attended the justice of the king ; who with a chosen companie made a progresse to Julio, and entred the town with a semblaunce of great favour towardes Promos, by that colour to learne what other corrupte majestates ruled in the cittie : for well he knewe, that byrdes of a feather would flie together, and wicked men would joyne in affection to boulster each others evil.

After this gracious king had by heedfull intelligence understoode the factions of the people, unlooked for of the magistrates, he caused a proclamation to be published, in which was a clause, that if anie person coulde charge anie magis-

^A mischief well prevented.

^A noble favour.

^A necessarie pollye.

^A Royal grace.

trate or officer with anie notable or haynous offence, treason, murder, rape, sedition, or with any such notorious crime, where they were the judges of the multitude, hee woulde himselfe bee the judge of them, and doe justice unto the meanest.

clamors
e poore,
he con-
es of
ch, lyke Uppon this proclamation it was a hell to heare the exclamations of the poore, and the festered consciences of the rich appeared as lothsome as the river of Stix.

Among manie that complayned, and received judgement of comfort, Cassandras processe was presented, who, lead betweene sorrow and shame, accused Promos to his face.

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dantes
ssandra. The evidence was so playne, as the horror of a guiltie conscience reaved Promos of all motions of excuse; so that holding up his hande among the worst degrec of theeves, the litle hope that was leaft moved him to confesse the crime, and with repentance to sue for mercy.

unusual
for a
p. O! (quoth the king) such espetial mercy were tyrannie to a common wealth. No, Promos no: Hoc facias alteri, quod tibi vis fieri: you shall be measured with the grace you betowed on Andrugio.

necessarie
rde in a
se. O God! (quoth hee) if men durst bark as dogges, manie a judge in the world would be bewrayed for a theefe. It behoveth a Prince to know to whom he committeth authoritie, least the sword of justice, appointed to chasten the lewde, wound the good; and where good subjects are wronged, evill officers receive the benefit, and their soveraignes beareth the blame.

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l officers
rtion. Well, wicked Promos, to scourge thy impious offences, I heere give sentence, that thou foorthwith marry Cassandra, to repayre her honour by thee violated, and that the next day thou lose thy head, to make satisfaction for her brothers death.

ust judge-
it. This just judgement of the good kinge in the first point was foorthwith executed; but sacred is the authoritie, that the vertues of the good are a sheelde unto the lewde: so the good sweete Cassandra, who (simply) by vertue overcame the

The good
steet the
de.

spight of fortune, in this marriage was charged with a new assault of sorrow, and preferring the dutie of a wife before the naturall zeale of a sister, where she before prosecuted the revenge of her brothers death, shee now was an humble suter to the kinge for her husbands lyfe.

The dutie of a wyfe, truly shewen.

The gracious kinge sought to appease her with good words, but hee could not do her this private favour without injurie unto the publyke weale; for though (quoth he) your sute be just, and the bounden dutie of a wife, yet I in fulfilling the same should do unjustly, and (generally) injure my subjects: and therefore, good gentlewoman, have patience, and no doubt vertue in the ende will give you power over all your afflictions.

The common weale, is to be regarded before private favour.

There was no remedie: Cassandra must departe out of hope to obtayne her sute; but as the experience, is in dayly use, the dooinges of princes past through the world on Pegasus backe, and as theyr actions are good or badde, so is their fame. With the lyke speede the kynges justice, and Promos execution was spred abroad, and by the tonge of a clowne was blowen into Andrugioes cares, who tyll then lyved lyke an outlawe in the desert wooddes.

Sive bonum, sine malum, fama est.

But upon these newes, covertly in the habyt of an hermyt, by the divine motion of the sowle who directes us in thinges that be good, and the flesshe in actions of evyll, Andrugio goes to see the death of his capitall enemye; but on the other parte regarding the sorrow of his sister, he wisshed him lyfe as a friende.

Good motions, proceede from the soule, and evyll from the flesh.

To conclude, as well to geve terrour to the lewde, as comfort to his good subjectes, the kyng (personallie) came to see the execution of Promos; who, garded with officers, and strengthened with the comfortable perswasions of his ghostly fathers, among whom Andrugio was, meekely offered his lyfe as a satisfaction for his offences, which were many more then the lawe tooke knowledge of: and yet, to say the trueth, suche was his repentance, as the multitude did both forgeve and pittie him; yea, the king wondred that his lyfe was go-

A gratefull parte.

verned with no more vertue, considering the grace he showed at his death.

Andrugio behouldyng this ruethfull spectackle was so overcome with love towardes his sister, as to give her comfort he franckly consented anew to emperill his own life; and followinge this resolution, in his hermyts weede, upon his knees he humblye desired the kinge too give hym leave to speake. The kyng (gratiously) graunted hym audience. Wherupon (quoth he), regarded soveraigne, if lawe may (possibly) be satisfied, Promos true repentance meriteth pardon.

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er sa
on. Good father (quoth the king) he can not live, and the lawe satisfied, unlesse (by miracle) Andrugio be revived.

Then (quoth the hermyt) if Andrugio lyve, the law is satisfied, and Promos discharged.

I (quoth the king,) if your praier can revive the one, my mercie shall acquite the other.

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e to
word. I humbly thanke your Majestie (quoth Andrugio); and discoveryng himselfe, shewed the providence of God and the meane of his escape: and tendrynge his sisters comfort above his owne safetie, hee prostrated him selfe at his Majesties feete, humblye to obay the sentence of his pleasure. The kinge uppon the reporte of this straunge adventure, after good deliberation, pardoned Promos, to keepe his worde, and withall, houldyng an opinyon that it was more benefitall for the citizens, to be ruled by their olde evell governour, new reformed, then to adventure uppon a newe, whose behaviours were unknowne, and to perfect Cassandras joye, he pardoned her brother Andrugio, with condition, that he should marrie Polina. Thus, from betweene the teethe of daunger every partie was preserved, and in the ende establyshed in their hartes desire.

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THE NOVELS AND STORIES

WHICH MAY HAVE SERVED AS THE FOUNDATION OF

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY,

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of "The Merchant of Venice," as regards the penalty of flesh for the non-payment of money at a stipulated time, is unquestionably of oriental origin. It was, however, written in Italian, by Giovanni Fiorentino, as early as 1378, although not printed until nearly two centuries afterwards. Whether it had previously found a place in the *Gesta Romanorum* may be a question of difficult solution, but we certainly trace it there at a very early date. It has recently been printed by Mr. Wright, in his "Latin Stories of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries," which he compiled for the Percy Society, and which includes many other interesting and highly curious early narratives illustrative of our ancient literature. It is there entitled (p. 114) *De Milite conventionem faciente cum Mercatore*; but the merchant is not represented as a Jew, and the contract is, "conventio talis erit, quod mihi cartam unam de sanguine tuo facias, quod si diem inter nos non tenueris assignatam, libere habeam sine conditione omnes carnes tui corporis evellere cum gladio acuto." In the novel in *Il Pecorone* of Giovanni Fiorentino, the lender of the money (under very similar circumstances, and the wants of the Christian borrower arising out of nearly the same events) is a Jew, and there also we have the

. "equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me."

The words in the Italian are, "che 'l Giudeo gli potesse levare una libra di carne d'addosso di qualunque luogo e' volesse," which are so nearly like those of Shakespeare, as to lead us to believe that he followed here some literal transla-

INTRODUCTION.

tion of the novel in *Il Pecorone*. None such has, however, reached our time, and the version we have printed at the foot of the Italian was made and published in 1755.

The translation which we may suppose to have existed in the time of Shakespeare was not the occasion of the "Declamation," as it is called, in the work entitled "The Orator," printed in 1598, because that was "englished" from the French of Silvayn, by Anthony Munday, under the assumed name of Lazarus Piot. We know that Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" was written before 1598, because in that year it is mentioned by Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia* 1598; and the "Declamation," with "The Christian's Answer," as given by Munday, does not seem to refer to the same incidents as those in the play, because we are told that "the ordinary judge of the place appointed him (the Jew) to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh; and if he cut either more or less, then his own head should be smitten off." Nothing is here hinted at of the intervention of Portia, nor is any thing said of the consequences of shedding "one drop of Christian blood."

It seems at least a plausible supposition that "The Merchant of Venice" had been preceded by some drama upon similar incidents; for in his "School of Abuse," 1579 (Shakespeare Society's reprint, p. 30) Stephen Gosson especially praises a play called "The Jew," which, he adds, "represented the greediness of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers."

The words "the greediness of worldly chusers" lead us to notice the final portion of our present publication, for they seem to refer to that part of the plot of "The Merchant of Venice" which relates to the choice of the caskets. The work known as the *Gesta Romanorum* is here again resorted to; and as certain portions of it had been translated and published as early as 1577, by Robinson, we have reprinted what relates to the selection of one out of three caskets by a young princess. The connecting link between this story and Shakespeare's play is the description of the caskets themselves,

INTRODUCTION.

and of the inscriptions upon them, which closely resemble those given in "The Merchant of Venice." Tyrwhitt was of opinion that Shakespeare "followed some unknown novelist, who saved him the trouble of working the two stories into one." Such may have been the fact; but it is also not at all impossible, and Gosson seems to hint as much, that in the old play of "The Jew," which had been "shown at the Bull" before 1579, the incidents regarding the pound of flesh and the three caskets were united.

NOVELS, &c.

MORE OR LESS RESEMBLING

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE ADVENTURES OF GIANNETTO.

[From the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino.]

EGLI ebbe in Firenze in casa gli Scali un mercatante, il quale ebbe nome Bindo; il quale era stato più volte e alla Tana e in Alessandria, e in tutti que' gran viaggi che si fanno con le mercatanzie. Era questo Bindo assai ricco, e aveva tre figliuoli maschi grandi; e venendo a morte, chiamò il maggior e 'l mezzano, e fece in lor presenza testamento, e lasciò lor due eredi di ciò ch' egli aveva al mondo, e al minore non lasciò niente. Fatto ch' egli ebbe testamento, il figliuol minore, che aveva nome Giannetto, sentendo questo, andò a trovarlo al letto e gli disse: Padre mio, io mi maraviglio forte di quello che voi avete fatto, a non esservi ricordato di me in su 'l testamento. Rispose il padre: Giannetto mio, e' non è creatura, a cui voglia meglio che a te, e però io non voglio che dopo la morte mia tu stia qui, anzi voglio, con' io son morto, che tu te ne vada a Vinegia a un tuo santolo, che ha nome messere Ansaldo, il quale non ha figliuolo

THERE lived at Florence, in the house of the Scali, a merchant whose name was Bindo, who had been several times at Tana, and at Alexandria, and had made the other long voyages usually made by the merchants. This Bindo was rich, and had three sons grown to man's estate. He being near his end, called for the two eldest, and in their presence made his will, and left these two heirs of every thing he had in the world: to the youngest he left nothing. The will being made, this youngest, whose name was Giannetto, hearing what had been done, went to his father's bed-side, and said to him, What has my father done? not to have mentioned me in his will is somewhat extraordinary.

nessuno, e hammi scritto più volte ch' io te gli mandi. E sotti dire ch' egli è il più ricco mercatante che sia oggi tra' Cristiani. E però voglio che come io son morto, tu te ne vada a lui, e gli porti questa lettera; e se tu saprai fare, tu rimarrai ricco uomo. Disse il figliuolo. Padre mio, io sono apparecchiato a fare ciò che voi mi comandate; di che il padre gli diè la benedizione, e ivi a pochi dì si morì, e tutti i figliuoli ne fecero grandissimo lamento, e fecero al corpo quello onore che si gli conveniva. E poi ivi a pochi dì, questi due fratelli chiamarono Giannetto, e sì gli dissero: Fratello nostro, egli è vero che nostro padre fece testamento, e lasciò eredi noi, e di te non fe veruna menzione; nondimeno tu se' pure nostro fratello, e per tanto a quell' ora manchi a te, che a noi, quello che c' è. Rispose Giannetto: Fratelli miei, io vi ringrazio della vostra proferta; ma quanto a me, l'animo mio è d'andare a procacciare mia ventura in qualche parte; e così son fermo di fare, e voi v' abbiate l' eredità segnata e benedetta. Onde i fratelli veggendo la volontà sua, diedergli un cavallo e danari per le spese. Giannetto prese commiato da loro, e andossene a Vinegia, e giunse al fondaco di messere Ansaldo, e diegli la lettera che 'l padre gli aveva dato innan-

The father replied, My dear Giannetto, there is no creature living to whom I wish better than to you; and therefore 'tis my desire that you leave this city after my death, and that you go to Venice to your god-father, whose name is Ansaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you there to him; and I can tell you, he is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: and therefore it is my request, that as soon as I am dead, you go and carry this letter to him, and if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

The sons all made great lamentation at his death, and paid all necessary honours to his corpse. Some days after, the two brothers sent for Giannetto, and told him, Brother, it is true that our father made a will, and we two are left his heirs, without any mention of you: nevertheless, you are our brother, and shall have the command of every thing as much as we ourselves; you shall not want till we are in want. Gian-

zi che morisse. Per che messere Ansaldo leggendo questa lettera, conobbe che costui era il figliuolo del suo carissimo Bindo ; e come l' ebbe letta, di subito l' abbracciò, dicendo : Ben venga il figliuoccio mio, il quale io ho tanto desiderato ; e subito lo domandò di Bindo, dove Giannetto gli rispose ch' egli era morto ; per ch' egli con molte lagrime l'abbracciò e baciò, e disse : Ben mi duole la morte di Bindo, perch' egli m' aiutò guadagnare gran parte di quel ch' io hò ; ma tanta è l' allegrezza ch' io ho ora di te, che mitiga quel dolore. E fecelo menare a casa, e comandò a' fattori suoi, e a' compagni, e a' scudieri e a' fanti, e quanti n' erano in casa, che Giannetto fosse ubidito e servito più che la sua persona. E prima a lui consegnò le chiavi di tutti i suoi contanti, e disse : Figliuolo mio, ciò che c' è, spendi e vesti e calza oggi mai come ti piace, e metti tavola a' cittadini, e fatti conoscere ; però ch' io lascio a te questo pensiero, e tanto meglio ti vorrò, quanto più ben ti farai volere. Per che Giannetto cominciò a usare co' gentiluomini di Vinegia, a fare corti, desinari, a donare, e vestir famigli e a comperare di buoni corsieri, e a giostrare e bagordare, come quel ch' era esperto e pratico, e magnanimo e cortese in ogni cosa ; e ben sapeva fare onore

netto replied to this, My dear brothers, I thank you most heartily for your offer, but I am resolved to seek my fortune in some other place, and do you enjoy here the riches left to you. His brothers, finding him determined, make him a present of a horse, and money to bear his expences. Giannetto took leave of them, and went to Venice, to the counting-house of Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, knew this young man to be the son of his dearest friend Bindo ; and having finished the letter, ran immediately to embrace him, crying out, My dearest godson, whom I have so long wished to see, is welcome to my arms. Then asking news of his father, Giannetto replied, He is dead. Embracing him again with tears, and kissing him, I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo : by his assistance it was that I got the greatest part of what I am worth : but the joy I feel in seeing you mitigates my sorrow for the loss of him. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his clerks, his grooms, his servants, and

e cortesia dove si conveniva, e sempre rendeva onore a messere Ansaldo, più che se fosse stato cento volte suo padre. E seppesi sì saviamente mantenere con ogni maniera di gente, che quasi il comune di Vinegia gli voleva bene, veggendolo tanto savio e con tanta piacevolezza, e cortese oltre a misura; di che le donne e gli uomini ne parevano innamorati, e messere Ansaldo non vedeva più oltre che lui, tanto gli piacevano i modi e le maniere sue. Nè si faceva quasi niuna festa in Vinegia, che 'l detto Giannetto non vi fosse invitato, tanto gli era voluto bene da ogni persona. Ora avvenne che due suoi cari compagni volsero andare in Alessandria con loro mercatanzie con due navi, com' erano usati di fare ogni anno: onde eglino il dissero a Giannetto, dicendo: Tu devresti diletartti del mare con noi, per vedere del mondo, e massimamente quel Damasco e quel paese di là. Rispose Giannetto: In buona fe ch' io verrei molto volentieri, se 'l padre mio messere Ansaldo mi desse la parola. Disser costoro: Noi faremo sì ch' e' te la darà, e sarà contento. E subito se n'andarono a messer Ansaldo, e dissero: Noi vi vogliamo pregare, che vi piaccia di dare parola a Giannetto che ne venga in questa primavera con noi in Alessandria, 'e che gli forniate

every one in the house, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, spend this money in dressing and equipping yourself in the manner you like best; keep a table to entertain company, and make yourself known: I shall leave it to you to do as you think best; and remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to visit and frequent the gentlemen of Venice, to give entertainments, had a number of servants, and bought good horses to assist at all tiltings and tournaments, and such like exercises, at which he excelled; being adroit, expert, and well-bred, and knowing how to do the honours on all the occasions that offered; particularly to Ansaldo, he was more obedient and courteous than if he had been an hundred times his father. He conducted himself so discreetly with all sorts of people, that almost every body in Venice was fond of him, and loved him greatly. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much

qualche legno o nave, acciò ch'egli vegga un poco del mondo. Disse messere Ansaldo: lo son contento, se piace a lui. Risposero costoro: Messere, egli è contento. Per che messer Ansaldo subito gli fe fornire una bellissima nave, e fella caricare di molta mercatanzia, e guernire di bandiere e d'armi quanto fe mestiero. E dipoi ch'ella fu acconcia, messere Ansaldo comandò al padrone et a gli altri che erano al servizio della nave, che facessero ciò che Giannetto comandasse loro, e che fosse loro raccomandato; però ch'io non lo mando, diceva egli, per guadagno che io voglia ch' e' faccia, ma perch'egli vada a suo diletto veggendo il mondo. E quando Giannetto fu per montar, tutta Vinegia trasse a vedere, perchè di gran tempo non era uscita di Vinegia una nave tanto bella e tanto ben fornita, quanto quella. Et a ogni persona cresceva della sua partita; e così prese commiato da messere Ansaldo e tutti i suoi compagni, e entrarono in mare, e alzarono le vele, e presero il camino d' Alessandria nel nome di Dio e di buona ventura. Ora essendo questi tre compagni in tre navi, e navicando più e più dì, avvenne che una mattina innanzi giorno il detto Giannetto vide un golfo di mare con un bellissimo porto, e domandò il padrone come si chiamava

was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour. There was scarce any party of pleasure in Venice to which Giannetto was not invited, so much was he esteemed by all.

Now it happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance had designed to go with two ships, laden with merchandize, to Alexandria, as was usual every year; they told Giannetto he would do well to take pleasure in a voyage at sea with them, to see the world, and more especially Damascus, and the countries near it. Giannetto said, In good faith I would go willingly if my father Ansaldo will give leave. We will manage so well with him, his companions answered, as to make him content. They go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship, that he may see a little of the world. Ansaldo said he would give leave if the other desired it. They answered, it was his desire. Ansaldo immediately provided a very fine ship, and loaded it with merchandize, and adorned it with streamers, and fur-

quel porto; il quale gli rispose: Messere, quel luogo è d' una gentildonna vedova, la quale ha fatto pericolare molti signori. Disse Giannetto: Come? Rispose costui: Messere, questa è una bella donna e vaga, e tiene questa legge; che chiunque v' arriva, convien che dorma con lei, e s' egli ha a far seco, convien ch' e' la tolga per moglie, et è signora del porto e di tutto 'l paese. E s' egli non ha a fare con lei, perde tutto ciò ch' egli ha. Pensò Giannetto fra se un poco, e poi disse: Trova ogni modo che tu vuoi, e pommi a quel porto. Disse il padrone: Messere, guardate ciò che voi dite, però che molti signori vi sono iti, che ne sono rimasi disertì. Disse Giannetto: Non t' impacciare in altro; fa quel ch' io ti dico; e così fu fatto, che subito volsero la nave, e calaronsi in quel porto, che i compagni dell' altre navi non se ne furono accorti niente. Per che la mattina si sparse la novella, come questa bella nave era giunta in porto; tal che tutta la gente trasse a vedere, e fu subito detto alla donna, sì ch' ella mandò per Giannetto, il quale incontanente fu a lei, e con molta riverenza la salutò, et ella lo prese per mano, e domandollo chi egli era e donde, e se e' sapeva l' usanza del paese. Rispose Giannetto che sì, e che non v' era ito per nessuna

nished it with arms as many as were necessary; and as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing Giannetto commanded. He told them, he did not send him in hopes of great gain, but to see the world at his pleasure. And when Giannetto was going on board, all Venice was gathered to see him; for there had not, for a long time, so fine a ship been seen to sail from thence. Every body was concerned at his departure. He took his leave of Ansaldo and his acquaintance; and putting out to sea, they hoisted the sails, and stood for Alexandria. The three friends with their ships sailing in company for some days, it happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He answers, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whosoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take

altra cosa. Et ella disse: E voi siate il ben venuto per cento volte; e così gli fece tutto quel giorno grandissimo onore, e fece invitare baroni e conti e cavalieri assai, ch' ella aveva sotto se, perch' e' tenessero compagnia a costui. Piacque molto a tutti i baroni la maniera di Giannetto, e 'l suo essere costumato e piacevole e parlante; sì che quasi ogniuno se ne innamorò, e tutto quel giorno si danzò e si cantò, e fecesi festa nella Corte per amore di Giannetto; e ogniuno sarebbe stato contento d'averlo avuto per signore. Ora venendo la sera, la donna lo prese per mano, e menollo in camera e disse: E' mi pare ora d'andarsi a letto. Rispose Giannetto: Madonna, io sono a voi; e subito vennero due damigelle, l'una con vino, e l'altra con confetti. Disse la donna: Io so che voi avete colto sete, però bevete. Giannetto prese de' confetti, e bevve di questo vino, il quale era lavorato da far dormire, et egli nol sapeva, et ebbene una mezza tazza, perchè gli parve buono, e subitamente si spogliò e andossi a riposare. E come egli giunse nel letto, così fu addormentato. La donna si coricò a lato a costui, che mai non si risentì infino alla mattina, ch' era passata terza. Per che la donna quando fu giorno si levò, e fe cominciare a scaricare la nave,

her for his wife, and be lord of the port, and all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to do every thing in his power to get into the port. The captain bids him consider what he had commanded; that many persons had gone in who had been stripped of every thing. Giannetto tells him not to trouble himself on that score; do what I order. He was obeyed; and in an instant they turn the ship, and slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

In the morning the news was spread of a fine ship being arrived in the port, so that every body ran to see it. The lady was informed soon of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately, and salutes her with a low bow. She, taking him by the hand, asks him who he is? from whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answers in the affirmative; and that the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady replies, You

la quale trovò piena di molta ricca e buona mercatanzia. Ora essendo passata la terza, le cameriere della donna andarono al letto a Giannetto, e fecerlo levare e dissergli che s'andasse con Dio; però ch'egli aveva perduto la nave, e ciò che v'era; di che' e' si vergognò, e parvegli avere mal fatto. La donna gli fece dare un cavallo e danari per le spese, et egli se n' andò tristo e doloroso, e vennese verso Vinegia; dove, come fu giunto, non volle andare a casa per vergogna, ma di notte se n' andò a casa d' un suo compagno, il qual si maravigliò molto e gli disse: Oimè! Giannetto, ch' è questo? Et egli rispose: La nave mia percosse una notte in uno scoglio, e ruppesi e fracassossi ogni cosa, e chi andò qua, e chi là; io m' attenni a un pezzo di legno, che mi gittò a proda, e così me ne sono venuto per terra, e son qui. Giannetto stette più giorni in casa di questo suo compagno, il quale andò un dì a visitare messere Ansaldo, e trovollo molto maninconoso. Disse messere Ansaldo: Io ho sì grande la paura, che questo mio figliuolo non sia morto, o che 'l mare non gli faccia male, ch' io non trovo luogo, e non ho bene; tanto è l'amore ch' io gli porto. Disse questo giovane: Io ve ne so dire novelle, ch' egli ha rotto in mare e perduto ogni cosa, salvo ch' egli

are a hundred times welcome; and that day paid him great honours, and sent for her barons, counts, and knights in great number, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; every one was in raptures with him, and the whole day was spent in musick and dancing, and feasting at the court, in honour of him; and all would have been rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady taking him by the hand, and leading him to her chamber, said, It seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto tells the lady he is entirely devoted to her service; and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweet meats. The lady says, she is sure he must be thirsty; and entreats him to taste the wine: he takes the sweet meats and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep; this he was ignorant of, and drank half the cup, as he found it to his taste. He then undresses himself, and goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep; the lady lays in the bed

è campato. Disse messere Ansaldo: Lodato sia Dio! pur ch' egli sia campato, io son contento; dell' avere ch' è perduto, non mi curo. Ov' è? Questo giovane rispose: Egli è in casa mia; e di subito messere Ansaldo si mosse, e volle andare a vederlo. E com' egli lo vide, subito corse ad abbracciarlo e disse: Figliuol mio, non ti bisogna vergognar di me, ch' egli è usanza che delle navi rompano in mare; e però, figliuol mio, non ti sgomentare; poichè non t' hai fatto male, io son contento, e menosselo a casa sempre confortandolo. La novella si sparse per tutta Vinegia, e a ogniuno cresceva del danno che aveva avuto Giannetto. Ora avvenne ch' indi a poco tempo quei suoi compagni tornarono d' Alesandria, e tutti ricchi; e con' eglino giunsero, domandarono di Giannetto, e fu loro detta ogni cosa; per che subito corsero ad abbracciarlo, dicendo: Come ti partisti tu, o dove andasti? che noi non potemmo mai sapere nulla di te, e tornammo indietro tutto quel giorno, nè mai ti potemmo vedere, nè sapere dove tu fossi ito; e n' abbiamo avuto tanto dolore, che per tutto questo camino non ci siamo potuti rallegrare, credendo che tu fossi morto. Rispose Giannetto: E' si levò un vento in contrario in un gonito di mare, che menò la nave

by his side: he never wakes till late in the morning; but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich and costly merchandise. After nine o'clock, the women servants of the lady go to the bedside, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship and every thing belonging to it. He was much ashamed; and then perceived that he had been guilty of great folly. The lady gave him a horse, and money for his pocket, and he leaves the place very sorrowful and melancholy, and goes forwards on the way towards Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame; but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return? He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces, and every thing destroyed; he held fast a great piece of wood, which threw him on shore, and so he came there by land.

He staid many days in the house of this friend, who going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, and finding him very disconsolate: I fear,

mia a piombo a ferire in uno scoglio ch' era presso a terra, che appena campai, e ogni cosa andò sottosopra. E questa è la scusa che Giannetto diè, per non iscoprire il difetto suo. E si fecero insieme la festa grande, ringraziando Iddio pur ch' egli era campato, dicendo : A quest' altra primavera, con la grazia di Dio, guadagneremo ciò che tu hai perduto a questa volta, e però attendiamo a darci buon tempo senza maninconia. E così attesero a darci piacere e buon tempo, com' erano usati prima. Ma pure Giannetto non faceva se non pensare, com' egli potesse tornare a quella donna, immaginando e dicendo : Per certo e' conviene ch' io l' abbia per moglie, o io vi morirò ; e quasi non si poteva rallegrare. Per che messere Ansaldo gli disse più volte : Non ti dare maninconia, che noi abbiamo tanta roba, che noi ci possiamo stare molto bene. Rispose Giannetto : Signor mio, io non sarò mai contento, se io non rifò un' altra volta questa andata. Onde veggendo pure messere Ansaldo la volontà sua, quando fu il tempo gli fornì un' altra nave di più mercatanzia che la prima, e di più valuta ; tal che in quella mise la maggior parte di ciò ch' egli aveva al mondo. I compagni, quando ebbero fornite le navi loro di ciò che faceva mestiero, entra-

says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is either dead, or that the sea does not agree with him, that I have no rest day or night ; so great is my love to him. The friend told him, he could tell him news of him ; that he had been shipwreckt, and had lost his all ; but that he himself was safe. God be praised, says Ansaldo ; if he be alive, I am satisfy'd : I do not value the loss of the ship : where is he ? The young man reply'd, He is at my house. Ansaldo instantly gets up, and runs to find him, and when he saw him, embracing him, My dear son, says he, you need not fear my displeasure for what has happened ; it is a common accident ; trouble yourself no farther ; as you have received no hurt, all is well. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful easy.

The news of this accident was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for the loss Giannetto had sustained. Some time after this, his companions arrived from Alexandria very rich, and demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story,

rono in mare con Giannetto insieme, e fecer vela e presero lor viaggio. E navicando più e più giorni, Giannetto stava sempre attento di rivedere il porto di quella donna, il quale si chiamava il porto della donna del Belmonte. E giugnendo una notte alla foce di questo porto, il quale era in un gomito di mare, Giannetto l' ebbe subito conosciuto, e fe volgere le vele e 'l timone e calovvisi dentro, tal che i compagni, ch' erano nell' altre navi, ancora non se n' accorséro. La donna levandosi la mattina, e guardando giù nel porto, vide sventolare le bandiere di questa nave, e subito l' ebbe conosciute, e chiamò una sua cameriera e disse: Conosci tu quelle bandiere? Disse la cameriera: Madonna, ella pare la nave di quel giovane che ci arrivò, ora fa uno anno, che ci mise tanta dovizia con quella sua mercatanzia. Disse la donna: Per certo tu di il vero; e veramente che costui non meno che gran fatto debbe essere innamorato di me; però ch' io non ce ne vidi mai nessuno, che ci tornasse più che una volta. Disse la cameriera: Io non vidi mai il più cortese nè il più grazioso uomo di lui. La donna mandò per lui donzelli e scudieri assai, i quali con molta festa lo visitarono, et egli con tutti fece allegrezza e festa; e così venne su nel castello

they ran to see and embrace him, asking him in what manner he parted from them? where he went? that they could hear nothing of him; that they sailed backwards and forwards all that day, and could not see nor hear any tidings of his ship. They told him their uneasiness had been so great during the voyage, that the pleasure was spoiled by the fear of hearing news of his death. Giannetto tells them, a contrary wind blowing from an arm of the sea, drove his ship plumb against a rock near shore, and with difficulty he saved himself; but every thing was wreckt. This was the excuse Giannetto forged, not to be obliged to make known his folly. They rejoiced with him, and returned thanks to God for his safety; telling him that next spring, by God's assistance, he might gain as much as he had lost the last; and therefore, say they, let us enjoy ourselves, and not be dejected: and they amused and diverted themselves as usual. But Giannetto had no thoughts other than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die in the attempt: and with these thoughts could hardly be chearful.

e nel cospetto della donna. E quando ella lo vide, con grandissima festa e allegrezza l'abbracciò, et egli con molta riverenza abbracciò lei. E così stettero tutto quel giorno in festa e in allegrezza, però che la donna fece invitare baroni e donne assai, i quali vennero alla Corte a far festa per amore di Giannetto; e quasi a tutti i baroni n' increscìeva, e volentieri l'averebbono voluto per signore per la sua tanta piacevolezza e cortesia; e quasi tutte le donne n' erano innamorate, veggendo con quanta misura c' guidava una danza, e sempre quel suo viso stava allegro, che ogniuno s'avvisava ch' e' fosse figliuolo di qualche gran signore. E veggendo il tempo d' andare a dormire, questa donna prese per mano Giannetto e disse: Andianci a posare, e andaronsi in camera, e posti a sedere, ecco venire due damigelle con vino e confetti, e quivi beverono e confettaronsi, e poi s' andarono a letto, e com' egli fu nel letto, così fu addormentato. La donna si spogliò e corricossi a lato a costui, e brevemente, e' non si risentì in tutta notte. E quando venne la mattina, la donna si levò, e subito mandò a fare scaricare quella nave. Passato poi terza, e Giannetto si risentì, e cercò per la donna e non la trovò; alzò il capo e vide ch' egli era alta mattina; levossi e cominciòsi

Ansaldò told him frequently, not to be cast down; says he, We have enough left to live very comfortably. Giannetto said, he should never be happy till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldò perceiving his intention, when the time was come, provided another ship of more value, and with more merchandizes than the first; and, indeed, freighted it with almost all he was worth in the world. His companions, when their ships had every thing in order, set sail, with Giannetto; and sailing along for several days together, he was all attention to discover once more the port of the lady, which was called The port of the lady of Belmonte. Coming one night to the mouth of it, which was in a gulph of the sea, he immediately knew it to be the same, and shifting sails and rudder, he entered so secretly, that his companions in the other ships had no apprehension that his ship was missing.

The lady the next morning looking on the port from the bedchamber, and seeing the streamers of the ship playing in the wind, knew it; and

a vergognare; e così gli fu donato un cavallo e danari per ispendere e dettogli: Tira via, etegli con vergogna subito si partì tristo e maninconoso; e infra molte giornate non risette mai che giunse a Vinegia, e di notte se ne andò a casa di questo suo compagno, il quale quando lo vide, si diè maggior meraviglia del mondo, dicendo: Oimè! ch'è questo? Rispose Giannnetto: E male per me; che maladetta sia la fortuna mia, che mai ci arrivai in questo paese! Disse questo suo compagno: Per certo tu la puoi ben maladiare, però che tu hai disertato questo messere Ansaldo, il quale era il maggiore e l' più ricco mercatante che fosse tra' Cristiani; e peggio è la vergogna che 'l danno. Giannnetto stette nascoso più di in casa questo suo compagno, e non sapeva che si fare nè che si dire, e quasi si voleva tornare a Firenze senza far motto a messere Ansaldo; e poi si deliberò pure d' andare a lui, e così fece. Quando messere Ansaldo lo vide, si levò ritto, e corse ad abbracciarlo e disse: Ben venga il figliuol mio, e Giannnetto lagrimando abbracciò lui. Disse messere Ansaldo, quando ebbe inteso tutto: Sai com'è, Giannnetto! non ti dare punto di maninconia; poi ch' io t' ho riavuto, io son contento. Ancora c'è rimasto tanto che noi ci potremo

asked her maid, if she knew the streamers? the maid said, she imagined it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year, and had left so fine a cargo behind him. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one returned here a second time: the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. The lady sent her servants in great number to attend him, who served him with much attention, and he treated them very graciously; and went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady; who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, which embrace he as devoutly returned, and the day was passed in joy and revels; for the lady had sent for her nobles of both sexes, who came to do honour to Giannetto, and were so well pleased with his behaviour, that they were sorry not to have him for their master. The ladies were enamoured of his dancing; the comeliness of his person, and the sweetness of his countenance, made all of them suppose him to be the son of some great man. Bed-time being come, the lady taking him by the hand,

stare pianamente. Egli è usanza del mare ad altri dare, ad altri togliere. La novella andò per tutta Vinegia di questo fatto, e ogniuno diceva di messere Ansaldo, e gravemente gl' incresceva del danno ch'egli aveva avuto, e convenne che messere Ansaldo vendesse di molte possessioni per pagare i creditori che gli avevano dato la roba. Avvenna che quei compagni di Giannetto tornarono d'Alessandria molto ricchi; e giunti in Vinegia fu lor detto come Giannetto era tornato, e come egli aveva rotto e perduto ogni cosa; di che essi si maravigliarono dicendo: Questo è il maggior fatto che si vedesse mai; e andarono a messere Ansaldo e a Giannetto, e facendogli gran festa, dissero: Messere, non vi sgomentate, che noi intendiamo d'andare questo altro anno a guadagnare per voi; però che noi siamo stati cagione quasi di questa vostra perdita, da che noi fummo quegli, che inducemmo Giannetto a venire con noi da prima, e però non temete, e mentre che noi abbiamo della roba, fatene come della vostra. Messere Ansaldo gli ringraziò, e disse che bene aveva ancora tanto che ci potevano stare. Ora avvenne che stando sera e mattina Giannetto sopra questi pensieri, e' non si poteva rallegrare, e messere Ansaldo lo domandò quello ch'egli aveva

entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep, the lady undressed lying by his side; but, in short, he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. After nine o'clock, he awakes, seeks for the lady, finds nothing; raises his head from the pillow, and finding it is late, gets up, and is ashamed of what has happened.

He has a horse and money given to him, and is told to be gone, and away he goes sorrowful and sad, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the house of the same friend, who when he saw him, with great wonder and astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto, my cursed ill fortune first brought me to Venice. His friend answered, You may well curse your fortune, for you are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, who was the greatest and richest merchant of any of the Christians; and your shame ought

et egli rispose : Io non sarò mai contento, s' io non racquistò quello ch' io ho perduto. Disse messere Ansaldo : Figliuol mio, io non voglio che tu vi vada più ; però ch' egli è il meglio che noi ci stiamo pianamente con questo poco che noi abbiamo, che tu lo metta più a partito. Rispose Giannetto : Io son fermo di fare tutto quel ch' io posso, perch' io mi riputerei in grandissima vergogna s' io stessi a questo modo. Per che veggendo messere Ansaldo la volontà sua, si dispose a vendere ciò ch' egli aveva al mondo, e fornire a costui un' altra nave ; e così fe che vendè, tal che non gli rimase niente, e fornì una bellissima nave di mercatanzia. E perchè gli mancavano dieci mila ducati, andò a un Giudeo a Mestri, e accattogli con questi patti e condizioni, che s' egli non glie l'avesse renduti dal detto dì a San Giovanni di giugno prossimo a venire, che 'l Giudeo gli potesse levare una libra di carne d'addosso di qualunque luogo e' volesse ; e così fu contento messere Ansaldo, e 'l Giudeo di questo fece trarre carta autentica con testimoni, e con quelle cautele e solennità, che intorno a ciò bisognavano, e poi gli annoverò diecimila ducati d' oro, de' quali danari messere Ansaldo fornì ciò che mancava alla nave ; e se l' altre due furone belle, la ter-

to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days in the house of his friend, not knowing what to do or say, in the design of returning to Florence without seeing Ansaldo. At last he took a resolution of seeing him, and accordingly waited on him. When Ansaldo saw him, he rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Ansaldo, when he had heard his tale, Do not grieve, my dear son, says he, be assured that I cannot be angry, since I find you safe ; we have still enough remaining to live decently ; the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

All Venice heard the story, and was concerned for Ansaldo: this misfortune obliged him to sell some estates to satisfy his creditors, who furnished the goods. The companions of Giannetto returned again from Alexandria very rich, and when at Venice they were informed of this accident, they said it was the most extraordinary accident that could happen: they made a visit to Ansaldo and Giannetto, and with

za fu molto più ricca e me' fornita; e così i compagni fornirono le loro due, con animo che ciò ch' eglino guadagnassero fosse di Giannetto. E quando fu il tempo d'andare, essendo per muovere, messere Ansaldo disse a Giannetto: Figliuol mio, tu vai e vedi nell' obbligo ch' io rimango; d'una grazia ti prego, che se pure tu arrivassi male, che ti piaccia venire a vedermi, sì ch' io possa vedere te innanzi ch' io moia, e androne contento. Giannetto gli rispose: Messere Ansaldo, io farò tutte quelle cose ch' io creda piacervi. Messere Ansaldo gli diè la sua benedizione, e così presero commiato e andarono a loro viaggio. Avevano questi due compagni sempre cura alla nave di Giannetto, e Giannetto andava sempre avvisato e attento di calarsi in questo porto di Belmonte. Per ch' e' fe tanto con uno de' suoi nocchieri, che una notte e' condusse la nave nel porto di questa gentildonna. La mattina rischiarato il giorno, i compagni ch' erano nell' altre due navi ponendosi mente intorno, e non veggendo in nessun luogo la nave di Giannetto, dissero fra loro: Per certo questa è la mala ventura per costui, e presero per partito di seguire il camin loro, facendosi gran maraviglia di ciò. Ora essendo questa nave giunta in porto, tutto quel castello trasse a ve-

great kindness told them not to take too much to heart what was passed. We propose to make, say they, the next year, a voyage on your account: we have been the cause of this your loss, as we advised Giannetto at first to venture to sea; therefore fear nothing; as long as we have any thing, it will be at your disposal as much as if it was your own. Ansaldo returned them his thanks, and said he had still enough not to be troublesome to his friends. Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success, and he could not put on a face of cheerfulness: when Ansaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. My dear child, you shall go no more, says Ansaldo; it will be better to stay here, content with the little we have left, than to risque another voyage.

Giannetto told him, he had made a firm resolution, to do all in his power to go again; that he could not bear the shame of living in the manner he must do. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to

dere, sentendo che Giannetto era tornato, e maravigliandosi di ciò molto, e dicendo: Costui dee essere figliuolo di qualche grand' uomo, considerando ch' egli ci viene ogni anno con tanta mercanzia e con sì be' navigli; che volesse Iddio, ch' egli fosse nostro signore; e così fu visitato da tutti i maggiori, e da baroni e cavalieri di quella terra, e fu detto alla donna come Giannetto era tornato in porto. Per che ella si fece alle finestre del palazzo, e vide questa bellissima nave, e conobbe le bandiere, e di ciò si fece ella il segno della santa croce, dicendo: Per certo che questi è qualche gran fatto, et è quell' uomo che ha messo dovizia in questo paese; e mandò per lui. Giannetto andò a lei con molte abbracciate, e si salutarono e fecersi riverenza, e quivi s' attese tutto quel giorno a fare allegrezza e festa, e fessi per amor di Giannetto una bella giostra, e molti baroni e cavalieri giostrarono quel giorno, e Giannetto volle giostrare anch' egli, e fece il dì miracoli di sua persona, tanto stava bene nell' armi e a cavallo; e tanto piacque la maniera sua a tutti i baroni, che ogniuno lo desiderava per signore. Ora avvenne che la sera, essendo tempo d'andare a posarsi, la donna prese per mano Giannetto e disse: Andiamo a posarci; et essendo sull' uscio della ca-

sell every thing he had, and equip another ship; and so he did, and disposed of all he was worth, and left himself destitute, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he apply'd himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold; with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for the voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated him in case any misfortune happened, that he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could

mera, una cameriera della donna, cui cresceva di Giannetto, si gl' inchinò così all' orecchio, e disse pianamente : Fa vista di bere, e non bere stasera. Giannetto, intese le parole, e entrò in camera, e la donna disse : Io so che voi avete colto sete, e però io voglio che voi beate prima che v'andiate a dormire ; e subito vennero due donzelle, che parevano due agnoli, con vino e confetti al modo usato, e sì attesero a dar bere. Disse Giannetto : Chi si terrebbe di non bere, veggendo queste due damigelle tanto belle ? di che la donna rise. E Giannetto prese la tazza, e fe vista di bere e cacciosselo giù pel seno, e la donna si credette ch' egli avesse bevuto, e disse fra 'l suo cuore : Tu condurrai un' altra nave, che questa hai tu perduta. Giannetto se n' andò nel letto, e sentissi tutto chiaro e di buona volontà, e parevagli mille anni che la donna ne venisse a letto ; e diceva fra se medesimo : Per certo io ho giunta costei ; sì ch' e' ne pensa una il ghiotto, e un' altra il tavernaio. E perche la donna venisse più tosto nel letto, cominciò a far vista di russare e dormire. Per che la donna disse : Sta bene ; e subito si spogliò

leave the world with satisfaction : Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they take their leave, and the ships set out.

The two companions observed carefully the ship of Giannetto, while he had nothing in his head but to contrive in what manner to steal into the port of Belmonte ; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port of the lady. The morning being clear, his companions looking round, and not seeing any where the vessel, said to themselves, Giannetto has certainly bad luck ; but continued their course, wondering greatly where the ship could be gone. The ship being arrived in port, all ran from the castle, hearing Giannetto was come again, and wondering much at his return. He must undoubtedly, say they, be the son of some great personage, as he comes every year with such rich merchandize, and fine ships : would to God he was our master ! He was visited by all the principal men of the country, and it was told to the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and knew the streamers ; and making the sign of the cross, cries ! This is certainly a bold un-

e andò a lato a Giannetto, il quale non aspettò punto, ma comunque la donna fu entrata sotto, così si volse a lei, e abbracciolla e disse: Ora ho quel ch' io ho tanto desiderato, e con questo le donò la pace del santissimo matrimonio, e in tutta notte non gli uscì di braccio; di che la donna fu più che contenta, e si levò la mattina innanzi giorno, e fece mandare per tutti i baroni e cavalieri, e altri cittadini assai, e disse loro: Giannetto è vostro signore, e però attendete a far festa; di che subito per la terra si levò il romore, gridando: Viva il signore, viva il signore, e dà nelle campane e ne gli stromenti sonando a festa; e mandossi per molti baroni e conti ch' erano fuor del castello, dicendo loro: Venite a vedere il signor vostro; e quivi si cominciò una grande e bellissima festa. E quando Giannetto uscì della camera, fu fatto cavaliere e posto sulla sedia, e dato gli fu la bacchetta in mano, e chiamato signore con molto trionfo e gloria. E poi che tutti i baroni e le donne furono venute a Corte, egli sposò questa gentildonna con tanta festa, e con tanta allegrezza, che non si potrebbe nè dire nè imaginare. Per che tutti i baroni e

dertaking! This is the man who has already left so great riches in this country; and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, salutes, embraces her, and makes his bows, and the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were again desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, taking him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels of the lady, laying her mouth to his ear, in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop this evening. He understood what she meant, and when the lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed, immediately two damsels, handsome as angels, with wine and sweet meats, in the usual manner, entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup,

signori del paese vennero alla festa a fare allegrezza, giostrare, armeggiare, danzare, cantare e sonare, con tutte quelle cose che s'appartengono a far festa. Messer Giannetto, come magnanimo, cominciò a donare drappi di seta e altre ricche cose ch' egli aveva recate, e diventò virile, e fecesi temere a mantenere ragione e giustizia a ogni maniera di gente, e così si stava in questa festa e allegrezza, e non si curava nè ricordava di messere Ansaldo cattivello, ch' era rimasto pegno per dieci mila ducati a quel Giudeo. Ora essendo un giorno messer Giannetto alla finestra del palazzo con la donna sua, vide passare per piazza una brigata d' uomini con torchietti in mano accesi, i quali andavano a offerire. Disse messer Giannetto: Che vuol dir quello? Rispose la donna: Quella è una brigata d' artefici che vanno a offerire alla Chiesa di San Giovanni, perch' egli è oggi la festa sua. Messer Giannetto si ricordò allora di messere Ansaldo, e levossi dalla finestra, e trasse un gran sospiro, e tutto si cambiò nel viso, e andava di giù in su per la sala più volte, pensando sopra questo fatto. La donna il domandò quel ch' egli aveva.

and making as if he had drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and finding himself brisk and in great spirits, he thought it a thousand years till the lady came to bed, comforting himself with the hopes that he had caught her now certainly, and that she would find, she was mistaken in her man; and in order to entice her soon to bed, he began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, said, this will do, and laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. He gave her immediately the strongest proofs of his affection, and lay all night in her arms. The lady was highly pleased with her lover, and early in the morning sent for her principal subjects, telling them, that Giannetto was their lord; and gave them orders to pay all possible honours to him. Immediately the news is spread through the whole territory; the people crying, Long live our new master! long live our new master! the bells and musical instruments inviting all to joy and mirth. The nobles who

Rispose messer Giannetto: Io non ho altro. Per che la donna il cominciò a esaminare, dicendo: Per certo voi avete qualche cosa, e non lo volete dire; e tanto gli disse che messer Giannetto le contò come messere Ansaldo era rimasto pegno per dieci mila ducati, e questo di corre il termine, diceva egli, e però ho gran dolore che mio padre moia per me; perchè se oggi e' non glie li dà, ha a perdere una libra di carne d' addosso. La donna disse: Messere, montate subitamente a cavallo et attraversate per terra, che andrete più tosto che per mare, e menate quella compagnia che vi piace, e portate cento mila ducati, e non restate mai che voi siate a Vinegia; e se non è morto, fate di menarlo qui. Per che egli subito se dare nella trombetta, e montò a cavallo con venti compagni, e tolse danari assai e prese il camino verso Vinegia. Ora avvenne che compiuto il termine, il Giudeo se pigliare messere Ansaldo, e volevagli levare una libra di carne d' addosso; onde messere Ansaldo lo pregava, che gli piacesse d' indugiargli quella morte qualche dì, acciocchè se il suo Giannetto venisse, almeno c' lo potesse vedere. Disse il Giudeo:

were not at the castle, were sent for to appear there, and behold their master, and assist at all the rejoicings. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of state; had the scepter put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony. Nothing can be imagined equal to the joy on that occasion, as every one endeavoured to excell in tilting, dancing, musick, and every amusement, and diversion, practiced at such solemnities.

Giannetto, who was of a disposition that did honour to his exaltation, gave presents of every thing of value he had brought with him: he governed excellently well, and caused justice to be administered impartially to all sorts of people. He continued some time in this happy state, and never had entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of the palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands, who were going to make their offerings. What is the meaning

Io son contento di dare ciò che voi volete quanto all' ondugio, ma s' egli venisse cento volte, io intendo di levarvi una libra di carne d' addosso, come dicono le carte. Rispose messere Ansaldo ch' era contento. Di che tutta Vinegia parlava di questo fatto; ma a ogniuno ne incresceva, e molti mercatanti si raunarono per volere pagar questi danari, e 'l Giudeo non volle mai, anzi voleva fare quello omicidio, per poter dire che avesse morto il maggiore mercatante che fosse tra' Cristiani. Ora avvenne che venendo forte messer Giannetto, la donna sua subito si gli mosse dietro vestita come un giudice con due famigli. Giugnendo in Vinegia messer Giannetto andò a cassa il Giudeo, e con molta allegrezza abbracciò messere Ansaldo, e poi disse al Giudeo che gli voleva dare i danari suoi, e quel più ch' egli stesso voleva. Rispose il Giudeo che non voleva danari, poi che non gli aveva avuti al tempo, ma che gli voleva levare una libra di carne d' addosso, e qui fu la quistion grande, e ogni persona dava il torto al Giudeo; ma pure considerato Vinegia essere terra di ragione, e il Giudeo aveva le sue ragioni piene e in pubblica forma, non si gli osava

of this? says he. The lady answered, they are a company of artificers, who are going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day is his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, and leaving the window, he gave a great sigh, and turned pale; running about the room in great distraction. His lady inquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness, that Ansaldo was engaged for the money, and that the term was expired; and the grief he was in, lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, which was better than to go by sea; to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop, till he arrived at Venice: and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days,

di dire il contrario per nessuno, se non pregarlo. Talchè tutti i mercatanti di Vinegia vi furono su a pregare questo Giudeo, et egli sempre più duro che mai. Per che messer Giannetto glie ne volle dare venti mila, e non volse, poi venne a trenta mila, e poi a quaranta mila, e poi a cinquanta mila; e così ascese infino a cento mila ducati. Ove il Giudeo disse: Sai com' è? se tu mi desse più ducati che non vale questa città, non gli torrei per esser contento; anzi i' vuo' fare quel che dicon le carte mie. E così stando in questa quistione, ecco giugnere in Vincgia questa donna vestita a modo di giudice, e smontò a uno albergo, e l'albergatore domandò un famiglio: Chi è questo gentil uomo? Il famiglio, già avviato dalla donna di ciò che 'l doveva dire essendo di lei interrogato, rispose: Questo si è un gentil uomo giudice che vien da Bologna da studio, e tornasi a casa sua. L'albergatore ciò intendendo, gli fece assai onore, et essendo a tavola il giudice disse all'albergatore: Come si regge questa vostra città? Rispose l'oste: Messere, faccisi troppa ragione. Disse il giudice: Come? Soggiunse l'oste: Come, messere, io ve

that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him before his death: the Jew replied he was willing to wait, but, says he, if he comes an hundred times over, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation: Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Every one at Venice who had heard of this affair was much concerned: several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might commit this homicide, to have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants following her. Giannetto when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. And now this was much talked of, and every one blamed the Jew: but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the

lo dirò. E' ci venne da Firenze un giovane, il quale aveva nome Giannetto, e venne qui a un suo nonno che ha nome messere Ansaldo, et è stato tanto aggraziato e tanto costumato, che gli uomini e le donne di questa terra erano innamorati di lui. E non ci venne mai in questa città nessuno tanto aggraziato quanto era costui. Ora questo suo nonno in tre volte gli fornì tre navi, le quali furono di grandissima valuta, e ogni otta glie ne incontrò sciagura, sì che alla nave da sezzo gli mancò danari; tal che questo messere Ansaldo accattò dieci mila ducati da un Giudeo con questi patti, che s' egli non glie li avesse renduti da ivi a San Giovanni di giugno prossimo che venia, il detto Giudeo gli potesse levare una libra di carne d' addosso dovunque e' volesse. Ora è tornato questo benedetto giovane, e per que' dieci mila ducati glie ne ha voluto dare cento mila, e 'l falso Giudeo non vuole; e sonvi stati a pregarlo tutti i buoni uomini di questa terra, e non giova niente. Rispose il giudice: Questa quistione è agevole a dterminare. Disse l' oste: Se voi ci volete durar fatica a terminarla, sì che quel buon uomo non muoia, voi n'

Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, nobody dared to oppose him, and their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand which he refused; then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as the city of Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was? The servant having learned his lesson, answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna, and was returning to his own country. The landlord upon this shews his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer inquiring how justice was administred in that city; he answered, justice in this place is too severe. How comes that? says the lawyer. I will tell how, says the landlord: you must know, that some years ago there came here a young man from Florence, whose name was Giannetto, he was recom-

acquisterete la grazia e l' amore del più virtuoso giovane che nascesse mai, e poi di tutti gli uomini di questa terra. Onde questo giudice fece andare un bando per la terra, che qualunque avesse a ditterminare quistion nessuna, venisse da lui; ove fu detto a messer Giannetto come e' v' era venuto un giudice da Bologna, che determinarebbe ogni quistione. Per che messer Giannetto disse al Giudeo: Andiamo a questo giudice. Disse il Giudeo: Andiamo; ma venga chi vuole, che a ragione io n' ho a fare quanto dice la carta. E giunti nel cospetto del giudice, e fattogli debita riverenza, il giudice conobbe messer Giannetto, ma messer Giannetto non conobbe già lui, perchè con certe erbe s' era trasfigurata la faccia. Messer Giannetto e 'l Giudeo dissero ciascuno la ragion sua, e la quistione ordinatamente innanzi al giudice; il quale prese le carte e lessele, e poi disse al Giudeo: Io voglio che tu ti tolga questi cento mila ducati, e liberi questo buon uomo, il qual anco te ne sarà sempre tenuto. Rispose il Giudeo: Io non ne farò niente. Disse il giudice: Egli è il tuo meglio. E 'l Giudeo, che al tutto non ne voleva far nulla. E d' ac-

mended to the care of a relation who is called Ansaldo: he behaved here so well as to possess the esteem and affections of every living creature, and never was a youth so well beloved. Now this Ansaldo sent him out three times, each time with a ship of great value; he, every time, was unfortunate: and to furnish the last, Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, on condition, that if he did not repay them in June, at the feast of St. John, the Jew might take a pound of his flesh. This excellent young man is now returned, and offers to pay an hundred thousand ducats: the wicked Jew won't take them, although the best merchants in the city have applied to him, but to no purpose. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the laudlord, and will take the trouble to do it, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of a most deserving young man, and of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to

cordo se n' andarono all' ufficio d'eterminato sopra tali casi, e l' giudice parlò per messere Ansaldo e disse: Oltre fa venir costui; e fattolo venire, disse il giudice: Orsù lievagli una libra di carne dovunque tu vuoi, e fa i fatti tuoi. Dove il Giudeo lo fece spogliare ignudo, e recossi in mano un rasoio, che per ciò egli aveva fatto fare. E messer Giannetto si volse al giudice, e disse: Messere, di questo non vi pregava io. Rispose il giudice: Sta franco, che egli non ha ancora spiccata una libra di carne. Pure il Giudeo gli andava addosso. Disse il giudice: Guarda come tu fai; però che se tu ne leverai più o meno che una libra, io ti farò levare la testa. E anco io ti dico più, che se n' uscirà pure una gocciola di sangue, io ti farò morire; però che le carte tue non fanno menzione di spargimento di sangue, anzi dicono che tu gli debba levare una libra di carne, e non dice nè più nè meno. E per tanto, se tu se' savio, tieni que' modi che tu credi fare il tuo meglio. E così subito fe mandare per lo giustiziere, e fegli recare il ceppo e la mannaia, e disse: Com' io ne vedrò uscire gocciola di sangue, così ti farò levare la testa. Il Giu-

apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. When they came to this judge, and had saluted him, he immediately knew Giannetto; but he did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge speaks in favour of Ansaldo; and desiring that the Jew may stand forth, Now, says he, do you (to the Jew) cut a pound of this man's flesh where you chuse. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, take care what you do, says the

deo cominciò aver paura, e messer Giannetto a rallegrarsi. E dopo molte novelle, disse il Giudeo: Messer lo giudice, voi ne avete saputo più di me; ma fatemi dare quei cento mila ducati e son contento. Disse il giudice: Io voglio che tu vi levi una libra di carne, come dicono le carte tue, però ch' io non ti darei un danaio; avessigli tolti quando io te gli volli far dare. Il Giudeo venne a nonanta, e poi a ottanta mila, e 'l giudice sempre più fermo. Disse messer Giannetto al giudice: Diangli ciò che e' vuole, pure che ce lo renda. Disse il giudice: Io ti dico che tu lasci fare a me. Allora il Giudeo disse: Datemene cinquantamila. Rispose il giudice: Io non te ne darei il più tristo danaio che tu avessi mai. Soggiunse il Giudeo: Datemi almeno i miei dieci mila ducati, che maladetta sia l' aria e la terra. Disse il giudice: Non m' intendi tu? io non te ne vuo' dar nessuno; se tu glie la vuoi levare, sì glie la lieva; quanto che no, io te farò protestare e annullare le carte tue. Talchè chiunque v' era presente, di questo faceva grandissima allegrezza, e ciascuno si faceva beffe di questo Giudeo, dicendo: Tale si crede uccellare, ch'

judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and I tell you beside, that if you shed one drop of blood you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expresly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less; and if you are wise, you will take great care what you do. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. The Jew began to be in great fear, and Giannetto in as great joy. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, you are more cunning than I can pretend to be; however, give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond; I will not give you a farthing: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand; but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand: he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, says the Jew, my own ten

e uccellato. Onde veggendo il Giudeo ch' egli non poteva fare quello ch' egli avrebbe voluto, prese le carte sue, e per istizza tutte le tagliò, e così fu liberato messere Ansaldo, e con grandissima festa messer Giannetto lo rimenò a casa; e poi prestamente prese questi cento mila ducati, e andò a questo giudice, e trovollo nella camera che s' acconciava per volere andar via. Allora messer Giannetto gli disse: Messere, voi avete fatto a me il maggior servizio che mai mi fosse fatto; e però io voglio che voi portiate questi danari a casa vostra; però che voi gli avete ben guadagnati. Rispose il giudice: Messer Giannetto mio, a voi sia gran mercè, ch' io non n' ho di bisogno; portategli con voi, sì che la donna vostra non dica che voi abbiate fatto male masserizia. Disse messer Giannetto: Per mia fe ch' ella è tanto magnanima, e tanto cortese e tanto da bene, che se io ne spendessi quattro cotanti che questi, ella sarebbe contenta; però ch' ella voleva che io ne arrecassi molto più che non sono questi. Soggiunse il giudice: Come vi contentate voi di lei? Rispose messer Giannetto: L' non è creatura al mondo, a cui io voglia meglio che a lei; perch' ella è tanto savia e tanto bella,

thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. Every one present was greatly pleased; and deriding the Jew, said, he who laid traps for others, is caught himself. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto. The hundred thousand ducats he carried to the inn to the lawyer, whom he found making ready to depart. You have done me, says he, a most important service, and I entreat you to accept of this money to carry home, for I am sure you have earned it. I thank you, replied the lawyer, I do not want money; keep and carry it back to your lady, that she may not have occasion to say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so good and kind, that I might venture to spend four times as much, without incurring her displeasure; and she ordered me, when I came away, to bring with me a larger sum. How are you pleased with the lady? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto: Nature never produced any woman

quanto la natura l'avesse potuta far più. E se voi mi volete fare tanta grazia di venire a vederla, voi vi maraviglierete dell'onore ch'ella vi farà, e vedrete s'egli è quel ch'io dico o più. Rispose il giudice: Del venire con voi, non voglio, però che io ho altre faccende; ma poi che voi dite ch'ella è tanto da bene, quando la vedrete, salutatela per mia parte. Disse messer Giannetto: Sarà fatto; ma io voglio che voi togliate di questi danari. E mentre che e' diceva queste parole, il giudice gli vide in dito uno anello, onde gli disse: Io vuo' questo anello, e non voglio altro danaio nessuno. Rispose messer Giannetto: Io son contento, ma io ve lo do mal volentieri; però che la donna mia me lo donò, e dissemi ch'io lo portassi sempre per suo amore, e s'ella non me lo vederà, crederà ch'io l'abbia dato a qualche femina, e così si cruccierà con meco, e crederà ch'io sia innamorato, e io voglio meglio a lei che a me medesimo. Disse il giudice: E' mi par esser certo, ch'ella vi vuole tanto bene, ch'ella vi crederà questo; e voi le direte che l'avete donato a me. Ma forse lo volevate voi donare a qualche vostra manza antica qui? Rispose messer Gian-

so beautiful, discreet, and sensible, and seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will do me the favour to come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will shew you; and you will be able to judge whether I speak truth or not. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer, I have other engagements; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you will give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she may think, not seeing it on my finger, and will believe, that I have given it to a woman that I love, and quarrel with me, tho' I protest I love her much better than I love myself. Certainly, says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world, she is so accom-

netto: Egli è tanto l' amore e la fe ch' io le porto, che non è donna al mondo, a cui io cambiassi, tanto compiutamente è bella in ogni cosa; e così si cavò l' anello di dito e diello al giudice, e poi s' abbracciarono, facendo riverenza l' un all' altro. Disse il giudice: Fatemi una grazia. Rispose messer Giannetto: Domandate. Disse il giudice: Che voi non restiate qui; andatene tosto a vedere quella vostra donna. Disse messer Giannetto: E' mi pare cento mila anni ch' io la riveggia, e così presero commiato. Il giudice entrò in barca e andossi con Dio, e messer Giannetto fece cene e desinari, e donò cavalli e danari a que' suoi compagni, e così fe più di festa, e mantenne corte, e poi prese comiato da tutti i Vini- ziani, e menossene messere Ansaldo con seco, e molti de' suoi compagni antichi se n' andarono con lui; e quasi tutti gli uo- mini e le donne per tenerezza lagrimarono per la partita sua; tanto s' era portato piacevolmente nel tempo ch' egli era stato a Vinegia con ogni persona; e così si partì e tornossi in Bel- monte. Ora avvenne che la donna sua giunse più di innanzi, e fe vista d' essere stata al bagno, e rivestissi al modo femi- nile, e fece fare l' apparecchio grande, e coprire tutte le strade di zendado, e fe vestire molte brigate d' armeggiatori. E

plished in every article. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him; and embracing each the other, I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, Giannetto answered: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto made entertain- ments, and presents of horses and money to his former companions; and having made a great expence for several days, he took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. Everybody shed tears at his de- parture, both men and women; his amiable deportment had so gained the good-will of all. In this manner he left Venice, and returned to Belmonte.

The lady arrived some days before; and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave orders to have every thing prepared, and the streets lined with tapestry,

quando messer Giannetto e messere Ansaldo giunsero, tutti i baroni e la corte gli andarono incontra, gridando : Viva il signore, viva il signore. E come e' giunsero nella terra, la donna corse ad abbracciare messere Ansaldo, e finse esser un poco crucciata con messer Giannetto, a cui voleva meglio che a se. Fecesi la festa grande di giostrare, di armeggiare, di danzare e di cantare per tutti i baroni e le donne e donzelle che v'erano. Veggendo messer Giannetto che la moglie non gli faceva così buon viso com' ella solea, andossene in camera, e chiamolla e disse : Che hai tu ? e volsela abbracciare. Disse la donna : Non ti bisogna fare queste carezze, ch' io so bene che a Vinegia tu hai ritrovate le tue manze antiche. Messer Giannetto si cominciò a scusare. Disse la donna : Ov' è l' anello ch' io ti diedi ? Rispose messer Giannetto : Ciò ch' io mi pensai, me n' è incontrato, e dissi bene che tu te ne penseresti male. Ma io ti giuro per la fe ch' io porto a Dio e a te, che quello anello io lo donai a quel giudice che mi die vinta la quistione. Disse la donna : Io ti giuro per la fe ch' io porto a Dio e a te, che tu lo donasti a una femina, e io lo so, e non ti vergogni di giurarlo. Soggiunse messer Giannetto : Io prego Iddio che mi disfaccia del mondo, s' io non ti

and filled with men armed for the tiltings and exercises. And when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court when out to meet them, crying, Long live our sovereign lord ! long live our sovereign lord ! When they arrived at the palacc, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo ; but feigned anger against Giannetto, tho' she loved him excessively : yet the feastings, tilts and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies assisted. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and inquiring the reason, would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted not his caresses : I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses at Venice. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him ? It is no more that what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me ; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman ; and I know it certainly :

dico il vero, e più ch' io lo dissi col giudice insieme, quando egli me lo chiese. Disse la donna: Tu vi ti potevi anco rimanere, e qua mandare messere Ansaldo, e tu goderti con le tue manze, che odo che tutte piangevano quando tu ti partisti. Messer Giannetto cominciò a lagrimare, e a darsi assai tribulazione, dicendo: Tu fai sacramento di quel che non è vero, e non potrebbe essere. Dove la donna veggendolo lagrimare, parve che le fosse dato d' un coltello nel cuore, e subito corse ad abbracciarlo, facendo le maggiori risa del mondo; e mostrogli l' anello, e dissegli ogni cosa, com' egli aveva detto al giudice, e come ella era stata quel giudice, e in che modo glielo diede. Onde messer Giannetto di questo si fece la maggior maraviglia del mondo; e veggendo ch' egli era pur vero, ne cominciò a fare gran festa. E uscito fuor di camera lo disse con alcuno de' suoi baroni e compagni, e per questo crebbe e moltiplicò l' amore fra loro due. Dapoi messer Giannetto chiamò quella cameriera che gli aveva insegnato la sera che non beesse, e diella per moglie a messere Ansaldo; e così stettero lungo tempo in allegrezza e festa, mentre che durò la lor vita.

therefore swear no more. Giannetto said, if what he had told her was not true, he wished every misfortune to fall on him, that might destroy him; and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, and have sent Ansaldo here; for I hear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her that what she supposed could not possibly be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter shewed the ring, told every thing which he had said to the lawyer; that she was herself the lawyer; and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and was highly delighted with what he had heard; and went out of the chamber, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife: and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

DECLAMATION NINETY-FIVE.

Of a Jew, who would for his Debt have a Pound of the Flesh of a Christian.

[From the Orator of Alex. Silvayn, Englished by L. P., 4to, 1598.]

A Jew unto whom a Christian Merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turckie : the Merchant because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paied it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fiftene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh : the ordinarie Judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christians flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his owne head should be smitten off. The Jew appealed from this sentence unto the chiefe Judge, saying :

IMPOSSIBLE is it to breake the credite of trafficke amongst men without great detriment unto the Commonwealth : wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or wil not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne ; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shal not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight, that it is a thing no lesse strange then cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money : Surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable, but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because

they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all: as to bind al the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intollerable slaverie, where not only the whole bodie but also al the sences and spirits are tormented, the which is comunly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are all of one sect and nation, yea amongst neighbours and kindred, and even amongst Christians it hath ben scene, that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise, in the Roman Commonwealth, so famous for laws and armes, it was lawfull for debt, to imprison, beat, and afflict with torments the free Citizens: How manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have ben excused with the paiment of a pound of their flesh? Who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons, for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paid for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteeme their reputation is so great, that oftentimes they had rather indure any thing secretlie then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed. Neverthelesse, I doe freely confesset that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh, then my credit, should be in any sort cracked: I might also say that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable, or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jewes anie more hereafter: but I will onelie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldior if he come unto the warres but an houre too late, and also to hang a theefe though he steale never so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that

hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life and al for greife? Were it not better for him to lose that which I demand, then his soule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it me: And especiallie because no man knoweth better then he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person, for I might take it in such a place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: what a matter were it then, if I should cut of his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? Or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine owne life? I beleeeve I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his eares, and pull out his eies, to make of them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? Surely I thinke not, because the obligation dooth not specific that I ought either to chuse, cut, or take^e the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should bee delivered unto me.

The Christians Answered.

It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable the which were yet the more tollerable, if such men would bee contented with reasonable things, or at the least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this

Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh, whereby is manifestly scene the antient and cruell hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them, seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just Judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons proove that his abomination is equitie: trulie I confesse that I have suffered fiteene daies of the tearme to passe, yet who can tell whether he or Iis the cause thereof. As for me I thinke that by secret meanes he hath caused the money to bee delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; Otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind my selfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to bee so impudent, as to goe about to proove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paied with mans flesh, which is a thing more natural for Tigres, then men, the which also was never heard of: but this divell in shape of a man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie propounded this accursed obligation unto me. Whereas hee alleageth the Romanes for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over greevously, the Commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt. To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extream necessitie is somewhat excusable; as for me, I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soone as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mischeevous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the Judge who hath justly repressed his beastlinesse. Wherein then have I falsefied my promise, is

it in that I would not, (like him) disobey the judgement of the Judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may pay himselfe, according to the contents of the judgement, where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us, for they doe it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation: but what shal I say? Their own bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their Priests, Judges, and leaders. What did not the verie Patriarks themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst them, they had slaine him even for verie envie. How manie adulteries and abominations were committed amongst them? How manie murthers? *Absalon* did not he cause his brother to be murdered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their Judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? And that they beleeve they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto anie that is not a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous Judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe unto your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monsters crueltie.

THE STORY OF
THE CHOICE OF THREE CASKETS.
FROM THE GESTA ROMANORUM.

[Translated by Robert Robinson.]

THE THIRTY-SECOND HISTORIE.

SOMETIME in Rome dwelt a mightie Emperour, named Anselme, which had wedded the kings daughter of Jerusalem, a faire lady and a gracious, in the sight of every man, but she was long time with the emperour or shee bare him any child, wherefore the nobles of the empire were right sorrowfull, because their lord had none heire of his owne body begotten. Till at last it befell, that this Anselme walked after supper in an evening in his garden, and bethought himsele how hee had none heire, and how the king of Ampluy warred on him continually, for so much as he had no sonne to make defiance in his absence, wherefore he was right sorrowfull and went to his chamber and slept. Then he thought he saw a vision in his sleepe, that the morning was much more cleerer than it was wont to be, and that the moone was more paler on the one side then on the other. And after he saw a bird of two colours, and by that bird stood two beasts, which fed that little bird with their heate: and after that came many moe beasts, and bowed their breasts toward the bird, and went their way. Then came there divers birds, that sung so sweetly and pleasantly that the emperour awaked. In the morning earely this Anselme remembered his vision and wondered much what it might signifie, wherefore he called to him his philosophers, and also the states of his empire, and told

them his dreame, charging them to tell him the signification thereof, upon paine of death : and if they told him the interpretation thereof he promised them great reward.

Then said they, Deere Lord, tell us your dreame, and we shall declare unto you what it betokeneth. Then the emperour told them from the beginning to the ending, as it is aforesaid. When the philosophers heard this, with glad cheere, they answered and said. My lord, the dreame that you saw betokeneth good, for the empire shal be more clearer then it is. The moone that is more pale on the one side then on the other, betokeneth the empres, that hath lost part of her coulour through the conception of a son, that she hath conceived. The little bird betokeneth the sonne that she shall beare. The two beasts that feede this bird betokeneth all the wise men and rich men of this empire, which shall obey thy sonne. These other beasts that bowed their breasts to the bird, betokeneth that many other nations shall doe him homage. The bird that sung so sweetly to this little bird, betokeneth the Romanes, which shall rejoyce and sing, because of his birth. Lo, this is the very interpretation of your dreame.

When the emperour heard this, he was right joyfull. Now, soone after that the empresse travailed in child-birth, and was delivered of a faire sonne, of whose birth was great and wonderfull joy made.

When the king of Amplay heard this, hee thought in himselfe thus: Lo, I have warred against the emperour all the dayes of my life, and now hee hath a sonne the which will revenge all the wrongs that I have done and wrought against his father, when hee commeth to a full age, therefore it is better that I send to the emperour and beseech him of trewse and peace, that his sonne may have nothing against me when hee commeth to man-hood. When hee had thus thought in himselfe, he wrote to the emperour, beseeching him to have peace. When the emperour saw that the king of Amplay wrote to him more for feare then for love, hee wrote againe

to him, that if hee would find sufficient suertie to keep the peace, and binde himselfe all the dayes of his life to doe him service and homage, and to give him yearely a certaine tribute, he would receive him to peace.

When the king had read the tenour of the emperours letter, he called his counsell, praying them to give him counsayle how he might best do as touching this matter. Then said they: It is good that yee obey the emperours will and commandement in all things. For in the first, hee desireth of you surety for the peace, and as to this we answer thus.

Ye have but a daughter, and the emperour one only son, wherefore let a marriage be made between them, and that may be a perpetuall covenant of peace: also he asketh homage and rent, which it is good to fulfill. And when the king sent his messengers to the emperour, saying, that hee would fulfill his intent in all things, if it might please his highnesse that his sonne and the kings daughter might be married together. All this pleased well the emperour, nevertheles he sent againe, that if his daughter were a cleane virgin from her birth unto that day, he would consent to that marriage. Then was the king right glad, for his daughter was a cleane virgin.

Therefore when the letters of covenant and compact were sealed, the king furnished a faire ship, wherein he might send his daughter with many noble knights, ladyes, and great riches, unto the emperour, for to have his sonne in marriage.

Now when they were sayling in the sea toward Rome, a storme arose so extremeely and so horribly, that the ship all to brast against a rock of stone, and they were all drowned, save onely that yong lady, which fixt her hope and heart so firmly on God, that she was saved. And about three of clocke, the tempest ceased, and the lady drave forth over the waves, in the broken ship, which was cast up againe, but an huge whale followed after, readie to devoure both the ship and her: wherefore this faire yong lady when night came, smote fire with a stone, wherewith the ship was greatly

lightened, and then the whale durst not adventure toward the ship, for feare of the light. At the cock-crowing, this yong lady was so weary of the great tempest and trouble of the sea, that she slept, and within a little after the fire surceased, and with that came the whale and devoured this virgin. But when she wakened and found her selfe swallowed up in the whales belly, shee smote fire, and within a little while shee wounded the whale with a knife in many places, and when the whale felt himselfe wounded, according to his nature, he began to swim to land.

There was at that time dwelling in that country an earle that was a noble man, named Parris, the which for his recreation walked by the sea shore, and as he was walking thus, he saw where the whale was comming towards the land, wherefore he turned home againe, and gathered many strong men and came thether againe, and caught the whale, and wounded him very sore, and as they smote, the mayden that was in his belly cried with an high voice and said, O gentle friends have mercie and compassion on me, for I am a kings daughter and a true virgin from the houre of my birth unto this day. When the earle heard this he wondred greatly and opened the side of the whale and tooke her out. And when she was thus delivered, shee told him forthwith whose daughter she was, and how shee had lost all her goods in the sea, and how shee should have becne married unto the emperours sonne. And when the earle heard this hee was right glad, wherefore hec comforted her the more, and kept her still with him till she was well refreshed. And in the meane time he sent messengers to the emperour, giving him to know how the kings daughter was saved.

Then was the emperour right glad of her safety and comming, and had great compassion on her, saying: Ah faire lady, for the love of my sonne thou hast suffered much woe, neverthesse if thou be worthie to be his wife, soone shall I prove.

And when he had thus said, he commanded to bring forth

three vessels, the first was made of pure gold, beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead mens bones, and thereupon was ingraven this posey: Whoso chooseth me shall finde that he deserveth.

The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and wormes, and the superscription was thus: Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth.

The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and the superscription, Who so chooseth mee shall finde that God hath disposed to him.

These three vessels the emperour shewed to the maiden and said, Lo, here daughter, these be faire vessels, if thou choose one of these, wherein is profit to thee and to other, then shalt thou have my sonne: but if thou choose that wherein is no profit to thee nor to none other, soothly thou shalt not marrie him.

When the mayden saw this, she lift up her hands to God and said: Thou Lord that knowest all things, grant me grace this houre so to choose, that I may receive the emperours sonne. And with that shee beheld the first vessell of gold, which was engraven, and read the superscription, Who so chooseth me, &c. saying thus: Though this vessel be full precious and made of pure gold, neverthelesse I know not what is within, therefore my deare lord, this vessel will I not choose.

And then shee beheld the second vessel that was of pure silver, and read the superscription, Who so chooseth mee shall finde that his nature desireth. Thinking thus within her selfe, If I choose this vessel, what is within it I know not, but well I wot there shall I finde that nature desireth, and my nature desireth the lust of the flesh, therefore this vessel will I not choose. When she had scene these two vessels, and given an answer as touching them, shee beheld the third vessell of lead, and read the superscription, Who so chooseth mee, shall finde that God hath disposed. Thincking within her selfe this vessel is not passing rich, nor throughly

precious: neverthelesse, the superscription saith: Who so chooseth mee, shall finde that God hath disposed: and without doubt God never disposeth any harme, therefore now I will choose this vessell, by the leave of God.

When the emperour saw this, hee said, O faire mayden open thy vessell, and see if thou hast well chosen or no. And when this yong lady had opened it, shee found it full of fine gold and precious stones, like as the emperour had told her before.

And then said the emperour, O my deere daughter, because thou hast wisely chosen, therefore shalt thou marry my sonne. And when he had so said, he ordained a marriage, and married them together with great solempnitie and much honour, and they lived peaceably a long time together.

THE MORALL.

THIS emperour betokeneth the Father of heaven, the which was long time without a natural sonne, therefore many men were in danger of perishing in hell. The empresse conceived when the angell Gabriel sayd, Loe, thou shalt conceive and beare a childe. And then the firmament began to cleere when this little childe lightened the world with his birth. The moone began to waxe pale, when the face of the Virgin Mary was overshadowed by vertue of the grace of the Holy Ghost; and not onely her face was thus shadowed, but also her body, for shee conceived with childe as an other woman, wherefore Joseph would have forsaken her privily, and gone away. The little bird that came from the one side of the moone, betokeneth our Lord Jesu Christ, which at midnight was borne of the Virgin Mary, wrapped in clothes, and laid in an oxes crib. The two beasts betokeneth the oxe and the asse that Joseph brought with him, which

honoured him in his birth. These other beasts that came from farre, betokeneth the shepheards in the felde, to whom the angel said thus, *Ecce nuncio vobis gaudium magnum*, Loe I shew to you great joy. The birds that sung so sweetly, betokeneth the angels of heaven, which sung at his birth this joyful song: *Gloria in excelsus*, Joy to God above, and peace to men on earth.

The king of Amphy, which helde war against the emperour, betokeneth all mankind, that was contrary to God, as long as they were in the Divels power. But immediately when our Lord Jesu Christ was born, he bowed himself to God and besought him of peace, when hee received his baptisme: for at our baptising we promised to drawe onely to God, and forsake the Divell and all his pompes. The king gave his daughter in marriage to the emperours sonne. Right so each of us ought to give his soul in marriage to Gods sonne, for he is always readie to receive our soule as his spouse, according to his Scripture, saying thus: *Desponsabo te ipsum mihi*, I will marry thee unto me. But or they may come to the palace of heaven, it behoveth her to saile by the sea of this world in the ship of good life; but oftentimes there ariseth a tempest in the sea, that is, trouble of this world, temptation of the flesh, and the suggestion of the Divell, ariseth sodainely and drowneth the vertues that the soule receiveth in baptisme; neverthesse yet falleth she not out of the ship of charitic, but keepeth her selfe surely therein by faith and hope; for, as the apostle saith, *Spe salvi facti sumus*, By hope we be saved; for it is impossible to be saved without hope or faith.

The great whale that followeth the maiden betokeneth the Divell, which by night and by day lyeth in wait to overcome the soule by sinne; and therefore doe we as the mayden did, smite the fire of charity and love out of the stone, that is Christ, according to this saying: *Ego sum lapis*, I am a stone. And certainly the Divell shall have no power to grieve us. Many men begin well, as did the mayden, but at the last they be weary of their good works, and so sleepe

they in sin. And anon, when the Divell perceiveth this, he devoureth the sinner in his evill thoughts, delights, consent, and worke; therefore if any of us feele our selves in this life under the power of the Divell, let him doe as the maiden did, smite the Divell with the knife of bitter repentance, then kindle the fire of charitie, and without doubt hee shall have the land of good life.

The earle that came with his servants to slay the whale, betokeneth a discreete preacher, which dwelleth beside the sea, that is, beside the world, and not in the world; that is, not drawing to worldly delectation, but is ready with good words of holy Scripture, to kill the Divell, and to destroy his power. Wee must all cry with an high voice as did this mayden, knowledging our sinnes, and then shall wee be delivered from the Divell, and nourished with vertuous exercise.

The emperour sheweth this maiden three vessels; that is, God putteth before man life and death, good and evill, and which of these hee chooseth hee shall obtaine; therefore saith Salomon, *Ante hominem mors et vita*, Death and life is set before man, choose which him list. And yet man is uncertaine whether he were best to choose life before death.

By the first vessell of gold full of dead mens bones, we shall understand some worldly men, both mightie men and rich, which outwardly shine as gold, in riches and pompes of the world; neverthesse, within they bee full of dead mens bones; that is, the workes that they have wrought in this world be dead in the sight of God, through deadly sinne; therefore if any man choose such a life, he shall have that hee deserveth, that is, hell. And such men be like tombes that be white and richly painted and arayed without, and covered with cloth of golde and silke, but within there is nothing but dry bones. By the second vessel of silver we ought to understand some justices and wise men of this world, which shine in faire speech, but within they be ful of wormes of the earth; that is, their faire speach shall availe them no more at the day of judgement then the wormes of the earth, and,

peradventure lesse; for then shall they suffer everlasting paine, if they die in deadly sinne.

By the third vessel of lead, full of golde and precious stones, we ought to understand a simple life and a poore, which the chosen soules choose, that they may be married to our blessed Lord Jesu Christ by humilitie and obeysance, and such men beare with them precious stones; that is, faith and her fruitfull works, pleasing to God; by the which, at the judgement day, they be espoused to our Lord Jesu Christ, and obtaine the heritage of heaven, unto the which bring us our Saviour Jesu Christ, Amen.

THE STORY
ON WHICH IS FOUNDED THE
TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.
FROM THE
HECATOMITHI OF CINTHIO;
WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

INTRODUCTION.

THE novel upon which "Othello" was founded was translated into English by W. Parr, in 1795, and that version we have appended to our reprint of the original by Cinthio, in his *Hecatommithi*, Decad. III, Nov. 7. The narrative is not known in our language at an earlier date: it may have existed in the time of Shakespeare, and may have been since lost, or he may have been sufficiently acquainted with Italian to glean such incidents as suited his purpose; and this, in fact, is nearly the whole extent of his obligation. Shakespeare has deviated from the novel in several places, particularly in the conclusion, where, according to Cinthio, Desdemona is killed, not by Othello, but by Iago, in a most clumsy and unpoetical manner, his weapon being a stocking filled with sand—*una calza piena di rena*: Othello is an accomplice in the murder, and, in order to conceal it, they afterwards pull down the ceiling of the room upon the dead body, having first *spezzatale la testa*. Our great dramatist improved upon his original in other respects, by introducing the character of Roderigo, and by making Emilia the dupe of Iago in stealing the embroidered handkerchief, to which no magical virtues are imputed in the novel. Shakespeare perceived at once, that for Iago to purloin it from Desdemona, while she was playing with his child, could not be rendered an effective dramatic incident: besides, the mere circumstance of making Iago a father was to form some alliance between him and the finer and tenderer feelings of our nature. The disappointed passion of Iago for Desdemona is thrust into the foreground in the Italian novel, and the villain derives no impulse towards his crime from envy of the advancement of Cassio. In short, the novel is, in all respects, a very poor and ill-constructed composition; and a comparison of it with Shakespeare's "Othello" illus-

INTRODUCTION.

trates most forcibly, not only the exhaustless resources, but the wonderful judgment of our great dramatist.

It is to be observed that the only name introduced by Cinthio is that of Desdemona : Othello is called by him the Moor, Cassio the lieutenant, and Iago the ensign or ancient. Of Brabantio we hear nothing, and are merely told generally, that Desdemona's relations did all in their power to induce her to marry some other person.

From whence Shakespeare obtained the names of his characters must remain a question until, perhaps, some old translation or adaptation of Cinthio's novel is discovered, where they may be found. The only other work in which Othello occurs was pointed out by Malone, viz. "God's Revenge against Adultery," by Reynolds, where a person called Othello is represented as "an old German soldier." Farmer truly states that Iago is the name given to the Prince of Saxony in the old romance of "Euordanus," 1605; but that work was printed three years after the date when Othello was acted : he omitted to remark that Emilia is also a name in the same work, which is another slight circumstance connecting it with Shakespeare's tragedy. As Farmer does not quote the title of the production correctly, we may be allowed to add it here : it is, "The first and second part of the History of the famous Euordanus, Prince of Denmark. With the strange Adventures of Iago, Prince of Saxonie : And of both theyr severall fortunes in Love. At London, printed by I. R. for R. B., and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Sun. 1605." 4to, B. L.

Several portions of this work might be adduced to shew that Shakespeare was acquainted with it; and it is the more worthy of attention, because it appears to be an original romance, not translated, like many others, from a foreign original.

NOVELLA VII.

Un capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina Veneziana, un suo alfiero l'accusa di adulterio al marito; cerca, che l'alfiero uccida colui, ch'egli credea l'adultero; il capitano uccide la moglie, e accusato dall' alfiero, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari indizj, è bandito; e lo scelerato alfiero, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia a se la morte miseramente.

Fù già in Venezia un Moro, molto valoroso, il quale, per essere prò della persona, e per aver dato segno, nelle cose della guerra, di gran prudenza, e di vivace ingegno, era molto caro a que' signori, i quali nel dar premio agli atti virtuosi avanzano quante repubbliche fur mai. Avenne, che una virtuosa donna, di maravigliosa bellezza, Disdemona chiamata, tratta non da appetito donnesco, ma dalla virtù del Moro, s'innamorò di lui: ed egli, vinto dalla bellezza, e dal nobile pensiero della Donna, similmente di lei si accese, ed ebbero tanto favorevole amore, che si congiunsero insieme per matrimonio, ancora che i parenti della donna facessero ciò, che poterono, perchè, ella altro marito si prendesse, che lui: e vissero insieme di sì concorde volere, e in tanta tranquillità,

THERE was once in Venice a Moor of great merit, who for his personal courage, and the proofs he had given of his conduct, as well as his vigorous genius in the affairs of war, was held in great esteem by those gentlemen who, in rewarding patriotic services, excel all the republics that ever existed. It happened that a virtuous woman of great beauty, called Desdemona, not drawn by female appetite, but by the virtue of the Moor, fell in love with him; and he, subdued by the charms and noble sentiments of the lady, became equally enamoured of her. Their passion was so successful that they were married, although her relations did all in their power to make her take another husband. They lived together in such peace and concord while they

mentre furono in Venezia, che mai tra loro non fù non dirò cosa, ma parola men, che amorevole. Occorse, che i signori Veneziani fecero mutazione delle genti d'arme, ch' essi sogliono tenere in Cipri: ed elesse per capitano de' soldati, che là mandavano, il Moro. Il quale, ancora che molto lieto fosse dell' onore, che gli era offerto (però che tal grado di dignità non si suol dare se non agli uomini, e nobili, e forti, e fedeli, e che abbiano mostrato avere in se molto valore) si scemava nondimeno la sua allegrezza, qualora egli si poneva innanzi la lunghezza, e la malagevolezza del viaggio, pensandosi, che Disdemona ne dovesse rimanere offesa: la donna, che altro bene non aveva al mondo, che il Moro, ed era molto contenta, del testimonio, ch' aveva avuto il marito della sua virtù da così possente, e nobile repubblica non vedea l'ora, che il marito, colle sue genti, si mettesse in camino, ed ella andasse seco in compagnia in così onorato luogo, ma le dava gran noia il vedere il Moro turbato. E, non ne sapendo la cagione, un giorno mangiando gli disse; Che vuole egli dir, Moro, che poi, che vi è stato dato dalla Signoria così onorato grado, ve ne state tanto maninconico?; a Disdemona disse il

were at Venice, that there never passed between them either word or action that was not expressive of affection. The Venetians resolving to change the garrison which they maintain in Cyprus, elected the Moor to the command of the troops which they destined for that island. Although he was extremely pleased with the honour proposed to him (as it is a dignity conferred only on those who are noble, brave, trusty, and of approved courage) yet was his joy diminished when he reflected on the length and inconvenience of the voyage, supposing that Desdemona must be very averse to undertaking it. His wife, who valued nothing in the world but her husband, and rejoiced exceedingly in the testimony of approbation so lately shewn him by a powerful and celebrated republic, was extremely impatient for the departure of the troops, that she might accompany him to a post of so much honour. But she was very much vexed at seeing the Moor disturbed; and, not knowing the reason, said to him one day at dinner, "How can you be so melancholy after having received from the Senate so high and so

Moro, Turba la contentezza del ricevuto onore, l'amore, che io ti porto, perchè io veggo, di necessità, delle due cose deverne avvenir l'una: ovvero, ch'io ti meni con esso meco a pericoli del mare: ovvero, che per non ti dar questo disagio ti lasci in Venezia. La prima non mi potrebbe essere se non grave, perchè ogni fatica, che tu ne sostenessi, ed ogni pericolo, che ci sopravvenisse, mi recherebbe estrema molestia. La seconda, devendoti lasciare, mi sarebbe odioso a me medesimo; perchè, partendomi da te, mi partirei dalla mia vita. Desdemona, ciò inteso; deh, disse, marito mio, che pensieri son questi che vi vanno per l'animo? a che lasciate, che cosa tal vi turbi? voglio io venire con voi, ovunque andrete, Sì bene così dovessi passare in camicia per il fuoco, come son per venire per acqua con voi, in sicura, e ben guarnita nave: e, se pure vi saranno pericoli, e fatiche, io con voi ne voglio essere a parte, e mi terrei d'essere poco amata da voi, quando, per non mi avere in compagnia nel mare, pensaste di lasciarmi in Venezia, o vi persuadeste, che più tosto mi volessi star quì sicura, ch'essere con voi in uno istesso pericolo. Però voglio, che vi apparecchiate al viaggio, con tutta quella alleg-

honourable a distinction?"—"My love for you, Desdemona," replied the Moor, "disturbs my enjoyment of the rank conferred upon me, since I am now exposed to this alternative—I must either endanger your life by sea, or leave you at Venice. The first would be terrible, as I shall suffer extremely from every fatigue you undergo, from every danger that threatens you: the second would render me insupportable to myself, as parting from you would be parting from my life."—"Ah! husband," returned Desdemona, "why do you perplex yourself with such idle imaginations? I will follow you wherever you go, though it were necessary to pass through fire instead of only going by water in a safe and well equipped vessel. If there are dangers in the way, I will share them with you; and, indeed, your affection for me could not be great, if you thought of leaving me at Venice to save me from a sea-voyage, or believed that I would rather remain here in security than share with you both danger and fatigue. I insist, therefore, on your preparing for the voyage with all that cheerfulness which your dignity

rezza, che merita la qualità del grado, che tenete. Gettò allora le braccia al collo tutto lieto il Moro alla mogliera, e con un affettuoso bacio le disse : Iddio ci conservi lungamente in questa amorevolezza, moglie mia cara : ed indi a poco, pigliati i suoi arnesi, e messossi ad ordine per lo cammino, entrò colla sua donna, e con tutta la compagnia, nella galea : e date le vele al vento, si mise in cammino : e con somma tranquillità del mare, se n'andò in Cipri. Aveva costui nella compagnia un alfiero di bellissima presenza, ma della più sceletrata natura, che mai fosse uomo del mondo. Era questo molto caro al Moro, non avendo egli delle sue cattività notizia alcuna. Perchè, quantunque egli fosse di vilissimo animo, copriva nondimeno, colle alte, e superbe parole, e colla sua presenza, di modo la viltà, ch'egli chiudea nel cuore, che si scopriva nella sembianza un Ettore, o un Achille. Avea similmente menato questo malvagio la sua moglie in Cipri, la quale era bella, ed onesta giovane : e per essere Italiana, era molto amata dalla moglie del Moro, e si stava la maggior parte del giorno con lei. Nella medesima compagnia era, anche un capo di squadra, carissimo al Moro; andava spes-

ought to inspire." The Moor then tenderly embraced his wife, saying, " May Heaven long preserve us in this degree of reciprocal affection." Soon afterwards, having settled his affairs and prepared the necessary stores, he went on board the galley with his wife and his company, and sailed for Cyprus with a favourable wind. He had in his company an ensign of a very amiable outward appearance, but whose character was extremely treacherous and base. He had imposed on the Moor's simplicity so successfully, that he had gained his friendship ; for although he was, in fact, a very great coward, yet his carriage and conversation were so haughty and full of pretension, that you would have taken him for a Hector or an Achilles. This rascal had also conducted his wife with him to Cyprus, who was a handsome and discreet woman ; and, being an Italian, Desdemona was so fond of her, that they passed the greatest part of their time together. In the same company was also a lieutenant, to whom the Moor was much attached. The lieutenant went often to the Moor's house, and dined frequently with him and his

sissime volte questo a casa del Moro, e spesso mangiava con lui e con la moglie. Laonde la donna che lo conosceva così grato al suo marito, gli dava segni di grandissima benivolenza. La qual cosa era molto cara al Moro. Lo scelerato alfiero, non curando punto la fede data alla sua moglie, nè l'amicizia, nè la fede, nè l'obbligo, ch'egli avesse al Moro, s'innamorò di Desdemona ardentissimamente; e voltò tutto il suo pensiero a vedere, se gli poteva venir fatto di godersi di lei: ma non ardiva di dimostrarsi, temendo, che, se il Moro se ne avedesse, non gli desse subito morte. Cercò egli con varj modi, quanto più occultamente poteva, di far accorta la donna, ch'egli l'amava. Ma ella, ch'avea nel Moro ogni suo pensiero, non pensava punto nè all'alfiero, nè ad altri. E tutte le cose, ch'egli facea, per accenderla di lui, non più operavano, che se fatto non le avesse. Onde s'imaginò costui, che ciò avvenisse, perchè ella fosse accesa del capo di squadra; e pensò volerosi levar dinanzi agli occhi, e non pure a ciò piegò la mente, ma mutò l'amore, ch'egli portava alla donna, in acerbissimo odio; e si diè, con ogni studio, a pensare, come gli potesse venir fatto, che ucciso il capo di squadra, se non po-

wife. Desdemona seeing that the Moor was so fond of him, shewed him every mark of attention and civility, with which the Moor was much pleased. The detestable ensign, forgetting his duty to his own wife, and violating all the laws of friendship, honour, and gratitude with which he was bound to the Moor, fell passionately in love with Desdemona, and thought only how he might enjoy her. He dared not however avow himself, for fear the Moor, if he discovered it, should instantly put him to death. He sought by all the private means in his power to make Desdemona conscious of his love. But she was so entirely taken up with the Moor, that she thought neither of him nor of any one else; and all that he did to engage her affections produced not the least effect. He then took it into his head, that this neglect arose from her being pre-engaged in favour of the lieutenant; and not only determined to get rid of him, but changed his affection for her into the most bitter hatred. He studied, besides, how he might prevent in future the Moor from living happily with Desdemona, should his passion not be gratified

tesse goder della donna, il Moro anco non ne godesse. E rivolgendosi per l'animo varie cose tutte scelerate, e malvagie, alla fine, deliberò di volerla accusare di adulterio al marito, e dargli ad intendere, che l'adultero era il capo di squadra; ma sapendo costui l'amore singolare, che portava il Moro a Disdemona, e l'amicizia, ch'egli avea col capo di squadra, conosceva apertamente, che se con astuta froda non faceva inganno al Moro, era impossibile a dargli a vedere nè l'uno, nè l'altro. Per la qual cosa si mise ad aspettare, che il tempo, e il luogo gli aprisse la via da entrare a così scelerata impresa. E non passò molto, che il Moro, per aver messo mano alla spada il capo di squadra, nella guardia, contra un soldato, e dategli delle ferite, lo privò del grado: la qual cosa fù gravissima a Disdemona. E molte volte aveva tentato di rappacificare il marito con lui. Tra questo mezzo disse il Moro allo scelerato alfiere, che la moglie gli dava tanta secagine per il capo di squadra, che temea finalmente, di non essere astretto a ripigliarlo. Prese da ciò il mal' uomo argomento di por mano a gli orditi inganni, e disse; Ha forse Disdemona cagione di vederlo volentieri. Et perchè? disse

after he had murdered the lieutenant. Revolving in his mind a variety of methods, all impious and abominable, he at last determined to accuse her to the Moor of adultery with the lieutenant. But knowing the Moor's great affection for Desdemona, and his friendship for the lieutenant, he plainly saw that unless his deceit was very artfully conducted, it would be impossible to make him think ill of either of them. For this reason he determined to wait till time and place afforded him a fit opportunity for entering on his wicked design; and it was not long before the Moor degraded the lieutenant for having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard. This accident was so painful to Desdemona, that she often tried to obtain for him her husband's pardon. In the mean time the Moor had observed to the ensign, that his wife teased him so much in favour of the lieutenant, that he feared he should be obliged at last to restore him to his commission. This appeared to that villain the proper moment for opening his scheme of treachery which he began by saying, " Perhaps Desdemona is fond of his com-

il Moro, io non voglio, rispose l'alfiero, por mano tra marito, e moglie : ma, se terrete aperti gli occhi, voi stesso lo vi vedrete. Nè per diligenza, che facesse in Moro, volle l'alfiero più oltre passare : benchè lasciarono tali parole, così pungente spina nell' animo del Moro, che si diede con sommo studio a pensare ciò che volessero dire tali parole, e se ne stava tutto maninconioso. La onde, tentando un giorno la moglie di ammolire l'ira sua verso il capo di squadra, e pregandolo a non voler mettere in oblio la servitù, e l'amicizia di tanti anni, per un picciolo fallo ; essendo massimamente nata pace, fra il soldato ferito ed il capo di squadra, venne il Moro in ira, e le disse : Gran cosa è questa, Disdemona, che tu tanta cura ti pigli di costui, non è però egli nè tuo fratello, nè tuo parente, che tanto ti debba essere a cuore. La donna, tutta cortese, e umile ; non vorrei, disse, che voi vi adiraste con meco, altro non mi muove, che il dolermi di vedervi privato di così caro amico, qual sò, per lo testimonio di voi medesimo, che vi è stato il capo di squadra : non ha però egli commesso sì grave errore, che gli debbiate portar tanto odio. Ma voi Mori siete di natura tanto caldi, ch'ogni poco di cosa vi muove ad ira,

pany."—"And why?" said the Moor.—"Nay," replied he, "I do not chuse to meddle between man and wife ; but if you watch her properly, you will understand me." Nor would he, to the earnest entreaties of the Moor, afford any further explanation. These words had stung the Moor so severely, that he endeavoured perpetually to find out their meaning, and became exceedingly melancholy. Whereupon, when his wife sometime afterwards repeated her solicitations that he would forgive the lieutenant, and not sacrifice the service and friendship of so many years to one slight fault, particularly as the lieutenant and the soldier were friends again, the Moor grew angry, and said to her, "It is somewhat extraordinary, Desdemona, that you should take so much trouble about this fellow ; he is neither your brother nor your relation, that he should claim so much of your affection." His wife with much sweetness and humility replied, "I have no other motive for speaking, than the pain it gives me to see you deprived of so excellent a friend as you have always told me the lieutenant was to you. I hope you

e a vendetta. A queste parole più irato rispose il Moro, tale lo potrebbe provare, che non sel crede: vedrò tal vendetta delle ingiurie, che mi son fatte, che ne resterò sazio. Rimase la donna tutta sbigottita a queste parole: e, veduto fuor del suo costume, il marito, contra lei riscaldato, umilmente disse; altro, che buon fine, a parlarvi di ciò non mi ha indotta, ma perchè più non vi abbiate di adirar meco, non vi dirò più mai di ciò parola. Veduta il Moro la istanza, che di nuovo gli avea fatta la moglie, in favore del capo di squadra, s' immaginò che le parole, che gli avea detto l' alfiero, gli avessero voluto significare, che Disdemona fosse innamorata di lui, e se n' andò a quel ribaldo tutto maninconioso, e cominciò a tentare, ch' egli più apertamente gli parlasse. L'alfiero, intento al danno di questa misera donna, dopo l' aver finto di non voler dir cosa, che fosse per dispiacergli, mostrandosi vinto da' preghi del Moro, disse; Io non posso negare, che non in' incresce incredibilmente, di avervi a dir cosa, che sia per esservi più di qualunque altra molesta: ma, poi che pur volete, ch' io la vi dica, e la cura, che io debbo avere dell' onor vostro, come di mio signore, mi sprona anche a dirlovi, non vo-

will not be angry with me; yet his fault does not merit so much of your hatred: but you Moors are of so warm a constitution, that every trifle transports you with anger and revenge." The Moor, still more irritated by these words, replied, "Perhaps one who suspects it not may learn that by experience; I will be revenged for the injuries done to me, so thoroughly, that I shall be satisfied." His wife was much terrified by these expressions, and seeing him, for the first time, in a passion with her, submissively answered, "I have none but the purest motives for speaking on the business: but not to displease you in future, I promise never to speak of it again." The Moor, on this new application made by his wife in favour of the lieutenant, imagined that the ensign's words meant that she was in love with him: he therefore went to that scoundrel in a state of great dejection, and endeavoured to make him speak more intelligibly. The ensign, bent on the ruin of this poor woman, after feigning an unwillingness to say any thing to her disadvantage, and at last pretending to yield to the vehement entreaties of

glio ora mancare nè alla vostra dimanda, nè al debito mio. Devete adunque sapere, che, non per altro, è grave alla donna vostra il veder il capo di squadra in disgrazia vostra, che per lo piacere, ch' ella si piglia con lui, qual' ora egli in casa vostra viene: come colei, a cui già è venuta noia questa vostra nerezza. Queste parole passarono il cuore al Moro insino alle radici: Ma, per saper più oltre (ancora, ch' egli credesse vero quanto avea detto l' alfiero, per lo sospetto, che già gli era nato nell' animo) disse, con fiero viso; non sò io che mi tenga, che non ti tagli questa lingua, tanto audace, che ha avuto ardir di dar tal infamia alla donna mia. L' alfiero allora, non mi aspettava, disse, capitano, di questo mio amorevole ufficio, altra mercede; ma, poi che tanto oltre mi ha portato il debito mio, ed il desiderio dell' onor vostro: io vi replico, che così sta la cosa, come intesa l' avete, e se la donna, col mostrar di amarvi, vi ha così appannati gli occhi, che non abbiate veduto quel, che veder dovevate, non è mica per ciò, che io non vi dica il vero. Perchè il medesimo capo di squadra l' ha detto a me, come quegli, cui non pareva la sua felicità compiuta, se non ne faceva alcuno altro consa-

the Moor, said, "I cannot conceal the pain I feel in being under the necessity of making a discovery which will be to you so very shocking; but since you insist on it, and the attention which I ought to pay to the honour of my commanding-officer, prompts me to speak, I will not now refuse to satisfy your demand and my own duty. You must know, then, that Desdemona is only displeased at seeing you angry with the lieutenant, because, when he comes to your house, she consoles herself with him for the disgust which your blackness now occasions her to feel." These words penetrated to the very bottom of the Moor's heart; but to be better informed (although his previous suspicion made him give great credit to the ensign's information) he assumed a threatening countenance, and said, "I know not what prevents me from cutting out that insolent tongue of yours that has so impudently attacked the honour of my wife." The ensign then replied, "I expected no other reward for this friendly office of mine; but since my duty has made me go so far, and my regard for your honour still remains, I tell you again

pevole; e gli soggiunse: e, se io non avessi temuta l'ira vostra, gli avrei dato, quando ciò mi disse, quella mercede, coll'ucciderlo, della quale egli era degno. Ma poscia, che il farvi saper quello, che più a voi, che a qualunque altro appartiene, me ne fa avere così sconvenevole guiderdone: me ne vorrei essere stato cheto, che non sarei, tacendo, incorso nella disgrazia vostra. Il Moro allora tutto crucciato, se non mi fai, disse, vedere cogli occhi quello, che detto mi hai, viviti sicuro, che ti farò conoscere, che meglio per te sarebbe, che tu fossi nato mutolo. Agevol mi sarebbe stato questo, soggiunse il malvagio, quando egli in casa vostra veniva, ma ora, che, non per quello che bisognava, ma per vie più lieve cagione, l'avete scacciato, non mi potrà essere se non malagevole, che ancora che io stimi, ch'egli di Disdemona si goda, qualora voi gliene date l'agio, molto più cautamente lo dee fare ora, che si vede esservi venuto in odio, che non facea di prima. Ma anco non perdo la speranza di potervi far vedere quel, che creder non mi volete. E con queste parole si dipartirono. Il misero Moro, come tocco da pungentissimo strale, se n'andò a casa, attendendo che venisse il giorno, che

that the case is so; and if her feigned affection for you has blindfolded you to such a degree that you have not seen what is so very visible, that does not at all lessen the truth of my assertion. The lieutenant himself, who is one of those who are not content with their own enjoyments when some other is not made acquainted with them, told me so; and," added he, "if I had not feared your displeasure, I would have given him at the time that death he merited. But since the information I give you, which concerns you more than any one else, makes you treat me so very improperly, I am sorry I did not hold my tongue, that I might have avoided giving you offence." The Moor then answered, in great agitation, "If you do not make me to see with my own eyes the truth of what you tell me, be assured that I will make you wish you had been born dumb."—"This would have been easy enough," replied the villain, "when he came to your house: but now that you have driven him away for a much lighter reason than that which ought to have banished him thence, it will be difficult to prove it. For though

l'alfiero gli facesse veder quello, che lo devea far, per sempre, misero. Ma non minor noia dava al maladetto alfiero la castità, ch'egli sapeva, che osservava la donna, perchè gli pareva non poter ritrovar modo a far credere al Moro quello, che falsamente detto gli aveva: e, voltato in varie parti il pensiero, pensò lo scelerato a nuova malizia. Andava sovente la moglie del Moro, come ho detto, a casa della moglie dell'alfiero, e se ne stava con lei buona parte del giorno, onde veggendo costui ch'ella talora portava seco un pannicello da naso, ch'egli sapeva, che le avea donato il Moro, il qual pannicello era lavorato alla moresca sottilissimamente, ed era carissimo alla donna, e parimente al Moro, si pensò di toglierle secretamente, e quindi apparecchiare l'ultimo danno. E avendo egli una fanciulla di tre anni, la quale era molto amata di Desdemona, un giorno, che la misera donna a casa di questo reo si era andata a stare, prese egli la fanciulla in braccia, ed alla donna la pose: la quale la prese, e la si reccò al petto; questo ingannatore, ch'è eccellentemente giocava di mano, le levò da cintola il pannicello così accortamente, ch'ella punto non se ne avide, e da lei, tutto allegro, si dipartì.

I think yet that he continues to enjoy Desdemona whenever you give him an opportunity, he must necessarily proceed with greater caution now than he did before he had incurred your displeasure. But I do not despair of making you see that which upon my word you will not believe." They then separated. The poor Moor went home with a barbed arrow in his side, waiting impatiently for the day when the ensign should shew him what was to render him for ever miserable. But the known purity of Desdemona's conduct gave no less uneasiness to the villanous ensign, because he was afraid he should not be able to convince the Moor of what he had so falsely assured him. He applied himself therefore to the invention of new malice, and devised other expedients. I have already said that Desdemona went frequently to the ensign's house, and passed great part of the day with his wife. The villain had observed that she often brought with her a handkerchief that the Moor had given her, and which, as it was very delicately worked in the Moorish taste, was very highly valued by them both; he

Disdemona, ciò non sapendo, se ne andò a casa : e occupata da altri pensieri, non si avide del pannicello. Ma, indi ad alquanti giorni, cercandone, e nol ritrovando, stava tutta timida, che il Moro non gliele chiedesse, come egli sovente facea. Lo scelerato alfiere, pigliatosi commodo tempo, se ne andò al capo di squadra, e con astuta malizia gli lasciò il pannicello a capo del letto, nè se ne avide il capo di squadra, se non la seguente mattina, che levandosi dal letto, essendo il pannicello caduto in terra, vi pose il piede sopra: nè sapendosi immaginare, come in casa l'avesse, conoscendolo cosa di Disdemona, deliberò di dargliele: ed attendendo che il Moro fosse uscito di casa, se ne andò all'uscio di dietro, ed ivi picchiò; volle la Fortuna, che pareva, che coll' alfiere congiurata si fosse alla morte della meschina: che in quell' ora appunto, il Moro si venne a casa: ed udendo picchiare l'uscio, si fece alla finestra: e tutto cruccioso, disse, chi picchia là? Il capo di squadra, udita la voce del Moro, temendo ch' egli non scendesse a danno suo, senza rispondere parola si diede a fuggire. Il Moro, scese le scale: e aperto l'uscio, uscì nella strada, e cercando di lui nol ritrovò. Onde entrato in casa, pieno di mal talento, dimandò alla moglie, chi

determined to steal it, and by its means complete her ruin. He had a little girl of three years old that was much caressed by Desdemona; and one day, when that unhappy woman was on a visit to this villain, he took up the child in his arms and presented it to Desdemona, who received it and pressed it to her bosom. In the same instant this deceiver stole from hersash the handkerchief, with such dexterity, that she did not perceive him; and went away with it in very high spirits. Desdemona went home, and, taken up with other thoughts, never recollected her handkerchief till some days after; when, not being able to find it, she began to fear that the Moor should ask her for it, as he often did. The infamous ensign, watching his opportunity, went to the lieutenant, and, to aid his wicked purpose, left the handkerchief on his bolster. The lieutenant did not find it till the next morning, when, getting up, he set his foot upon it as it had fallen to the floor. Not being able to imagine how it came there, and knowing it to be Desdemona's, he determined to carry it back to her; and, waiting till the Moor was gone out, he went

fosse colui che la giù picchiava. La donna rispose quel, che vero era, che nol sapeva. Ma il Moro disse, mi ha egli paruto il capo di squadra; Non so io, disse ella, se sia stato nè egli, nè altri. Rattenne il Moro il furore, quantunque d'ira ardesse, nè prima volle far cosa alcuna, che parlasse, coll'alfiero, al quale subitamente se n'andò, e gli disse quanto era occorso, e lo pregò ad intendere dal capo di squadra tutto quello, ch'egli poteva intorno a ciò. Egli, lieto di così fatto avvenimento, gli promise di farlo. E al capo di squadra parlò un giorno costui, che il Moro era in luogo, onde gli poteva vedere insieme ragionare. E parlandogli di ogni altra cosa, che della donna, faceva le maggiori risa del mondo: e mostrando di maravigliarsi, facea di molti atti, e col capo, e colle mani, come, che udisse cose maravigliose. Il Moro, tosto che gli vide partiti, andò verso l'alfiero, per saper ciò che colui detto gli avesse. Questo, dopo aversi fatto lungamente pregare, al fin gli disse, non mi ha egli celato cosa alcuna, e mi ha detto, che si ha goduto della moglie vostra ogni volta, che voi coll'esser fuori, gli ne avete dato tempo: e che l'ultima fiata, che egli è stato con lei, gli ha ella donato quel

to the back-door and knocked. Fortune, who seemed to have conspired along with the ensign the death of this poor woman, brought the Moor home in the same instant. Hearing some one knock he went to the window, and, much disturbed, asked who is there? The lieutenant hearing his voice, and fearing that when came down he should do him some mischief, ran away without answering. The Moor came down, and finding no one either at the door or in the street, returned full of suspicion to his wife, and asked if she knew who it was that had knocked. She answered with great truth that she knew not. "But I think," said he, "it was the lieutenant;"—"It might be he," said she, "or any one else." The Moor checked himself at the time, though he was violently enraged, and determined to take no step without first consulting the ensign. To him he immediately went, and related what had just happened, begging him to learn from the lieutenant what he could on the subject. The ensign rejoiced much in this accident, and promised to do so. He contrived to enter into discourse with him one

pannicello da naso, che voi, quando la sposaste, le deste in dono. Il Moro ringraziò l'alfiero, e gli parve, che se ritrovava, che la donna non avesse il pannicello, potesse essere chiaro, che così fosse, come gli avea detto l'alfiero. Per la qual cosa un giorno, dopo desinare entrato in varj ragionamenti colla donna, le chiese il pannicello. L' infelice che di questo avea molto temuto, a tal dimanda, divenne nel viso tutta fuoco; et per celare il rossore, il quale molto bene notò il Moro, corse alla cassa, e finse di cercarlo. E dopo molto averlo cercato; non so, disse, com' ora non lo ritrovi, l' avreste voi forse avuto? s' avuto lo avessi, disse egli, perchè te lo chiederei io? ma ne cercherai più agiatamente un' altra volta. Et partitosi cominciò a pensare, come dovesse far morire la donna, ed insieme il capo di squadra, sì chè a lui non fosse data colpa della sua morte. E pensando giorno, e notte sopra ciò, non poteva fare, che la donna non si avedesse, ch' egli non era quegli, che verso lei, per adietro essere soleva. E gli disse più volte, che cosa avete voi, che così vi turbi? Voi che solevate essere il più festoso uomo del mondo, siete ora il più maninconico, che viva? Trovava il Moro varie

day in a place where the Moor might see them. He talked with him on a very different subject, laughed much, and expressed by his motions and attitudes very great surprise. The Moor as soon as he saw them separate went to the ensign, and desired to know what had passed between them. The ensign, after many solicitations, at last told him that he had concealed nothing from him. He says he has enjoyed your wife every time that you have stayed long enough from home to give him an opportunity; and that in their last interview she had made him a present of that handkerchief which you gave her. The Moor thanked him, and thought that if his wife had no longer the handkerchief in her possession, it would be a proof that the ensign had told him the truth. For which reason one day after dinner, among other subjects, he asked her for this handkerchief. The poor woman, who had long apprehended this, blushed excessively at the question, and, to hide her change of colour, which the Moor had very accurately observed, ran to her wardrobe and pretended to look for it. After having searched for some

cagioni di rispondere alla donna, ma non ne rimaneva ella punto contenta. E posto, ch' ella sapesse, che per niuno suo misfatto non dovesse essere così turbato il Moro, dubitava nondimeno, che per la tropa copia, ch' egli aveva di lei, non gli fosse venuta a noia. E talora diceva colla moglie dell' alfiero, io non so, che mi dica io del Moro, egli soleva essere verso me tutto amore, ora, da non so che pochi giorni in quà, è divenuto un' altro : e temo molto di non essere io quella, che dia essemplio alle giovani di non maritarsi contra il voler de' suoi ; che da me le donne Italiane imparino, di non si accompagnare con uomo, cui la natura, e il Cielo, e il modo della vita disgiunge da noi. Ma perchè io so, ch' egli è molto amico del vostro marito, e comunica con lui le cose sue : vi prego, che se avete intesa cosa alcuna da lui, della quale mi possiate avisare, che non mi manchiate di aiuto, e tutto ciò le diceva dirottamente piangendo ; la moglie dell' alfiero, che tutto sapeva, (come colei, cui il marito aveva voluto usare per mezzana alla morte della donna) ma non l' aveva ella mai voluto acconsentire, e temendo del marito, non ardiva di dirle cosa alcuna ; solo le disse, abbiate cura di non dare di voi sos-

time, " I cannot conceive," said she, " what is become of it ! have not you taken it ?"—" Had I taken it," replied he, " I should not have asked you for it. But you may look for it another time more at your case." Leaving her then, he began to reflect what would be the best way of putting to death his wife and the lieutenant, and how he might avoid being prosecuted for the murder. Thinking night and day on this subject, he could not prevent Desdemona from perceiving that his behaviour to her was very different from what it had been formerly. She often asked him what it was that agitated him so violently. You, who were once the merriest man alive, are now the most melancholy. The Moor answered and alleged a variety of reasons, but she was not satisfied with any of them ; and knowing that she had done nothing to justify so much agitation, she began to fear that he grew tired of her. She once in conversation with the ensign's wife expressed herself thus : " I know not what to say of the Moor ; he used to treat me most affectionately ; and I begin to fear that my example will teach young

petto al marito, e cercate con ogni studio, ch' egli in voi conosca amore, e fede ; ciò faccio io, disse ella, ma nulla mi giova. Il Moro, in questo mezzo tempo, cercava tutta via di più certificarsi di quello, che non avrebbe voluto ritrovare : e pregò l' alfiero, che operasse di modo che potesse vedere il pannicello in podestà del capo di squadra : e benchè ciò fosse grave al malvagio, gli promise nondimeno di usare ogni diligenza, perchè egli di ciò si certificasse. Aveva il capo di squadra una donna in casa, che maravigliosi trapunti faceva sulla tela di rensa, la quale veggendo quel pannicello, ed intendendo, ch' era della donna del Moro, e ch' era per esserle reso, prima ch' ella l' avesse, si mise a farne un simile : e mentre ella ciò faceva, s' avide l' alfiero, ch' ella appresso una finestra si stava, e da chi passava per la strada poteva essere veduta, onde fece egli ciò veder al Moro, il quale tenne certissimo che l' onestissima donna fosse in fatto adultera ; E conchiuse coll' alfiero, di uccidere lei, ed il capo di squadra, trattando ambidue tra loro come ciò si dovesse fare lo pregò il Moro, ch' egli volesse essere quegli, che il capo di squadra uccidesse, promettendo di restargliele obligato eternamente.

women never to marry against their parents' consent, and the Italians in particular, not to connect themselves with men from whom they are separated by nature, climate, education, and complexion. But as I know him to be the confidential of your husband, whom he consults on all occasions, I intreat you, if you have heard any thing that might explain this mystery and be of use to me, not to deny me your assistance." These words were accompanied with a flood of tears.

The ensign's wife, who knew all (as her husband had in vain endeavoured to prevail upon her to become an accomplice in the murder of Desdemona), but durst tell her nothing for fear of her husband, only said, "Take care not to give the Moor any cause for suspicion, and do all in your power to convince him of your affection and fidelity."—"Why so I do," said she, "but to no purpose." The Moor, in the mean time, did all in his power to prove what he desired not to find true, and begged the ensign to make him see the handkerchief in possession of the lieutenant. Although this was a difficult undertaking,

E ricusando egli di voler far cosa tale come malagevolissima, e di molto pericolo, per essere il capo di squadra non meno accorto, che valoroso, dopo molto averlo pregato, datagli buona quantità di danari, lo indusse a dire, che proverebbe di tentar la fortuna. Fatta questa risoluzione, uscendo una sera il capo di squadra di casa di una mèretrice, colla quale egli si sollazzava, essendo la notte buia, gli si accostò l'alfiero colla spada in mano, e gli dirizzò un colpo alle gambe, per farlo cadere, ed avvenne, ch'egli gli tagliò la destra coscia a traverso, onde il misero cadde: e gli fù addosso l'alfiero, per finire di ucciderlo. Ma avendo il capo di squadra, che coraggioso era, e avezzo nel sangue, e nelle morti, tratta la spada, e, così ferito come egli era, dirizzatosi alla difesa, gridò ad alta voce; io sono assassinato. Per la qual cosa, sentendo l'alfiero correr gente, ed alquanti de' soldati, ch'ivi attorno erano alloggiati, si mise a fuggire, per non vi essere colto: e, data una volta, fe vista anch'egli di essere corso al romore. E ponendosi tra gli altri, vedutagli mozza la gamba, giudicò che se bene non era morto, morirebbe ad ogni modo di quel colpo; e, quantunque fosse di ciò lietissimo, si dolse

yet the villain promised to do all in his power to give him a satisfactory proof of this. The lieutenant had a woman in the house, who was a notable embroiderer in muslin, and who, struck with the beauty of Desdemona's handkerchief, determined to copy it before it should be returned to her. She set about making one like it, and while she was at work, the ensign discovered that she sat at a window where any one who passed in the street might see her. This he took care to point out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded that his chaste and innocent wife was an adulteress. He agreed with the ensign to kill both her and the lieutenant; and, consulting together about the means, the Moor intreated him to undertake the assassination of the officer, promising never to forget so great an obligation. He refused, however, to attempt what was so very difficult and dangerous, as the lieutenant was equally brave and vigilant; but with much entreaty and considerable presents, he was prevailed on to say that he would hazard the experiment. One dark night, after taking this resolution, he observed the lieutenant

nondimeno col capo di squadra, come s' egli suo fratello fosse stato. La mattina la cosa si sparse per tutta la città, ed andò anche alle orecchie di Disdemona, onde ella, ch' amorevole era, e non pensava ch' indi le dovesse avenir male, mostrò di aver grandissimo dolore di così fatto caso ; di ciò fece il Moro pessimo concetto. E andò a ritrovar l' alfiero, e gli disse : Tu sai bene, che l' asina di mia moglie è in tanto affanno, per lo caso del capo di squadra, ch' ella è per impazzare. E come potevate, disse egli, pensar altrimenti, essendo colui l' anima sua ? Anima sua, eh ? replicò il Moro, io le trarrò ben' io l' anima del corpo, che mi terrei non essere uomo, se non togliessi dal mondo questa malvagia. E discorrendo l' uno con l' altro, se di veleno, o di coltello si devea far morir la donna, nè accettandosi questo, nè quello da loro, disse l' alfiero ; un modo mi è egli venuto nella mente, che vi so-disfarà, e non se ne avrà sospetto alcuno ; ed egli è tale. La casa, ove voi state, è vecchissima, e il palco della camera vostra ha di molte fessure ; voglio, che con una calza piena di rena percuotiamo Disdemona, tanto ch' ella ne muoia, perchè non appaia in lei segno alcuno di battitura : morta, ch' ella

coming out of the house of a female libertine where he usually passed his evenings, and assaulted him sword in hand. He struck at his legs with a view of bringing him to the ground, and with the first blow cut him quite through the right thigh. The poor man instantly fell, and the ensign ran to him to put him to death. But the lieutenant, who was courageous, and familiar with wounds and slaughter, having drawn his sword notwithstanding his desperate situation, and raised himself for defence, cried out Murder as loud as he could. The ensign, perceiving that some people were coming, and that the soldiers quartered thereabouts had taken the alarm, fled for fear of being caught, and, turning about again, pretended likewise that he had been brought there by the noise. Placing himself among the rest, and seeing that the leg was cut off, he concluded that, though he was not dead, he must die of wound : and, although he was exceedingly rejoiced at all this, yet he condoled with the lieutenant as much as if he had been his brother. The next morning this accident was spread all over the city, and came

sarà, faremo cadere parte del palco, e romperemo il capo alla donna, fingendo, che una trave nel cadere rotto gliel' abbia, ed uccisa : e, a questo modo, non sarà persona, che di voi pigli sospetto alcuno, stimando ognuno la sua morte essere venuta a caso. Piacque al Moro, il crudel consiglio : e, aspettato il tempo, che convenevole gli parvè, essendo egli una notte con lei nel letto, ed avendo già nascoso l' alfiero in un camerino, che nella camera entrava, l' alfiero, secondo l' ordine tra lor dato, fe non so che strepito nel camerino : e, sentitolo, subitamente disse il Moro alla moglie ; hai tu sentito quello strepito ? L' ho sentito, disse ella ; levati soggiunse il Moro, e vedi che cosa è. Levosi l' infelice Desdemona : e, tosto ch' ella fu appresso il camerino, n' uscì l' alfiero, il quale, essendo forte, e di buon nerbo, colla calza, che in punto aveva, le diede una crudel percossa, nel mezzo della schiena, onde la donna subito cadde, senza poter trarne appena fuori il fiato. Ma con quella poca voce, che potè avere, chiamò il Moro, che l' aiutasse ; ed egli, uscito del letto, le disse, Sceleratissima donna, la mercede hai della tua disonestà, così si trattano quelle, che fingendo di amare i loro

to the ears of Desdemona, who being very compassionate, and not suspecting that this could occasion mischief to herself, expressed the greatest concern for the lieutenant's misfortune. The Moor drew from hence the worst of inferences, and said to the ensign, " You must know that my simpleton of a wife is almost mad with sorrow for the lieutenant's accident."—"How could it be otherwise," said he, " as he is her life and soul ?"—"How," said the Moor, " her life and her soul ! I will separate her soul from her body. I should disgrace my manhood if I killed her not." And discoursing together if poison or the dagger would be best, and not liking either the one or the other, the ensign said, " A method has occurred to me that would satisfy you without creating the least suspicion. The house where you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber is broken in many places. Desdemona might be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, and no marks of this would remain on the body : when she is dead we will pull down a part of the ceiling, and bruise your wife's head ; then give out that a beam in falling has

mariti, pongono loro le corna in capo. La misera donna, ciò udendo, e sentendosi giunta al fine (però che l'alfiero un' altro colpo dato le avea) disse, che in testimonio della sua fede, ella chiamava la giustizia divina, poi, che quella del mondo le veniva meno; e chiamando ella Iddio, che l'aiutasse, sopraggiungendo la terza percossa, rimase uccisa dall'empio alfiero. Poscia, messala nel letto, e spezzatale la testa, fecero egli, e il Moro, cadere come aveano ordinato fra loro il palco della camera, e cominciò il Moro a chiamare soccorso, che la casa cadeva, alla voce del quale corsero i vicini, e scoperto il letto, trovarono la donna sotto le travi morta. La qual cosa, per la buona vita della donna, increbbe ad ognuno. Il giorno seguente fù Disdemona sepolita, con universal dolore di quel popolo. Ma non volle Iddio, giusto riguardatore delle anime altrui, che così gran sceleragine se ne rimanesse senza la dicevole pena. Imperò, che il Moro, che la donna aveva amato più, che gli occhi suoi, veggendosene privo, cominciò ad avere tanto desiderio di lei, che l'andava, come fuori di se, cercando per tutti i luoghi della casa: e considerando tra se, che l'alfiero era stato cagione, ch'egli

done this, and killed her. If you follow this advice you will avoid all suspicion, and every one will believe her death to have been accidental." This savage advice pleased the Moor; and waiting for a convenient opportunity, he concealed the ensign one night in a closet that communicated with their chamber. When they were in bed, the ensign, according to his instruction, made a noise in the closet, and the Moor immediately asked his wife if she had heard it? She answered Yes.—"Get up, then, and see what it is." Poor Desdemona obeyed, and as soon as she was near the closet-door the ensign rushed out, and with the stocking that he had prepared gave her a violent blow on the small of the back. She fell down scarce able to breathe; but with what little force she had, she called the Moor to her assistance. He got out of bed, and said to her, "Most infamous woman, you are now to receive the just reward of your infidelity!—even so are those wives treated who, pretending to love their husbands, are untrue to their beds." The poor woman hearing these words, and feeling that she was ready to expire from a second

avesse perduto, colla sua donna, tutto il dolce della vita, ed anco se medesimo; gli venne lo scelerato in tanto odio, che non aveva occhio, col quale vedere lo potesse: se non avesse avuto timore della inviolabile giustizia de' Signori Veneziani, l'avrebbe palesamente ucciso. Ma non potendo far questo, con sua salvezza, gli levò la insegna, e più nol volle nella compagnia, onde nacque tanta aspra inimicizia tra l' uno, e l' altro, che non si potrebbe imaginare la maggiore, nè la più grave. Per la qual cosa l'alfiero, peggiore di tutti gli scelerati, voltò tutto il pensiero a danni del Moro. E ritrovato il capo di squadra, che già era risanato, e con una gamba di legno se n' andava in vece della tagliata, gli disse; Venuto è il tempo, che tu possi far vendetta della tua tagliata gamba: e quando tu vuoi venire con esso meco a Venezia, io ti dirò, chi è stato il malfattore, che quì non ardirei di dirloti, per molti rispetti: ed io ne farò, per te, testimonio in giudizio. Il capo di squadra, che si ritrovava fieramente offeso, e non

blow that the ensign had given her, said, "That, since the justice of this world was refused her, she attested the Divine Justice in favour of her honour and her truth;" and invoking the Divine Assistance, she was finished by the impious ensign, who struck a third time. Afterwards they placed her in bed; and after breaking her skull, they drew down, as they had determined beforehand, a part of the ceiling. The Moor then called out for help, as the house was falling. The neighbours on this alarm ran thither, and found Desdemona dead under the beams. Her life had been so virtuous that every one lamented her fate; and the following day she was buried, to the great sorrow of the whole island. But God, who is a just observer of the hearts of men, suffered not so great a crime to pass without the punishment that was due to it. So that the Moor, who had loved Desdemona more than his eyes, finding himself deprived of her, began to regret her so extremely, that he almost lost his senses, and went about the house looking for her in every room. Reflecting besides that the ensign had been the cause of his losing along with her all the enjoyments of life, and even his own faculties, that villain became so insupportable to him, that he could not bear the sight of him; and had he not feared the strict and impartial justice of the Venetians, he would have put him openly to death. But not being able to do this

sapeva perchè; ringraziò l'alfiero, e seco a Venezia se ne venne. Ove giunti, che furono, egli gli disse, che il Moro era stato quegli, che gli avea tagliato la gamba, per opinione, che gli era nata nella testa, che egli si giacesse con Disdemona: e che per questa medesima cagione egli aveva ucciso lei, e poscia data voce, che il palco caduto ucciso l'avesse. Il capo di squadra, inteso ciò, accusò il Moro alla Signoria, e della gamba a lui tagliata, e della morte della donna, ed indusse per testimonio l'alfiero, il quale disse; che l'uno, e l'altro era vero, perchè il Moro aveva tutto comunicato seco, e l'avea voluto indurre a fare l'uno, e l'altro maleficio: e che, avendo poscia ucciso la moglie, per bestial gelosia, che gli era nata nel capo, gli avea narrato la maniera, ch'egli avea tenuto in darle morte. I Signori Veneziani, intesa la crudeltà, usata dal Barbaro, in una lor cittadina, fecero dar delle mani addosso al Moro in Cipri, e condurlo a Venezia, e con molti tormenti cercarono di ritrovare il vero. Ma vin-

with safety to himself, he degraded him from his commission, and permitted him no longer to remain in the company. Hence arose between them the most bitter enmity that can be conceived; and the ensign, the greatest of all villains, studied only how he might be revenged on the Moor. He went to the lieutenant, who was cured and walked about with his wooden leg, and said to him, "The time is now come when you may be revenged for the loss of your leg; and if you will come with me to Venice, I will tell you who the assassin was. Here I dare not inform you for many reasons; but there I will be your witness in a court of justice." The lieutenant, who felt himself violently exasperated against the person, though unknown to him, thanked the ensign, and came away with him to Venice. When they were arrived, the ensign told him that the Moor was the person who had cut off his leg, because he suspected him of adultery with his wife, and that for the same reason he had murdered her, and afterwards given out that she had been killed by the ceiling's falling in upon her. The lieutenant on hearing this, immediately accused the Moor before the Council of the injury done to himself and the murder of Desdemona; and the ensign being called as a witness, asserted the truth of both these accusations, and added that the Moor had communicated to him the whole project, with a view of per-

cendo egli col valore dell' animo, ogni martorio, il tutto negò, così costantemente, che non se ne potè mai trarre cosa alcuna. Ma se bene, per la sua costanza, egli schifò la morte, non fù però, che dopo essere stato molti giorni in prigione, non fosse dannato a perpetuo esilio, nel quale finalmente fù da' parenti della donna, com' egli meritava, ucciso. Andò l' alfiere alla sua patria: e non volendo egli mancare del suo costume, accusò un suo compagno, dicendo, ch' egli ricercato lo avea di ammazzare un suo nimico, che gentiluomo era, per la qual cosa fù preso colui, e messo al martorio: e negando egli esser vero, quanto dicea l' accusatore, fù messo al martorio anco l' alfiere per paragone. Ove, fù talmente collato che gli si corropo le interiora: onde, uscito di prigione, e condotto a casa, miseramente se ne morì; tal fece Iddio vendetta della innocenza di Desdemona. E tutto questo successo narrò la moglie dell' alfiere, del fatto consapevole, poi ch' egli fù morto, come io lo vi ho narrato.

suading him to execute both these crimes; and when he had murdered his wife from the impulse of a furious jealousy, he had related to him the manner in which he had put her to death. The Venetian magistrates hearing that one of their fellow-citizens had been treated with so much cruelty by a barbarian, had the Moor arrested in Cyprus and brought to Venice, where, by means of the torture, they endeavoured to find out the truth. But the Moor possessed force and constancy of mind sufficient to undergo the torture without confessing any thing; and though by his firmness he escaped death at this time, he was, after a long imprisonment, condemned to perpetual exile, in which he was afterwards killed, as he deserved to be, by his wife's relations.

The ensign returned to his country, where, still continuing his old practices, he accused one of his companions of having attempted to murder a nobleman who was his enemy. The man was taken up and put to the torture, and, denying firmly the crime laid to his charge, his accuser was also put to the torture; where he was racked so violently that his vitals were injured, and upon being conducted home he died in great agony. Thus was the Divine vengeance executed against those who had murdered the innocent Desdemona.

The ensign's wife, who had been informed of the whole affair, after his death thus circumstantially related the story.

QUEENE CORDILA,
By JOHN HIGGINS;
ON WHICH IS FOUNDED THE TRAGEDY OF
KING LEIR & HIS THREE DAUGHTERS,
BEING THE ORIGIN OF
SHAKESPEARE'S LEAR.

Reprinted from the "Mirror for Magistrates."

TOGETHER WITH THE
STORY OF THE PAPHLEGONIAN UNKIND KING;
FROM WHICH IS TAKEN THE INCIDENT OF
GLOUCESTER AND HIS SONS,
IN THE SAME DRAMA.

FROM SIDNEY'S ARCADIA, 1591.

INTRODUCTION.

THE two following productions relate to Shakespeare's "King Lear," which, as our readers may be aware, was three times printed in 1608, and was, perhaps, produced in 1605. The narrative, "How Queen Cordila in despair slew herself, the year before Christ 800," is taken from the fourth edition of that celebrated work, "The Mirror for Magistrates." The particular portion herè reprinted was written by John Higgins, who dates his dedication "At Winceham the 7. day of December. 1586." There is nothing to connect Shakespeare's tragedy particularly with this specimen of supposed auto-biography, but there can be little doubt that he was well acquainted with so popular a performance as "The Mirror for Magistrates," which went through various editions prior to the year 1610, when it appeared, with a continuation by Richard Niccols. Higgins would seem to have been the first (Harding in his Chronicle excepted) who put the story of Lear and his daughters into verse; and he was followed in 1590 by Spenser, who briefly introduces the chief circumstances into his "Faerie Queene," Book II, Canto 10. What is headed "Lenvoy," in our reprint from Higgins, is not found in the edition of 1610: it certainly is no necessary portion of the poem, but we have transferred it to our pages from the impression of 1587, for the sake of completeness. We may

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add, that the reprint of "The Mirror for Magistrates," in 1610, affords several various readings of some importance, thus, stanza 7 there begins—

"He had three daughters faire, the first hight Goncrell:"

stanza 17 opens as follows :—

"Betwixt their husbands twaine they causde him to agree
To part the realme," &c.

and the first line of stanza 18 is this :—

"As thus in his distress he lay lamenting fates."

Other differences may be seen by a comparison of the text we have supplied from the earlier impression, and it is not necessary here to dwell upon them farther. Warner's "Albion's England," Book III, c. 14, also contains the history of Lear and his daughters, the youngest of whom he names Cordella : Spenser softened it to Cordelia ; and as far as we now know, Shakespeare first altered the spelling of Leir (as it is printed in the older play, and in other authorities) to Lear.

The "Story of the Paphlagonian unkind King" has been considered, and with much appearance of probability, the origin of the episode of Gloster and his sons in the same tragedy. It is from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," a work which, it is demonstrable from other plays, Shakespeare had diligently read, even if, without such proof, we could suppose him ignorant of a production of such extraordinary celebrity. Sidney having been killed in 1586, the "Arcadia" was a posthumous production, which first came out in 4to in 1590 (not 1591,

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as is erroneously stated on p. 41), under the following title :—

“The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia, written by Sir Philippe Sidnei.—London Printed for William Ponsonbie. Anno Domini 1590.”

This impression is generally called “imperfect,” and there is no doubt that in 1593 a more complete edition was published in folio, in which the three books of the 4to, 1590, with additions, were divided into five books, and the enumeration and separation of chapters omitted. It is believed that Sir P. Sidney’s sister, the Countess of Pembroke, arranged and superintended the folio of 1593; but the poems called “Astrophel and Stella” were not added until 1598, although most of them had been surreptitiously printed in 1591, under the editorial care of the celebrated Thomas Nash, who prefixed to them a very interesting epistle, which may be seen at length on p. xxi of the Introduction to the reprint of his “Pierce Penniless,” 1592, by the Shakespeare Society.

The principal differences between the 4to, 1590, and the folio, 1593, of the “Arcadia” consist in the obvious want of a conclusion to the former, and in the misarrangement of the many poems inserted in various parts of the work. The talc we have furnished from it, chap. 10, Book II, of the 4to impression, is precisely the same (orthography excepted) in all the editions, the Countess of Pembroke not having thought it fit to add or to alter any thing. Upon the resemblances between it and the incidents in which Gloster and his sons are engaged in “King Lear” we need not dwell; but although Shakespeare adopted the circumstances, it was evidently necessary that he should change the names.

*HOW QUEENE CORDILA,
in dispaire, slew her selfe, the yeare
before Christ, 800.*

1.

IF any woefull wight have cause to wayle her woe,
Or griefs are past do pricke us Princes tell our fall :
My selfe likewise must needes constrayned eke doe so,
And shew my like misfortunes and mishaps withall.
Should I keepe close my heavy haps and thrall,
Then did I wrong : I wrong'd my selfe and thee,
Which of my facts a witnes true maist bee.

2.

A woman yet must blush when bashfull is the case,
Though trueth bid tell the tale and story as it fell :
But sith that I mislike not audience, time, nor place,
Therefore I cannot keepe my woes in counsaile well.
No greater ease of heart than griefes to tell,
It vaunteth all the dolours of our minde,
Our carefull hearts thereby great comfort finde.

3.

For why to tell that may recounted bee agayne,
And tell it as our cares may compasse ease :
That is the salve and medicine of our payne,
Which cureth corsies all and sores of our disease :
It doth our pinching panges and paynes appease :
It pleads the part of an assured friend,
And tells the trade, like vices to amend.

4.

Therefore if I more willing bee to tell my fall,
 With my mishaps to ease my burdened breast and minde:
 Some others haply may avoide and shunne the thrall,
 And thereby for distresse more aid and comfort finde.
 They keeping measure, whereas I declin'd,
 May bee as prompt to flie like brute and blame
 As I to tell, or thou to write the same.

5.

Wherefore if thou wilt afterwards record
 What Queene *Cordila* tells to ease her inward smarte,
 I will recite my story tragicall ech word,
 To thee that gev'st an eare, and ready art.
 But lest I set the horse behinde the cart,
 I minde to tell ech thing in order, so,
 As thou maist see and shew whence sprang my woe.

6.

My grandsire *Bladud* hight, that found the bathes by skill,
 A fethered king that practis'd highe to soare
 Whereby hee felt the fall, God wot against his will,
 And never went, road, raygnd, nor spake, nor flew no more.
 After whose death my father *Leire* therefore
 Was chosen king, by right apparent heyre,
 Which after built the towne of *Leircestere*.

7.

Hee had three daughters, first and eld'st hight *Gonerell*,
 Next after her his yonger *Ragan* was begot:
 The third and last was I the yongest, nam'd *Cordell*.
 Us all our father *Leire* did love to well, God wot.
 But minding her that lov'd him best to note,
 Because hee had no sonne t'enjoy his land,
 Hee thought to guerdon most where favour most hee fand.

8.

What though I yongest were, yet men mee judg'd more wise
 Then either *Gonerell*, or *Ragan* more of age:
 And fairer farre: wherefore my sisters did despise
 My grace and giefts, and sought my wrecke to wage.
 But yet though vice on vertue dye with rage,
 It can not keepe her underneath to drowne:
 For still she flittes above, and reaps renowne.

9.

My father thought to wed us unto princely peeres,
 And unto them and theirs devide and part the land.
 For both my sisters first hee cal'd (as first their yeares
 Requir'd) their mindes, and love, and favoure t'understand.
 (Quoth hee) all doubts of duty to aband,
 I must assay your frendly faithes to prove:
 My daughters, tell mee how you doe mee love.

10.

Which when they aunswered him they lov'd their father more
 Than they themselves did love, or any worldly wight:
 He praised them, and sayd hee would therefore
 The loving kindnes they deserv'd in fine requite.
 So found my sisters favour in his sight,
 By flattery faire they won their father's heart,
 Which after turned hym and mee to smart.

11.

But not content with this, hee asked mee likewise
 If I did not him love and honour well.
 No cause (quoth I) there is I should your grace despise:
 For nature so doth binde and duty mee compell,
 To love you, as I ought my father, well.
 Yet shortely I may chaunce, if Fortune will,
 To finde in heart to beare another more good will.

12.

Thus much I sayd of nuptiall loves that ment,
Not minding once of hatred vile or ire :
And partly taxing them, for which intent
They set my fathers heart on wrathfull fire.
“Shee never shall to any part aspire
Of this my realme (quoth hee) among’st you twayne:
But shall without all dowry aie remaine.”

13.

Then to *Maglaurus* Prince, with *Albany* hee gave
My sister *Gonerell*, the eldest of us all:
And eke my sister *Ragan* to *Hinnie* to have,
And for her dowry *Camber* and *Cornwall*.
These after him should have his kingdome all.
Betweene them both hee gave it franke and free,
But nought at all hee gave of dowry me.

14.

At last it chaunst a Prince of *Fraunce* to heare my fame.
My beauty brave, my wit was blaz’d abroad ech’ where.
My noble vertues prais’d mee to my father’s blame,
Who did for flattery mee lesse friendly favour beare.
Which when this worthy Prince (I say) did heare,
Hee sent ambassage lik’d mee more then life,
And soone obtayned mee to bee his wife.

15.

Prince *Aganippus* reav’d mee of my woe,
And that for vertues sake, of dowryes all the best :
So I contented was to *Fraunce* my father fro
For to depart, and hoapt t’ enjoy some greater rest.
Where living well belov’d, my joyes encrease:
I gate more favour in that Prince his sight,
Then ever Princesse of a princely wight.

16.

But while that I these joyes so well enjoy'd in *Fraunce*,
 My father *Leire* in *Britayne* waxt unweldy old.
 Whereon his daughters more themselves aloft t'advauce
 Desir'd the Realme to rule it as they wolde.
 Their former love and friendship waxed cold,
 Their husbands rebels voyde of reason quite
 Rose up, rebeld, bereft his crowne and right :

17.

Caus'd him agree they might in parts equall
 Devide the Realme, and promist him a gard
 Of sixty Knights on him attending still at call.
 But in six monthes such was his hap to hard,
 That *Gonerell* of his retinue barde
 The halfe of them, shee and her husband reft :
 And scarce alow'd the other halfe they left.

18.

Eke as in *Albany* lay hee lamenting fates,
 When as my sister so sought all his utter spoyle :
 The meaner upstart courtiers thought themselves his mates,
 His daughter him disdayn'd and forced not his foyle.
 Then was hee fayne for succoure his to toyle
 With halfe his trayne to *Cornwall*, there to lie
 In greatest neede, his *Ragan's* love to try.

19.

So when hee came to *Cornwall*, shee with joy
 Received him, and Prince *Maglaurus* did the like.
 There hee abode a yeare, and liv'd without anoy :
 But then they tooke all his retinue from him quite
 Save only ten, and shew'd him daily spite :
 Which hee bewayl'd complayning durst not strive,
 Though in disdayne they last alow'd but five.

20.

What more despite could develish beasts devise,
Then joy their fathers woefull days to see ?
What vipers vile could so their King despise,
Or so unkinde, so curst, so cruell bee ?
From thence agayn hee went to *Albany*,
Where they bereav'd his servants all, save one,
Bad him content him selfe with that, or none.

21.

Eke at what time hee ask'd of them to have his gard,
To gard his noblegrace where so hee went :
They cal'd him doting foole, all his requests debard,
Denaunding if with life hee were not well content :
Then hee to late his rigour did repent
Gaynst mee, my sisters' fawning love that knew,
Found flattery false, that seem'd so faire in vew.

22.

To make it short, to *Fraunce* he came at last to mee,
And told me how my sisters evell their father usde.
Then humbly I besought my noble King so free,
That he would aide my father thus by his abusde :
Who nought at all my humble best refusde,
But sent to every coast of *Fraunce* for aide,
Whereby King *Leire* might home bee well conveyde.

23.

The souldiours gathered from eeh quarter of the land
Come at the length to know the noble Prince's will :
Who did commit them unto captaynes every band,
And I likewise of love and reverent meere good will
Desir'd my Lord, hee would not take it ill,
If I departed for a space withall,
To take a part, or ease my father's thrall.

24.

Hee graunted my request : thence wee arived here,
 And of our *Britaynes* came to aide likewise his right
 Full many subjects, good and stout that were :
 By martiall feats, and force, by subjects sword and might,
 The *British* kings were fayne to yeeld our right :
 Which wonne, my father well this realme did guide
 Three yeares in peace, and after that hee dyde.

25.

Then I was crowned Queene this realme to hold,
 Till five yeares past I did this Island guyde :
 I had the *Britaynes* at what becke I would,
 Till that my loving King, mine *Aganippus* dide .
 But then my seat it faltered on ech side,
 My sisters sonnes began with mee to jarre :
 And for my crowne wagde with mee mortall warre.

26.

The one hight *Morgan* Prince of *Albany*,
 And *Conidagus* King of *Cornwall* and of *Wales* :
 Both which at once provided their artillery,
 To worke mee woefull woe, and mine adherents bales
 What neede I fill thine cares with longer tales ?
 They did prevaile by might and powre, so fast
 That I was taken prisoner at last.

27.

In spitefull sorte they used then my captive corse :
 No favour shewde to mee, extinct was mine estate :
 Of kinred, prynces, bloud, or peere was no remorse,
 But as an abject vile, and worse, they did mee hate.
 To lie in darksome dungeon was my fate,
 As t'were a thiefe, mine aunsweres to abide,
 Gaynst right and justice, under Jailour's guide.

28.

For liberty at length I su'd to subjects were:
But they kept mee in prison close, devoide of trust:
If I might once escape, they were in dread and feare
Their fawning friends with mee would prove untrue and just.
They told mee take it patiently I must,
And bee contented that I had my life:
Sith with their mother's I began the strife.

29.

Whereby I sawe might nothing mee prevaile to pray,
To pleade, or prove, defend, excuse, or pardon crave:
They heard mee not, despis'd my complaints, sought my decay,
I might no lawe, nor love, nor right, nor justice have.
No friends, no faith, nor pittie could mee save:
But I was from all hope of freedome bard,
Condem'd, my cause like never to bee heard.

30.

Was ever noble Queene so drencht in wrecks of woe,
Depos'd from princely powre, bereft of liberty,
Depriv'd of all these worldly pompes her pleasures fro,
And brought from wealth to neede, distresse, and misery,
From pallace proude in prison poore to lie,
From kingdoms twayne, to dungeon one, no more,
From Ladies wayting, unto vermine store?

31.

From light to darke, from holesome aire to lothsom smell,
From odoure sweete to smart, from ease to greevous paine,
From sight of princely wights, to place where theves doe dwell,
From dainty beds of downe, to bed of strawe full fayne:
From bowres of heavenly hewe, to dennes of daine:
From greatest haps that worldly wights atchive,
To more distresse than any wretch alive?

32.

When first I left my friends in *Fraunce* did me exalte,
 And eke my noble King, mine *Aganippus* true :
 And came to *England*, for their heynous facts and faulte,
 Which from his right and kingdome quite our father threwe,
 To take his realme : to raigne and treason knewe,
 I thinke of all misfortunes was the worst :
 Or else I deeme the causers al accurst.

33.

For marke my haplesse fall that fortune did me send,
 As thus in prison vile on live I lingring lay,
 When I had mourned long, but found no faythfull fren
 That could me helpe, or ayde, or comfort any way,
 Was serv'd at mcate as those that kinges betray
 With fare God wote was simple, bare, and thin,
 Could not sustayne the corps it entred in.

34.

And when the sighes, and teares, and playntes nigh burst my hart,
 And place, and stench, and fare nigh poysond every pore :
 For lacke of frends to tell my seas of giltlesse smart,
 And that mine eyes had sworne to take sweete sleepe no more,
 I was content, sith cares oppresse me sore,
 To leave my foode, take mourning, playnts, and crye,
 And lay mee downe, let grieve and nature trye.

35.

Thus as I pining lay, my carcas coucht on strawe,
 And felt the payne erst never creature earthly knewe,
 Mee thought by night a grizely ghost in darkes I sawe,
 Eke nearer still to mee with stealing steps shee drewe :
 Shee was of colour pale and deadly hewe,
 Her clothes resembled thousand kinds of thrall,
 And pictures plaine of hastened deathes withall.

36.

I musing lay in paines, and wondred what shee was,
 Mine eyes stood still, mine haire rose up for feare an end,
 My flesh it shoke and trembled ; yet I cryde (alas)
 What wight art thou, a foe or els what fawning frend ?
 If death thou art, I pray thee make an end.

But th'art not death. Art thou some fury sent,
 My woefull corps, with paynes, to more torment ?

37.

With that shee spake : " I am (quoth shee) thy frend *Despayre*,
 Which in distresse each worldly wight with speede do ayde.
 I rid them from their foes, if I to them repayre.

To long from thee by other caytives was I stayde.

Now, if thou art to dye no whit afrayde,

Here shalt thou choose of Instruments (beholde)
 Shall rid thy restlesse life, of this be bolde."

38.

And therewithall shee threwe her garments lap aside,
 Under the which a thousand thinges I sawe with eyes :
 Both knives, sharpe swordes, poynadoes all bedyde
 With bloud, and poysons prest which shee could well devise.

" There is no hope (quoth shee) for thee to rise,

And get thy crowne or kyngdome refte agyne :

But for to live long lasting pyning payne.

39.

Lo here (quoth shee) the blade that *Did'* of *Carthage* hight,
 Whereby shee was from thousand panges of payne let passe :
 With this shee slewe herselfe, after *Aeneas'* flight,
 When hee to sea from *Tyrian* shoares departed was.

Doe choose of these thou seest from woes to passe,

Or bide the end, prolong thy paynfull dayes,

And I am pleasde from thee to packe my wayes."

40.

With that was I (poore wretche) content to take the knife,
But doubtfull yet to dye, and fearefull fayne would byde.
So still I lay in study with my selfe at bate and strife,
What thing were best of both these deepe extreames untryde,
Good Hope all reasons of *Despayre* denyde :

And shee agayne replyde, to prove it best

To dye, for still in life my woes increast.

41.

Shee cal'd to minde the joyes in *Fraunce* I whilome had :
Shee told me what a troupe of Ladyes was my trayne :
And how the Lordes of *Fraunce* and *Britaynes* both were glad
Of late to wayte on mee, and subjects all were fayne :
She tolde I had bin Queene of kingdomes twayne,
And how my kinsmen had my seate and crowne.
I could not rise, for ever fallen downe.

42.

A thousand things beside recited then *Despayre* :
Shee tolde the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late,
Rehearse the prison vile in steede of pallace fayre,
My lodging lowe and mouldy meates my mouth did hate ;
Shee shewde mee all the dongeon where I sate,
The dankish walles, the darkes, and bade mee smell,
And hyde the savour it I likt it well.

43.

Whereby I wretch devoyd of comfort quite and hope,
And pleasures past comparde with present paynes I had,
For fatall knife slipt forth, my fearefull hand did grope :
Despayre in this to ayde my senceles limmes was glad,
And gave the blade : to end my woes she bad.

"I will (quoth I) but first with all my hart

Ile pray to Gods, revenge my woefull smart.

44.

"If any wrong deserve the wrecke, I pray you skyès,
 And starres of light, (if you my plight doe rue)
 O *Phæbus* cleere, I thee beseech and pray likewise,
 Beare witnes of my playnts well knowne to Gods are true
 You see from whence these injuryes they grue.

Then let like vengeaunce hap and light on those,
 Which undeserved were my mortall foes.

45.

"God graunt immortall strife betweene them both may fall,
 That th' one the other may, without remorse, destroye :
 That *Conidagus* may his cosin *Morgan* thrall,
 Because hee first decreast my wealth, bereft my joye.
 I pray you Gods he never be a *Roy* :

But caytife may be payde with such a frend,
 As shortly may him bring to sodayne end.

46.

"Farewell my realme of *Fraunce*, farewell, *Adieu*,
Adieu mes nobles tous, and *England* now farewell :
 Farewell Madames my Ladyes, *car ie suis perdu*,
Il me fault aler desespoir m'adonne conseil
De me tuer, no more your Queene farewell.

My cousens mee oppresse with mayne and might,
 A captive poore, gaynst Justice all and right."

47.

And therewithall the sight did fayle my dazeling eyne,
 I nothing sawe save sole *Dispaire* bad mee dispatch :
 Whome I behelde : shee caught the knife from mee I weene,
 And by hir elbowe carian death for me did watch.

"Com on (quod I) thou hast a goodly catch."

And therewithall *Dispaire* the stroke did strike,
 Whereby I dyde, a damned creature like :

48.

Which I to late bewayle, let those a live beware ;
 Let not the losse of goods or honours them constrayne
 To playe the fooles, and take such carefull carke and care ;
 Or to dispayre for any prison, pine, and payne ;
 If they be giltlesse let them so remayne ;
 Farre greater follye is it for to kill,
 Themselves dispayring, then is any ill.

49.

Sith first thereby theyr cnmyes have that they desire,
 By which they prove to deadly foes unwares a frende :
 And next they cannot live, to former blisse t'spyre,
 If God do bring theyr foes in time to sodayne ende.
 They lastly, as the damned wretches, sende
 Theyr soules thereby to darkesome *Stygian* lake,
 Which kill the corps that mighty *Jove* did make.

LENVOY.

1.

When as this desperate Queene had ended thus
 Her tale, and tolde the haplesse grace she had :
 As of her playnte som poyntes I did discusse,
 Her sisters dealings were (mee thought) to bad.
 Her cosens cruell both, for kingdomes mad.
 Her owne estate most pityfull to see,
 A Queene by kinred captive kepte to bee.

2.

So wise a Queene, so fayre a Princesse wrongde,
So dutifull in parents plight of yore :
By rebells vile hir cousens to bee throngde,
Such hatred hir ambitiously that bore.
Who ever saw such cruelty before?
 Cordilaes state most pitifull to see,
By kinred cloce in prison kepte to bee.

3.

But next from *Wales* in warlike armoure came
With wounded corps Morganus th' Albane king,
In woefull wise his doubtfull tale to frame.
And of his aunes distresse reports each thing.
Hee from Glamorgan this for truth doth bring,
• That who by slaughter seekes a prince to bee,
As traytoure falles beneath his first degree.

EXTRACT FROM SIDNEY'S ARCADIA,

EDITION OF 1591.

BOOK II, CHAP. 10.

The pitifull state and storie of the Paphalgonian unkinde King, and his kind sonne ; first related by the son, then by the blind father. The three Princes assailed by Plexirtus and his traine : assisted by their King of Pontus and his troupes. Plexirtus succoured and saved by two brothers, that vertuously loved a most vicious man. Be-seeged by the new King : he submitteth, and is pardoned. The two Princes depart to aide the Queene of Lycia.

It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then sodainely growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that never any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child : so that the princes were even compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place within a certaine hollow rocke offering it unto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who not perceiving them (being hidde within that rude canapy) helde a straunge and pitifull disputation which made them steppe out ; yet in such sort, as they might see unseene. There they perceaved an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arayed, extremely weather beaten ; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him : and yet, through all those miseries, in both these seemed to appeare a kind of noblesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they

heard, were these of the old man. Well *Leonatus* (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to lead me to that which should end my griefe, and thy trouble, let me now entreat thee to leave me : feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie ; feare not the danger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse then I am. And doo not, I pray thee, doo not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But flie, flie from this region, onely worthy of me. Deare father (answered he) doo not take away from me the onely remnant of my happinesse : while I have power to doo you service, I am not wholly miserable. Ah my sonne (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow strave to breake his harte), how evill fits it me to have such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse upbraide my wickednesse ? These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well shewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in), moved the princes to goe out unto them, and aske the younger what they were. Sirs (answered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreable by a certaine noble kinde of pitiousnes), I see well you are straungers, that know not our miserie so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. In deede, our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull unto us as pittie, yet nothing is more daungerous unto us, then to make our selves so knowne as may stirre pittie. But your presence promiseth, that cruelty shall not overrunne hate. And if it did, in truth our state is soncke below the degree of feare.

This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-harted ungratefulnes of a sonne of his, deprived, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were ever able to spoyle him) but of his sight, the riches which nature graunts to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other his unnaturall dealings, he hath bin driven to such griefe, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the toppe of this rocke, thence to

cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would have made me (who received my life of him) to be the worker of his destruction. But, noble gentlemen (said he) if either of you have a father, and feelee what duetifull affection is engrafted in a sonnes hart, let me intreate you to convey this afflicted Prince to some place of rest and securitie. Amongst your worthie actes it shall be none of the least, that a king, of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

But before they could make him answer, his father began to speake: Ah my sonne (said he), how evill an historian are you, that leave out the chiefe knotte of all the discourse: my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou doest it to spare my eares (the onely sense nowe left me proper for knowledge), assure thy selfe thou dost mistake me. And I take witnesse of that sunne which you see (with that he cast up his blinde eyes, as if he would hunt for light), and wish my selfe in worse case then I do wish my selfe, which is as evill as may be, if I speake untruely; that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore, know you, gentlemen (to whom from my harte I wish that it may not prove ominous foretoken of misfortune to have mette with such a miser as I am), that whatsoever my sonne (O God, that tructh binds me to reproch him with the name of my sonne) hath said, is true. But, besides those truthes, this also is true: that, having had in lawful mariage, of a mother fitte to beare royall children, this sonne (such one as partly you see, and better shall knowe by my shorte declaration), and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growen to justifie their expectations (so as I needed envie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leave an other ones-selfe after me), I was caried by a bastarde sonne of mine (if, at least, I be bounde to beleeve the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly, to destroy, to doo my best to destroy, this sonne (I thinke you thinke) undeserving destruction. What

waies he used to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poysonous hypocrisie, desperate fraude, smoothe malice, hidden ambition, and smiling envie, as in any living person could be harbored. But I list it not, no remembrance (no, of naughtines) delights me, but mine own: and, me thinks, the accusing his traines might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainly I loth to doo. But the conclusion is, that I gave order to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apte for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

But those theeves (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him goe, to learne to live poorely: which he did, giving himselfe to be a private souldier, in a countrie hereby. But as he was redy to be greatly aduanced for some noble peeces of service which he did, he hearde newes of me: who (dronke in my affection to that unlawfull and unnaturall sonne of mine), suffered my self so to be governed by him, that all favors and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance, distributed to his favourites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my self nothing but the name of a king: which he shortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignity which was laid upon me), threw me out of my seat, and put out my eies; and then (proud in his tyrannie) let me goe, neither imprisoning, nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feeble my miserie; miserie, indeed, if ever there were any; full of wretchednes, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by so unjust meanes, as unjustlie he kept it, by force of stranger souldiers in *cittadels*, the nestes of tyranny, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his own countrimen, that no man durst shew himself a wel-willer of mine: to say the trueth (I think) few of them being so (considering my cruell follie to my good sonne, and foolish kindnes to my unkinde bastard): but if there were any who fell to pitie of so

great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of unstained duety left in them towards me, yet durst they not shewe it, scarcely with giving me almes at their doores; which yet was the onelie sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to shewe so much charitie, as to lende me a hande to guide my darke steppes: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, woorthie of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abominable wrongs, not recking danger, and neglecting the present good way he was in doing himselfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my unspeakable grieve; not onely because his kindnes is a glasse even to my blind eyes, of my naughtines, but that above all griefes, it grieves me he should desperatly adventure the losse of his soul-deserving life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts, as if he would cary mudde in a chest of christall. For well I know, he that now reigneth, how much soever (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised; yet he will not let slippe any advantage to make away him, whose just title (ennobled by courage and goodnes) may one day shake the seate of a never secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craved of him to leade me to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onelie therein since he was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient unto me. And now, gentlemen, you have the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedinges may be the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for never was there more pity in saving any, then in ending me; both because therein my agonies shall ende, and so shall you preserve this excellent young man, who els wilfully followes his owne ruine.

The matter, in it self lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old prince (which needed not take to himselfe the gestures of pitie, since his face could not put of the markes

thereof), greatly moved the two princes to compassion, which could not stay in such harts as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented : for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thether with fortie horse, onely of purpose to murder this brother ; of whose coming he had soone advertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credite in such a matter, but his owne ; and therefore came him selfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as he came, not regarding the weake (as he thought) garde of but two men, commaunded some of his followers to set their handes to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young prince (though not otherwise armed but with a sworde) how falscly soever he was dealt with by others, would not betray himselfe : but bravely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assaulted him, warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickly become parties (so just a defence deserving as much as old friendship), and so did behave them among that companie (more injurious then valiant), that many of them lost their lives for their wicked maister.

Yet, perhaps had the number of them at last prevailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made so) had not come unlooked for to their succour. Who (having had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently upon some great daunger, presently to follow those two princes whom he most deerely loved) was come in all hast, following as well as he could their tracke with a hundreth horses in that countrie, which he thought (considering who then raigned) a fit place inough to make the stage of any tragedie.

But then the match had ben so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worse-gotten honour, should have tumbled together to destruction ; had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with fortie or fiftie in their suit, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest house of that country, brought up from their infancie with *Plexirtus* : men of such prowesse, as not to know feare in themselves,

and yet to teach it others that should deale with them: for they had often made their lives triumph over most terrible daungers; never dismayed, and ever fortunate; and truely no more settled in their valure, then disposed to goodnesse and justice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could have learned to make friendship a child, and not the father vertue. But bringing up (rather then choise) having first knit their minds unto him (indeed, craftie inough, eyther to hide his faultes, or never to shew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the course, rather to satisfie him, then al the world; and rather to be good friendes then good men: so, as though they did not like the evill he did, yet they liked him that did the evill; and, though not councellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now, they having heard of this sodaine going out, with so small a company, in a country full of evil-wishing minds toward him (though they knew not the cause), followed him; till they found him in such case as they were to venture their lives, or else he to loose his: which they did with such force of minde and bodie, that truly I may justly say, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had never till then found any that could make them so well repeate their hardest lesson in the feates of armes. And briefly so they did, that, if they overcame not, yet were they not overcome, but caried away that ungratefull maister of theirs to a place of securitie; howsoever the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus far begun, it became not the constancie of the princes so to leave it; but in all hast making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrygia*, they had in fewe dayes lefte him but only that one strong place where he was. For feare having bene the onely knot that had fastned his people unto him, that once untied by a greater force, they all scattered from him, like so many birdes, whose cage had bene broken.

In which season the blind king (having in the chief cittie of his realme set the crowne upon his sonne *Leonatus* head) with many teares (both of joy and sorrow) setting forth to the

whole people his owne fault and his sonnes vertue, after he had kist him, and forst his sonne to accept honour of him (as of his newe-become subject), even in a moment diëd, as it should seeme: his hart broken with unkindnes and affliction, stretched so farre beyond his limits with this excesse of comfort, as it was able no longer to keep safe his roial spirits. But the new king (having no lesse lovingly performed all duties to him dead, then alive) pursued on the siege of his unnatural brother, asmuch for the revenge of his father, as for the establishing of his owne quiet. In which seige, truly I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brothers, then whom the princes never found in all their travell two men of greater habilitie to performe, nor of habler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus*, finding that, if nothing els, famin would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humblenes to creepe, where by pride he could not march. For certainly so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him to all turnings of sleights, that, though no man had lesse goodnes in his soule then he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodnesse to another: though no man felt lesse pitie, no man could tel better how to stir pitie: no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifest; no man more ready to confesse with a repenting maner of aggravating his owne evil, where denial would but make the fault fowler. Now, he tooke this way, that, having gotten a pasport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* alive into his hands) to speak with the king his brother, he him selfe (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in brave defence) with a rope about his necke, bare-footed, came to offer himselfe to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where what submission he used, how cunningly in making greater the faulte he made the faultines the lesse, how artificially he could set out the torments of his owne conscience, with the burdensome comber he had found of his ambitious

desires; how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to live, he begd life in the refusing it, I am not cunning inough to be able to expresse: but so fell out of it, that though, at first sight, *Leonatus* saw him with no other eie then as the murderer of his father; and anger already began to paint revenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuse of the fault past, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines (chiefe ministers of his wickednes, now be-
traied by the author therof), were delivered to many cruell sorts of death; he so handling it, that it rather seemed, he had rather come into the defence of an unremediable mis-
chiefe already committed, then that they had done it at first by his consent.

In such sort the princes left these reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behaviour carying him in far lower degree of service then the ever-noble nature of *Leonatus* would suffer him), and taking likewise their leaves of their good friend the king of *Pontus* (who returned to enjoy their benefite, both of his wife and kingdome), they privately went thence, having onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompanie them through divers places; they foure dooing actes more daungerous, though lesse famous, because they were but privat chivalries: till hearing of the faire and vertuous Queen *Erona* of *Lycia*, besieged by the puissant king of *Armenia*, they bent themselves to her succour, both because the weaker (and weaker as being a ladie), and partly, because they heard the king of *Armenia* had in his company three of the most famous men living for matters of armes, that were knowne to be in the worlde. Whereof one was the Prince *Plangus* (whose name was sweetened by your breath, peerlesse ladie, when the last daie it pleased you to mention him unto me), the other two were two great princes (though holding of him), *Barzanes* and *Euardes*, men of giant-like both hugenes and force: in which two especially the trust the king had of victory was reposed. And

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of them, those two brothers *Tydeus* and *Telenor* (sufficient judges in warlike matters) spake so high commendations, that the two yong princes had even a youthfull longing to have some triall of their vertue. And, therefore, as soone as they were entred into *Lycia*, they joyned themselves with them that faithfully served the poore queene, at that time besieged: and, ere long, animated in such sort their almost overthrowne harts, that they went by force to relieve the towne, though they were deprived of a great part of their strength by the parting of the two brothers, who were sent for in all hast to returne to their old friend and maister, *Plexirtus*: who (willingly hood-winking themselves from seeing his faultes, and binding themselves to beleieve what he said) often abused the vertue of courage to defend his fowle vice of injustice. But now they were sent for to advance a conquest he was about; while *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* pursued the deliverie of the Queene *Erona*.

THE HISTORY OF MACBETH,
FROM WHICH
SHAKESPEARE TOOK HIS TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.

[Reprinted from Holinshed's Chronicle.]

INTRODUCTION.

BUCHANAN, in his History of Scotland, speaking of the incidents of Macbeth's reign, observes, "Some of our writers do here record many fables, which are like Milesian tales, and *fitter for the stage* than for a history, and therefore I omit them." (Book VII, edit. Edinb. 1821, vol. I, p. 352). These expressions are remarkable; but we do not suppose that Shakespeare saw and took advantage of the recommendation of the Scottish historian, but finding the story, as it is related in his usual historical authority, Holinshed, well adapted to his purpose, he applied it to that purpose. We have, therefore, inserted the whole that Holinshed records, and, on comparison, the reader will find not a few instances in which the obligations of Shakespeare are to be distinctly and even verbally traced. It seems clear, that our great dramatist derived his notion and knowledge of "the weird sisters" from this source; and the passage in which the old chronicler first introduces them is curiously explanatory of some parts of Macbeth relating to them: "But afterwards (he says) the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say), the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromatical science, bicause every thing came to

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passee as they had spoken." In the first folio of Shakespeare's Plays (1623) the word "weird" is spelt *weyward*, which has occasioned some doubt as to its etymology; but Holinshed uses the right orthography, and, by the explanation he affords, supports those who contend that "weird" is derived from the Saxon "wyrd"—*fatum*—"the weird sisters—the goddesses of destinie."

THE HISTORY OF MAKRETH.

AFTER Malcolme succéded his nephue Duincane the sonne of his daughter Beatrice: for Malcolme had two daughters, the one which was this Beatrice, being given in marriage unto one Abbanath Crinen, a man of great nobilitie, and thane of the Iles and west parts of Scotland, bare of that mariage the foresaid Duncane; the other called Doada, was married unto Sinell the thane of Glamis, by whom she had issue one Makbeth a valiant gentleman, and one that if he had not béene somewhat cruell of nature, might have béene thought most woorthie the government of a realme. On the other part, Duncane was so soft and gentle of nature, that the people wished the inclinations and maners of these two cousins to have béene so tempered and interchangeablie bestowed betwixt them, that where the one had too much of clemencie, and the other of crueltie, the meane virtue betwixt these two extremities might have reigned by indifferent partition in them both, so should Duncane have proved a woorthie king, and Makbeth an excellent capteine. The beginning of Duncans reigne was verie quiet and peaceable, without anie notable trouble; but after it was perceived how negligent he was in punishing offenders, manie misruled persons tooke occasion thereof to trouble the peace and quiet state of the common-wealth, by seditious commotions which first had their beginnings in this wise.

Banquo the thane of Lochquhaber, of whom the house of the Stewards is descended, the which by order of linage hath now for a long time inioied the crowne of Scotland, even till these our daies, as he gathered the finances due to the king, and further punished somewhat sharpelie such as were notorious offenders, being assailed by a number of rebels inhabiting

in that countrie, and spoiled of the monie and all other things, had much a doo to get awaie with life, after he had received sundrie grievous wounds amongst them. Yet escaping their hands, after hée was somewhat recovered of his hurts, and was able to ride, he repaired to the court, where making his complaint to the king in most earnest wise, he purchased at length that the offenders were sent for by a sergeant at armes, to appeare to make answer unto such matters as should be laid to their charge: but they augmenting their mischievous act with a more wicked déed, after they had misused the messenger with sundrie kinds of reproches, they finallie slue him also.

Then doubting not but for such contemptuous demeanor against the kings regall authoritie, they should be invaded with all the power the king could make, Makdowald one of great estimation among them, making first a confederacie with his neerest friends and kinsmen, tooke upon him to be chiefe capteine of all such rebels as would stand against the king, in maintenance of their grievous offenses latelie committed against him. Manie slanderous words also, and railing tants this Makdowald uttered against his prince, calling him a faint-hearted milkesop, more meet to governe a sort of idle moonks in some cloister, than to have the rule of such valiant and hardie men of warre as the Scots were. He used also such subtill persuasions and forged allurements, that in a small time he had gotten together a mightie power of men: for out of the westerne Iles there came unto him a great multitude of people, offering themselves to assist him in that rebellious quarrell, and out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of Kernes and Galloglasses, offering gladlie to serve under him, whither it should please him to lead them.

Makdowald thus having a mightie puissance about him, incountered with such of the kings people as were sent against him into Lochquhaber, and discomfiting them, by mere force took their capteine Malcolme, and after the end of the

battell smote off his head. This overthrow being notified to the king, did put him in woonderfull feare, by reason of his small skill in warlike affaires. Calling therefore his nobles to a counsell, he asked of them their best advise for the subduing of Makdowald and other the rebels. Here, in sundrie heads (as ever it happeneth) were sundrie opinions, which they uttered according to everie man his skill. At length Makbeth speaking much against the kings softnes, and overmuch slacknesse in punishing offenders, whereby they had such time to assemble together, he promised notwithstanding, if the charge were committed unto him and unto Banquho, so to order the matter, that the rebels should be shortly vanquished and quite put downe, and that not so much as one of them should be found to make resistance within the countrie.

And even so it came to passe: for being sent forth with a new power, at his entring into Lochquhaber, the fame of his comming put the enemies in such feare, that a great number of them stole secretlie awaie from their capteine Makdowald, who neverthelesse inforced thereto, gave battell unto Makbeth, with the residue which remained with him: but being overcome, and fleeing for refuge into a castell (within the which his wife and children were inclosed) at length when he saw how he could neither defend the hold any longer against his enemies, nor yet upon surrender be suffered to depart with life saved, he first slue his wife and children, and lastlie himselfe, least if he had yielded simple, he should have bene executed in most cruell wise for an example to other. Makbeth entring into the castell by the gates, as then set open, found the carcasse of Makdowald lieng dead there amongst the residue of the slaine bodies, which when he beheld, remitting no peece of his cruell nature with that pitifull sight, he caused the head to be cut off, and set upon a poles end, and so sent it as a present to the king, who as then laie at Bertha. The headlesse trunk he commanded to be hoong up upon an high paire of gallows.

THE HISTORY OF MAKBETH.

Them of the westerne Iles suing for pardon, in that they had aided Makdowald in his tratorous enterprise, he fined at great sums of monie: and those whome he tooke in Lochquhaber, being come thither to beare armor against the king, he put to execution. Herupon the Ilandmen conceived a deadlie grudge towards him, calling him a covenant-breaker, a bloudie tyrant, and a cruell murtherer of them whome the kings mercie had pardoned. With which reprochfull words Makbeth being kindled in wrathfull ire against them, had passed over with an armie into the Iles, to have taken revenge upon them for their liberall talke, had he not béene otherwise persuaded by some of his friends, and partlie pacified by gifts presented unto him on the behalfe of the Ilandmen, séeking to avoid his displeasure. Thus was justice and law restored againe to the old accustomed course, by the diligent means of Makbeth. Immediatlie whereupon woord came that Sueno king of Norway was arrived in Fife with a puissant armie, to subduc the whole realme of Scotland.

But here to the intent it maie be the better perceived, what this Sueno was, I will somewhat touch from whence he descended. That Sueno, who (as ye have heard) conquered the realme of England, being also king of Denmarke and Norwaie, had thrée sonnes, Harold, Sueno, and Canute; the first he made king of England, the second king of Norwaie, and the third king of Denmarke. Harold inioied not the same dominion of England past thrée yéeres after his fathers deceasse, but was slaine by Etheldred or Egeldred, whom his father Sueno had chased into Normandie. But the same Etheldred kept not long the kingdome in peace, for Canute king of Denmarke, to revenge his brothers death, landed in England with a mightie host, and sleaing Etheldred, recovered the kingdome to the use of the Danes: but yet one Edmund sonne to the foresaid Etheldred, surnamed Ironside, maintained the warre against Canute for a season, till at length by both their consents they agréed to fight a combat singu-

larlie man to man, so to trie the matter betwixt them, who should ~~reigne~~ as king over the Englishmen.

In this fight when they had continued a long space, and shewed right notable proofes of their manhood: "Edmund (saith Canute) sith it hath pleased almightie God, that thou shouldest thus trie the force of my hand without hurt or wound, I thinke it bée likewise his pleasure, that thou shouldest enjoy part of the realme: go to therefore, I receive thée as partener with me in the kingdome, so that (if thou be contented let us divide the kingdome betwixt us without anie more contention." Edmund gladlie accepted this condition of agreement, supposing it better to have halfe the kingdome, than to stand to the doubtfull triall of loosing the whole: for he had received a wound at Canutes hands, though Canute understood not so much: againe, he foresaw that occasion hereafter might be offered, whereby he might without all trouble come to enjoy the whole. Hereupon either of them leapt beside their weried horsses in that fierce and earnest fight, and imbracing each other became good friends, in dividing the realme according to the above mentioned motion of Canute. That part of England that lieth over against France was assigned unto Canute; and the other, that is, the north parts unto Edmund. In the meane time Emma the wife of Etheldred, with hir two sonnes (which she had by the same Etheldred) Alured and Edward, fled over into Normandie, doubting least this concord betwixt Canute and Edmund should turne smallie to hir advancement.

But now touching the arrivall of Sueno the Norwegian king in Fife (as before is expressed) ye shall understand, that the pretense of his comming was to revenge the slaughter of his uncle Camus, and other of the Danish nation slaine at Barre, Crowdane, and Gemmer. The crueltie of this Sueno was such, that he neither spared man, woman, nor child, of what age, condition, or degré socver they were. Whereof when K. Duncane was certified, he set all slouthfull and lingering delaies apart, and began to assemble an armie in

most spéedie wise, like a verie valiant capteine: for oftentimes it happeneth, that a dull coward and slouthfull person, constrained by necessitie, becommeth verie hardie and active. Therefore when his whole power was come together, he divided the same into thrée battels. The first was led by Makbeth, the second by Banquho, and the king himselfe governed in the maine battell or middle ward, wherein were appointed to attend and wait upon his person the most part of all the residue of the Scottish nobilitie.

The armie of Scottishmen being thus ordered, came unto Culros, where incountering with the enimies, after a sore and cruell foughten battell, Sueno remained victorious, and Malcolme with his Scots discomfited. Howbeit the Danes were so broken by this battell, that they were not able to make long chase on their enimies, but kept themselves all night in order of battell, for doubt least the Scots assembling together againe, might have set upon them at some advantage. On the morrow, when the fields were discovered, and that it was perceived how no enimies were to be found abroad, they gathered the spoile, which they divided amongst them, according to the law of armes. Then it was ordeined by commandement of Sueno, that no souldier should hurt either man, woman, nor child, except such as were found with weapon in hand readie to make resistance, for he hoped now to conquer the realme without further bloudshed.

But when knowledge was given how Duncane was fled to the castell of Bertha, and that Makbeth was gathering a new power to withstand the incursions of the Danes, Sueno raised his tents, and comming to the said castell, laid a strong siege round about it. Duncane séeing himselfe thus environed by his enimies, sent a secret message by counsell of Banquho to Makbeth, commanding him to abide at Inchcuthill, till he heard from him some other newes. In the meane time Duncane fell in fained communication with Sueno, as though he would have yéelded up the castell into his hands, under certeine conditions, and this did he to drive time, and to put

his enimies out of all suspicion of anie enterprise ment against them, till all things were brought to passe that might serve for the purpose. At length, when they were fallen at a point for rendring up the hold, Duncane offered to send foorth of the castell into the campe great provision of vittels to refresh the armie, which offer was gladlie accepted of the Danes, for that they had béene in great penurie of sustenance manie daies before.

The Scots hèreupon tooke the juice of mekilwoort berries, and mixed the same in their ale and bread, sending it thus spiced and confectioned, in great abundance unto their enimies. They rejoising that they had got meate and drinke sufficient to satisfie their bellies, fell to eating and drinking, after such greedie wise, that it séemed they strove who might devoure and swallow up most, till the operation of the berries spread in such sort through all the parts of their bodies, that they were in the end brought into a fast dead sleepe, that in manner it was impossible to awake them. Then foorthwith Duncane sent unto Makbeth, commanding him with all diligence to come and set upon the enimies, being in easie point to be overcome. Makbeth making no delaie, came with his people to the place, where his enimies were lodged, and first killing the watch, afterwards entered the campe, and made such slaughter on all sides without anie resistance, that it was a woonderfull matter to behold, for the Danes were so heavie of sléepe, that the most part of them were slaine and néver stirred: other that were awakened either by the noise or other waies foorth, were so amazed and dizzie headed upon their wakening, that they were not able to make anie defense: so that of the whole number there escaped no more but onelie Sueno himselfe and ten other persons, by whose helpe he got to his ships lieng at rode in the mouth of Taie.

The most part of the mariners, when they heard what plentie of meate and drinke the Scots had sent unto the campe, came from the sea thither to be partakers thereof, and so were slaine amongst their fellows: by meanes whereof when Sueno

perceived how through lacke of mariners he should not be able to conveie awaie his navie, he furnished one ship throughlie with such as were left, and in the same sailed backe into Norwaie, cursing the time that he set forward on this infortunate journie. The other ships which he left behind him, within three daies after his departure from thence, were tossed so together by violence of an east wind, that beating and rushing one against another, they sunke there, and lie in the same place even unto these daies, to the great danger of other such ships as come on that coast: for being covered with the flood when the tide commeth, at the ebbing againe of the same, some part of them appéere above water.

The place where the Danish vessels were thus lost, is yet called Drownelow sands. This overthrow received in manner afore said by Sueno, was verie displeasing to him and his people, as should appéere, in that it was a custome manie yeeres after, that no knights were made in Norwaie, except they were first sworne to revenge the slaughter of their countriemen and friends thus slaine in Scotland. The Scots having woone so notable a victorie, after they had gathered and divided the spoile of the field, caused solemne processions to be made in all places of the realme, and thanks to be given to almightie God, that had sent them so faire a day over their enimies. But whilst the people were thus at their processions, woord was brought that a new fléet of Danes was arrived at Kingcorne, sent thither by Canute king of England, in revenge of his brother Suenos overthrow. To resist these enimies, which were already landed, and busie in spoiling the countrie; Makbeth and Banquho were sent with the kings authoritie, who having with them a convenient power, incountred the enimies, slue part of them, and chased the other to their ships. They that escaped and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine at this last bickering, might be buried in saint Colmes Inch. In memorie whereof, manie old sepulchres are yet in the said Inch, there to be

seene graven with the armes of the Danes, as the maner of burieng noble men still is, and hécretofore hath béene used.

A peace was also concluded at the same time betwixt the Danes and Scottishmen, ratified (as some have written) in this wise: That from thencefoorth the Danes should never come into Scotland to make anie warres against the Scots by anie maner of meanes. And these were the warres that Duncane had with forren enimies, in the seventh yéere of his reigne. Shortlie after happened a strange and uncouth woonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realme of Scotland, as ye shall after heare. It fortunéd as Makbeth and Banquho journied towards Fores, where the king then laie, they went sporting by the waie togither without other companie, save onelie themselves, passing thorough the woods and fields, when suddenlie in the middest of a laund, there met them thrée women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of elder world, whome when they attentivelie beheld, woondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said; "All haile Makbeth, thane of Glammiss" (for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell.) The second of them said; "Haile Makbeth thane of Cawder." But the third said; "All haile Makbeth that héereafter shalt be king of Scotland."

Then Banquho; "What manner of women (saith he) are you, that séeme so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow heere, besides high offices, ye assigne also the kingdome, appointing foorth nothing for me at all?" "Yes (saith the first of them) we promise greater benefits unto thée, than unto him, for he shall reigne in déed, but with an unluckie end: neither shall he leave anie issue behind him to succéed in his place, where contrarilie thou in déed shalt not reigne at all, but of thée those shall be borne which shall governe the Scottish kingdome by long order of continuall descent." Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediatlie out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vaine fantastical illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that

Banquho would call Mackbeth in jest, *king of Scotland*; and Mackbeth againe would call him in sport likewise, the father of manie kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, bicause everie thing came to passe as they had spoken. For shortlie after, the thane of Cawdor being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed; his lands, livings, and offices were given of the kings liberalitie to Mackbeth.

The same night after, at supper, Banquho jested with him and said; "Now Mackbeth thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe. Whereupon Mackbeth revolving the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attein to the kingdome: but yet he thought with himselfe that he must tarie a time, which should advance him thereto (by the divine providence) as it had come to passe in his former preferment. But shortlie after it chanced that king Duncane, having two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Siward earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them called Malcolme prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediatlie after his deceasse. Mackbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that should succéed were not of able age to take the charge upon himselfe, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsell how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarell so to doo (as he tooke the matter) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all maner of title and claime, which he might in time to come, pretend unto the crowne.

The words of the thrée weird sisters also (of whom before

ye have heard) greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a quene. At length therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trustie friends, amongst whome Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid, he slue the king at Enuerns, or (as some say) at Botgosuane, in the sixt yeare of his reigne. Then having a companie about him of such as he had made privie to his enterprise, he caused himselfe to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went unto Scone, where (by common consent) he received the investure of the kingdome according to the accustomed maner. The bodie of Duncane was first conveyed unto Elgine, and there buried in kinglie wise; but afterwards it was removed and conveyed unto Colmekill, and there laid in a sepulture amongst his predecessors, in the yeare after the birth of our Saviour, 1046.

Malcolme Cammore and Donald Bane the sons of king Duncane, for feare of their lives (which they might well know that Macbeth would seeke to bring to end for his more sure confirmation in the estate) fled into Cumberland, where Malcolme remained, till time that saint Edward the sonne of Etheldred recovered the dominion of England from the Danish power, the which Edward received Malcolme by way of most friendlie entertainment: but Donald passed over into Ireland, where he was tenderlie cherished by the king of that land. Macbeth, after the departure thus of Duncanes sonnes, used great liberalitie towards the nobles of the realme, thereby to win their favour, and when he saw that no man went about to trouble him, he set his whole intention to mainteine justice, and to punish all enormities and abuses, which had chanced through the feeble and slouthfull administration of Duncane. And to bring his purpose the better to passe without anie trouble or great businesse, he devised a subtill wile to bring all offenders and misdooers unto justice, soliciting sundrie of his liege people with high rewards, to

challenge and appeale such as most oppressed the commons, to come at a day and place appointed, to fight singular combats within barriers, in triall of their accusations. When these théeves, barrettors, and other oppressors of the innocent people were come to darren battell in this wise (as is said) they were streight waies apprehended by armed men, and trussed up in halters on gibbets, according as they had justlie deserved. The residue of misdooers that were left, were punished and tamed in such sort, that manie yeares after all theft and reiffings were little heard of, the people inioieng the blissefull benefit of good peace and tranquillitie. Mackbeth shewing himselfe thus a most diligent punisher of all injuries and wrongs attempted by anie disordered persons within his realme, was accounted the sure defense and buckler of innocent people; and hereto he also applied his whole indevor, to cause yoong men to exercise themselves in vertuous maners, and men of the church to attend their divine service according to their vocations.

He caused to be slaine sundrie thanes, as of Cathnes, Sutherland, Stranaverne, and Ros, because through them and their seditious attempts, much trouble dailie rose in the realme. He appeased the troublesome state of Galloway, and slue one Makgill a tyrant, who had manie yeares before passed nothing of the regall authoritie or power. To be brieft, such were the woorthie doings and princelie acts of this Mackbeth in the administration of the realme, that if he had attained thereunto by rightfull means, and continued in uprightness of justice as he began, till the end of his reigne, he might well have béene numbred amongst the most noble princes that anie where had reigned. He made manie holesome laws and statutes for the publike weale of his subjects.

But this was but a counterfet zeale of equitie shewed by him, partlie against his naturall inclination to purchase thereby the favour of the people. Shortlie after, he began to shew what he was, in stead of equitie practising crueltie. For the pricke of conscience (as it chanceth ever in tyrants,

and such as atteine to anie estate by unrighteous means) caused him ever to feare, least he should be served of the same cup, as he had ministred to his predecessor. The woords also of the thrée weird sisters, would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, so likewise did they promise it at the same time unto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed therefore the same Banquho with his sonne named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was in déed, as he had devised, present death at the hands of certeine murderers, whom he hired to execute that déed, appointing them to meete with the same Banquho and his sonne without the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might cleare himselfe, if anie thing were laid to his charge upon anie suspicion that might arise.

It chanced yet by the benefit of the darke night, that though the father were slaine, the sonne yet by the helpe of almightie God reserving him to better fortune, escaped that danger: and afterwards having some inkeling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no lesse than his fathers, who was slaine not by chance medlie (as by the handling of the matter Makbeth would have had it to appeare) but even upon a prepensed devise: whereupon to avoid further perill he fled into Wales. ¶ But here I thinke it shall not much make against my purpose, if (according to th' order which I find observed in the Scottish historie) I shall in few words rehearse the originall line of those kings, which have descended from the foresaid Banquho, that they which have injoied the kingdome by so long continuance of descent, from one to another, and that even unto these our daies, may be knowen from whence they had their first beginning.

Fleance therefore (as before is said) fled into Wales, where shortlie after by his courteous and amiable behaviour, he grew into such favour and estimation with the prince of that

countrie, that he might unneath have wished anie greater; at length also he came into such familiar acquaintance with the said princes daughter, that she of courtesie in the end suffered him to get hir with child; which being once understood, hir father the prince conceived such hatefull displeasure towards Fleance, that he finallie slue him, and held his daughter in most vile estate of servitude, for that she had consented to be on this wise defloured by a stranger. At the last yet, she was delivered of a sonne named Walter, who within few yeares proved a man of greater courage and valiancie, than anie other had commonlie béene found, although he had no better bringing up than (by his grandfathers appointment) among the baser sort of people. Howbeit he shewed ever even from his infancie, that there reigned in him a certeine stoutnesse of stomach, readie to attempt high enterprises.

It chanced that falling out with one of his companions, after manie tawnting words which passed betwixt them, the other to his reproch objected that he was a bastard, and begotten in unlawfull bed; wherewith being sore kindled, in his raging furie he ran upon him and slue him out of hand. Then was he glad to flee out of Wales, and comming into Scotland to seeke some friendship there, he happened into the companie of such Englishmen, as were come thither with quéene Margaret, and behaved himselfe so soberlie in all his demeanours, that within a while he was highlie esteemed amongst them. Not long after by such means attaining to the degré of high reputation, he was sent with a great power of men into the westerne Iles, into Galloway, and other parts of the realme, to deliver the same from the tyrannie and injurious oppression there exercised by divers misgoverned persons; which enterprise according to his commission he atchived, with such prudent policie and manhood, that immediatlie upon his returne to the court, he was made lord steward of Scotland, with assignement to receive the kings rents and duties out of the parts of the realme.

This Walter Steward had a sonne named Alane Steward, who went after with Godfreie of Bullogne duke of Loraine, and Robert duke of Normandie sonne to king William the bastard that conquered England, into the holie land, at what time they with other westernne princes made the great jurnie thither, in the yeare 1099. Alane had issue Alexander Steward, that founded the abbeie of Pasleie of saint Benedicts order. Walter Steward, whose valiancie was well notified at the battell of Largis, as hercafter shall be shewed, was the sonne of the said Alexander. The same Walter had issue two sons, the one named Alexander fought right valiantlie in defense of his father at the foresaid battell; and the other named Robert Steward got the lands of Terbowtoun, and married the heire of Crukeistoun, from whom descended the earles of Levenox and Dernlie. Moreover, the above mentioned Alexander Steward that founded Paselie, had diverse mo sonnes, as John and James, with sundrie other. Howbeit they tooke new surnames by the name of those lands, unto the which they succéded. The afore recited John Steward, after the death of his brother James, married the heire of Bonkill a virgine of great beautie, and had by hir Walter Steward that inherited the lands of Bonkill, Ranfrew, Rothessaie, Bute, and Stewartoun, after that his father the forenamed John was slaine at Falkirke.

He married Margerie Bruce daughter to king Robert Bruce, by whome he had issue king Robert the second of that name. This Robert the second tooke to wife one Isabell Mure, a damsell of right excellent beautie, she was daughter to sir Adham Mure knight, and brought forth issue, thrée sonnes and thrée daughters. The eldest sonne hight John Steward otherwise named Robert, who succéded immediatlíe after his fathers deceasse in governance of the crowne. The second called Robert was made earle of Fife and Menteith, also he was created duke of Albanie, and ruled the realme of Scotland under the name of governour, for the space of fiftéene yeares. The third sonne named Alexander was

earle of Buchquhane and lord of Baudzenot. The eldest daughter was married to James that was the sonne and heire of William earle of Dowglas. The second daughter was married to John Dunbar, brother to George of Dunbar earle of March, and was made to the advancement of his further fame earle of Murrey. He begot on hir one onelie daughter, that was married to the Dowglas, and so Dowglas came to the earledome of Murrey. The third daughter was married unto John Lioun, that was after made lord of Glamis.

Moreover, the foresaid Robert that was the first of the Stewards which ware the crowne in Scotland, married Ewfame daughter to the earle of Rosse, and got on hir two sonnes, Walter earle of Atholl, and David earle of Stratherne. This Walter solicited Robert duke of Albanie, to slea David Steward duke of Rothsaiie. And after that James the first was returned home soorth of England, hee did what he could to moove him to slea all the linage of the said duke, still being in hope after the dispatch of his kinsmen to come to the crowne himselfe, which hope mooved him to procure his nephue Robert Steward, and Robert Graham his daughters son, to slea king James the first also, for the which crime the same Walter was after convicted and destroyed with all his sonnes. His brother David earle of Buchquhane died without issue, and so the lands of both these brethren returned againe to the crowne, without anie memorie of their bloud. Of Robert Steward duke of Albanie, came duke Murdo, who married the earle of Lennox daughter, and got on hir three sonnes, Walter, Alexander, and James.

Duke Murdo himselfe with his two first sonnes were slaine at Striveling by king James the first, and the third brother James in revenge thereof burnt Dumbertane, and was after chased into Ireland, where he deceased without issue. Robert the third of that name married Annabill Drommond, daughter to sir John Drommond of Strobhall knight, and got on hir David and James. The first died in Falkland, and the other attained the crowne, and was called James the first

and married the lady Jane daughter to John Beauford earle of Summerset in England. He had by hir two sonnes borne at one birth, Alexander and James. The first died young, the second attained the crowne, named James the second. James the first had also six daughters, of the which the eldest was given in mariage to the Dolphine of France, the second to the duke of Britaine, the third to the lord of Feir, the fourth to the lord of Dalkeith, the fifth to the earle of Huntley, and the sixth had no succession. James the second married Margaret daughter to the duke of Gelderland, and begot on hir three sonnes, and two daughters.

The first succeeded him in the kingdome, and was called James the third: the second named Alexander was duke of Albanie, and married first the earle of Orkenies daughter, and got on hir Alexander, that was afterward bishop of Murrey, and then parting with hir went into France, where he married the countesse of Bullogne, and begot on hir John Steward duke of Albanie, that was governor of Scotland many yeeres in the minority of James the fifth. The third sonne, John Steward, was earle of Mar, whose chance was to be slaine in the Cannogat in a bathfat. The first daughter of James the second was married to the lord Boid, who begot on hir a sonne that was slaine by the lord Mongumrie, and a daughter that was married to the earle of Cassels. After the death of the Lord Boid, the husband of this first daughter of James the second, she was eftsounes married to the lord Hammilton, and by that means was the house of the Haimiltons honored with the kings blood. The other sister was married to the lord Creichton, of whom came small succession worthie to be mentioned. James the third married Margaret daughter to the king of Denmarke. Of the which mariage was borne James the fourth, Alexander that was bishop of saint Andrews and duke of Albanie, and John Steward earle of Mar, but these two died without issue.

James the fourth married Margaret daughter to king Henrie the seventh of England, and begot on hir James the fifth, who

marieng first the ladie Magdalen daughter to Francis the French king, had no issue by hir, for that she died in the yéere next after hir comming into Scotland, and then shortlie after the said James the fift married the ladie Marie de Lorrein, duchesse of Lonvile, a widow, and by hir had he issue Marie quéene of Scotland, that tooke to husband Henrie Steward lord Dernlie, by whome she had issue Charles James, now king of Scotland. But to returne unto Makbeth, in continuing the historie, and to begin where I left, ye shall understand that after the contrived slaughter of Banquho, nothing prospered with the foresaid Makbeth: for in maner everie man began to doubt his owne life, and durst unneth appeare in the kings presence; and even as there were manie that stood in feare of him, so likewise stood he in feare of manie, in such sort that he began to make those awaie by one surmized cavillation or other, whome he thought most able to worke him anie displeasure.

At length he found such swéetnesse by putting his nobles thus to death, that his earnest thirst after bloud in this behalfe might in no wise be satisfied: for ye must consider he wan double profit (as hée thought) hereby: for first they were rid out of the way whome he feared, and then againe his coffers were enriched by their goods which were forfeited to his use, whereby he might better mainteine a gard of armed men about him to defend his person from injurie of them whome he had in anie suspicion. Further, to the end he might the more cruellie oppresse his subjects with all tyrantlike wrongs, he builded a strong castell on the top of an hie hill called Dunsinane, situate in Gowrie, ten miles from Perth, on such a proud height, that standing there aloft, a man might behold well neere all the countries of Angus, Fife, Stermond, and Ernedale, as it were lieng underneath him. This castell then being founded on the top of that high hill, put the realme to great charges before it was finished, for all the stuffe necessarie to the building could not be brought up without much toile and businesse. But Makbeth being once

determined to have the worke go forward, caused the thanes of each shire within the realme, to come and helpe towards that building, each man his course about.

At the last, when the turne fell unto Makduffe thane of Fife to build his part, he sent workemen with all néedfull provision, and commanded them to shew such diligence in everie behalfe, that no occasion might bee given for the king to find fault with him, in that he came not himselfe as other had doone, which he refused to doo, for doubt least the king bearing him (as he partlie understood) no great good will, would laie violent hands upon him, as he had doone upon diverse other. Shortlie after, Makbeth comming to behold how the worke went forward, and bicause he found not Makduffe there, he was sore offended, and said; I perceive this man will never obeie my commandements, till he be ridden with a snaffle: but I shall provide well inough for him. Neither could he afterwards abide to looke upon the said Makduffe, either for that he thought his puissance over great: either else for that he had learned of certeine wizzards, in whose words he put great confidence (for that the prophesie had happened so right, which the thrée faries or weird sisters had declared unto him) how that he ought to take héed of Makduffe, who in time to come would seeke to destroie him.

And suerlie hereupon had he put Makduffe to death, but that a certeine witch, whome hee had in great trust, had told that he should never be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane. By this prophesie Makbeth put all feare out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would, without anie feare to be punished for the same, for by the one prophesie he beléevéd it was unpossible for anie man to vanquish him, and by the other unpossible to slea him. This vaine hope caused him to doo manie outrageous things, to the gréevous oppression of his subjects. At length Makduffe, to avoid perill of life, purposed with himselfe to passe into England, to procure Malcolme Cammore to claime the crowne

of Scotland. But this was not so *secretlie devised by Makduffe*, but that Makbeth had knowledge given him thereof: for kings (as is said) have sharpe sight like unto Lynx, and *long ears like unto Midas.* For Makbeth had in everie noble mans house, one slie fellow or other in *fée* with him, to reveale all that was said or doone within the same, by which slight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realme.

Immediatlíe then, being advertised whereabout Makduffe went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the castell where Makduffe dwelled, trusting to have found him therein. They that kept the house, without anie resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none evill. But neverthesse Makbeth most cruellie caused the wife and children of Makduffe, with all other whom he found in that castell, to be slaine. Also he confiscated the goods of Makduffe, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all the parts of his realme; but Makduffe was already escaped out of danger, and gotten into England unto Malcolme Cammore, to trie what purchase hee might make by means of his support, to revenge the slaughter so cruellie executed on his wife, his children, and other friends. At his coming unto Malcolme, he declared into what great miserie the estate of Scotland was brought, by the detestable cruelties exercised by the tyrant Makbeth, having committed manie horrible slaughters and murders, both as well of the nobles as commons, for the which he was hated right mortallie of all his liege people, desiring nothing more than to be delivered of that intollerable and most heavie yoke of thraldome, which they sustained at such a caitaifes hands.

Malcolme hearing Makduffles woords, which he uttered in verie lamentable sort, for méere compassion and verie ruth that pearsed his sorrowfull hart, bewailing the miserable state of his countrie, he fetched a deepe sigh; which Makduffe perceiving, began to fall most earnestlie in hand with him, to enterprise the delivering of the Scottish people out of the

hands of so cruell and bloudie a tyrant, as Makbeth by too manie plaine experiments did shew himselfe to be: which was an easie matter for him to bring to passe, considering not onelie the good title he had, but also the earnest desire of the people to have some occasion ministred, whereby they might be revenged of those notable injuries, which they dailie susteined by the outrageous crueltie of Makbeths misgovernance. Though Malcolme was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in maner as Makduffe had declared; yet doubting whether he were come as one that ment unfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have some further triall, and thereupon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth.

“I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certeine incurable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing méet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable founteine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should séeke to defloure young maids and matrones, in such wise that mine intemperancie should be more importable unto you, than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is.” Héereunto Makduffe answered: “This suerlie is a verie evill fault, for manie noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdomes for the same; neverthelesse there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall conveie the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.”

Then said Malcolme, “I am also the most avaritious creature on the earth, so that if I were king, I should séeke so manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmized accusations, to the end I might injoy their lands, goods, and posses-

sions; and therefore to shew you what mischiefe may insue on you through mine unsatiable covetousnes, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarme of flies, that continuallie sucked out hir blood: and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would have the flies driven beside hir, she answered no: for if these flies that are alreadie full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie egerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my blood farre more to my greivance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, least if I attaine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove such; that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieve you, should séeme casie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage, which might insue through my coming amongst you."

Makduffe to this made answer, "how it was a far woorse fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings have béene slaine and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take upon thée the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to satisfie thy gréedie desire." Then said Malcolme againe, "I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie rejoise in nothing so much as to betraie and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my words. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the same; you sée how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore sith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praie you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue."

Then said Makduffe: "This yet is the woorst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore saie; Oh ye unhappie and miserable Scottishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities, ech one above other! Ye have one curssed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to injoy it: for by his owne confession he is not onelie avaritious, and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had unto anie woord he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation:" and with those words the brackish teares trickled downe his chéekes verie abundantlie.

At the last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sléeve, and said: "Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I have none of these vices before remembred, but have jested with thee in this manner, onelie to proove thy mind: for diverse times hécerebefore hath Makbeth sought by this manner of meanes to bring me into his hands, but the more slow I have shewed my selfe to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same." Incontinentlie hécereupon they imbraced ech other, and promising to be faithfull the one to the other, they fell in consultation how they might best provide for all their businesse, to bring the same to good effect. Soone after, Makduffe repairing to the borders of Scotland, addressed his letters with secret dispatch unto the nobles of the realme, declaring how Malcolme was confederat with him, to come hastilie into Scotland to claime the crowne, and therefore he required them, sith he was right inheritor thereto, to assist him with their powers to recover the same out of the hands of the wrongfull usurper.

In the meane time, Malcolme purchased such favor at

king Edwards hands, that old Siward earle of Northumberland was appointed with ten thousand men to go with him into Scotland, to support him in this enterprize, for recoverie of his right. After these newes were spread abroad in Scotland, the nobles drew into two severall factions, the one taking part with Makbeth, and the other with Malcolme. Héereupon insued oftentimes sundrie bickerings, and diverse light skirmishes: for those that were of Malcolmes side, would not jeopard to joine with their enimies in a pight field, till his comming out of England to their support. But after that Makbeth perccived his enimies power to increase, by such aid as came to them foorth of England with his adversarie Malcolme, he recoiled backe into Fife, there purposing to abide in campe fortified, at the castell of Dunsinane, and to fight with his enimies, if they ment to pursue him; howbeit some of his friends advised him, that it should be best for him, either to make some agrément with Malcolme, or else to flee with all spéed into the Iles, and to take his treasure with him, to the end he might wage sundrie great princes of the realme to take his part, and reteine strangers, in whome he might better trust than in his owne subjects, which stale dailie from him: but he had such confidence in his prophesies, that he beléeved he should never be vanquished, till Birnane wood were brought to Dunsinane; nor yet to be slaine with anie man, that should be or was borne of anie woman.

Malcolme following hastilie after Makbeth, came the night before the battell unto Birnane wood; and when his armie had rested a while there to refresh them, he commanded everie man to get a bough of some trée or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might beare, and to march foorth therewith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closelie and without sight in this manner within view of his enimies. On the morrow when Makbeth beheld them comming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter ment, but in the end remembred himselfe that the prophesie which he had heard long before that time, of the comming of Birnane

wood to Dunsinane castell, was likelie to be now fulfilled. Neverthelesse, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doo valiantlie, howbeit his enimies had scarselie cast from them their boughs, when Makbeth perceiving their numbers, betooke him streict to flight, whom Makduffe pursued with great hatred, even till he came unto Lunfannaine, where Makbeth perceiving that Makduffe was hard at his backe, leapt beside his horsse, saieng; "Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vaine follow me that am not appointed to be slaine by anie creature that is borne of a woman, come on therefore, and receive thy reward which thou hast deserved for thy paines," and therewithall he lifted up his sword thinking to have slaine him.

But Makduffe quicklie avoiding from his horsse, yer he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand) saieng: "It is true Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable crueltie have an end, for I am even he that thy wizzards have told thee of, who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe:" therewithall he stept unto him, and slue him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolme. This was the end of Makbeth, after he had reigned 17 yéeres over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reigne he accomplished manie woorthie acts, verie profitable to the commonwealth (as ye have heard) but afterward by illusion of the divell, he defamed the same with most terrible crueltie. He was slaine in the yéere of the incarnation, 1057, and in the 16 yéere of king Edwards reigne over the Englishmen.

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THE STORY OF
THE SHEPERDESS FELISMENA,

FROM WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS SAID TO HAVE
TAKEN THE PLOT OF

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

FROM BOOK II. OF THE "DIANA" OF GEORGE DE
MONTEMAYOR,

TRANSLATED BY BARTH. YOUNG, 1598.

INTRODUCTION.

THE present portion of our publication would not have been included by us, (and we only give the earlier part of the tale as a specimen) but for the opinion of Farmer and others, "that the story of Proteus and Julia, (in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona') might be taken from a similar one in the "Diana" of George of Montemayor." The objection to this notion is, that there can be no reasonable doubt that "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was one of Shakespeare's earliest plays, while the "Diana" was not translated by Bartholomew Young until 1598, in which year Francis Meres mentions "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" as a known play. (*Palladis Tamia*, 1598, 8vo, sig. O o 2). The opinion that other incidents of that play were derived from Sidney's "Arcadia," first printed 1591, 4to, is more plausible; but the resemblance is too slight and casual to warrant any decided conclusion of the kind. The source of the plot of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is yet to be discovered. It is not impossible that the "History," called (in the Revels Accounts, by Mr. P. Cunningham, p. 189) "Felix and Philomena," may have been a drama upon the ensuing incidents, one of the names having been mis-written.

THE SHEPERDESS FELISMENA.

YOU shall therefore knowe (faire nymphes) that great *Vandalia* is my native countrie, a province not far hence, where I was borne, in a citie called *Soldina*, my mother called *Delia*, my father *Andronius*, for lineage and possessions the chieftest of all that province. It fell out that as my mother was married many yeeres and had no children, (by reason whereof she lived so sad and malecontent thât she enjoyed not one merry day) with teares and sighes she daily importuned the heavens, and with a thousand vowes and devout offerings, besought God to grant her the summe of her desire: whose omnipotencie it pleased, beholding from his imperiall throne her continuall orisons, to make her barren bodie (the greater part of her age being now spent and gone) to become fruitfull. What infinite joy she conceived thereof, let her judge, that after a long desire of any thing, fortune at last doth put it into her handes. Of which content my father *Andronius* being no lesse partaker, shewed such tokens of inward joy as are impossible to be expressed. My mother *Delia* was so much given to reading of ancient histories, that if, by reason of sicknes or any important businesse, she had not bene hindred, she would never (by her will) have passed the time away in any other delight; who (as I said) being now with childe, and finding herselfe on a night ill at ease, intreated my father to reade something unto her, that, her minde being occupied in contemplation thereof, she might the better passe her greefe away. My father, who studied for nothing els but to please her in all he might, began to reade unto her the historie of *Paris*, when the three Ladies referred their proude contention for the golden apple to his conclusion and judgement. But as my mother held it for an infallible opinion that *Paris* had partially given that

sentence, (perswaded thereunto by a blinde passion of beautie) so she said, that without all doubt he did not with due reason and wisdom consider the goddessse of battels; for, as martiall and heroicall feates (saide she) excelled all other qualities, so with equitie and justice the apple should have bene given to her. My father answered, that since the apple was to be given to the fairest, and that *Venus* was fairer than any of the rest, *Paris* had rightly given his judgement, if that harme had not ensued thereof, which afterwarde did. To this my mother replied, that, though it was written in the apple, *That it should be given to the fairest* it was not to be understood of corporall beautie, but of the intellectuall beautie of the mind. And therefore since fortitude was a thing that made one most beautiful, and the exercise of arms an exterior act of this vertue, she affirmed, that to the goddessse of battels this apple should be given, if *Paris* had judged like a prudent and unappassionate judge. So that (faire nymphes) they spent a great part of the night in controversie, both of them alledging the most reasons they could to confirme their owne purpose. They persisting in this point, sleepe began to overcome her, whom the reasons and arguments of her husband coulde not once moove; so that being very deepe in her disputations, she fell into as deepe a sleepe, to whom, (my father being now gone to his chamber) appeered the goddessse *Venus*, with as frowning a countenance as faire, and saide, I marvell, *Delia*, who hath mooved thee to be so contrarie to her, that was never opposite to thee? If thou hadst but called to minde the time when thou wert so overcome in love for *Andronius*, thou wouldest not have paid me the debt (thou owest me) with so ill coine. But thou shalt not escape free from my due anger; for thou shalt bring forth a sonne and a daughter, whose birth shall cost thee no lesse than thy life, and them their contentment, for uttering so much in disgrace of my honour and beautie: both which shall be as infortunate in their love as any were ever in all their lives, or to the age wherein,

with remedylesse sighes, they shall breath forth the summe of their ceaselesse sorrowes. And having saide thus, she vanished away: when, likewise, it seemed to my mother that the Goddesse *Pallas* came to her in a vision, and with a merry countenance saide thus unto her: With what sufficient rewardes may I be able to requite the due regarde (most happie and discreete *Delia*) which thou hast alleaged in my favour against thy husbands obstinate opinion, except it be by making thee understand that thou shalt bring forth a sonne and a daughter, the most fortunate in armes that have bene to their times. Having thus said, she vanished out of her sight, and my mother, thorow exceeding feare, awaked immediately. Who, within a moneth after, at one birth was delivered of me, and of a brother of mine, and died in childe-bed, leaving my father the most sorrowfull man in the world for her sudden death; for greefe whereof, within a little while after, he also died. And bicause you may knowe (faire nymphes) in what great extremities love hath put me, you must understand, that (being a woman of that qualitic and disposition as you have heard) I have bene forced by my cruell destinie to leave my naturall habit and libertie, and the due respect of mine honour, to follow him, who thinkes (perhaps) that I do but leese it by loving him so extremely. Behold, how bootelesse and unseemely it is for a woman to be so dextrous in armes, as if it were her proper nature and kinde, wherewith (faire nymphes) I had never bene indued, but that, by meanes thereof, I should come to doe you this little service against these villaines; whiche I account no lesse then if fortune had begun to satisfie in part some of those infinite wrongs that she hath continually done me. The nymphes were so amazed at her words, that they coulede neither aske nor answer any thing to that the faire Shepherdesse tolde them, who, prosecuting her historie, saide:

My brother and I were brought up in a nunnerie, where an aunt of ours was abbesse, until we had accomplished twelve yceres of age, at what time we were taken from thence

again, and my brother was carried to the mightie and invincible *king of Portugall* his court (whose noble faime and princely liberalitie was bruted over all the world) where, being growen to yeeres able to manage armes, he atchieved as valiant and almost incredible enterprises by them, as he suffered unfortunate disgraces and foiles by love. And with all this he was so highly favoured of that magnificent king, that he would never suffer him to depart from his court. Unfortunate I, reserved by my sinister destinies to greater mishaps, was carried to a grandmother of mine, which place I would I had never scene, since it was an occasion of such a sorrowfull life as never any woman suffered the like. And because there is not any thing (faire nymphes) which I am not forced to tell you, as well for the great vertue and desertes which your excellent beauties doe testifie, as also for that for my minde doth give me, that you shall be no small part and meanes of my comfort, knowe, that as I was in my grandmothers house, and almost seventene yeeres olde, a certaine yoong gentleman fell in love with me, who dwelt no further from our house then the length of a garden terrasse, so that he might see me every sommers night when I walked in the garden. When as therefore ingratefull *Felix* had beheld in that place the unfortunate *Felismena* (for this is the name of the wofull woman that tels you her mishaps) he was extremely enamoured of me, or else did cunningly dissemble it, I not knowing then whether of these two I might beleeve, but am now assured, that whosoever beleeves lest, or nothing at all in these affaires, shall be most at case. Many daies *Don Felix* spent in endeavouring to make me know the paines which he suffered for me, and many more did I spende in making the matter strange, and that he did not suffer them for my sake: and I know not why love delaied the time so long by forcing me to love him, but onely that (when he came indeed) he might enter into my hart at once, and with greater force and violence. When he had, therefore, by sundrie signes, as by tylt and tourneyes, and by

prauncing up and downe upon his proude jennet before my windowes, made it manifest that he was in love with me (for at the first I did not so well perceive it) he determined in the end to write a letter unto me; and having practised divers times before with a maide of mine, and at length, with many gifts and faire promises, gotten her good will and furtherance, he gave her the letter to deliver to me. But to see the meanes that Rosina made unto me, (for so was she called) the dutifull services and unwoonted circumstances; before she did deliver it, the othes that she sware unto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and woorthie the noting. To whom (neverthelesse) with an angrie countenance I turned againe, saying, If I had not regard of mine owne estate, and what hereafter might be said, I would make this shamelesse face of thine be knowne ever after for a marke of an impudent and bolde minion: but bicause it is the first time, let this suffice that I have saide, and give thee warning to take heed of the second.

Me thinkes I see now the craftie wench, how she helde her peace, dissembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceived by my angrie answer; for she fained a counterfaite smiling, saying, Jesus, Mistresse! I gave it you, bicause you might laugh at it, and not to moove your patience with it in this sort; for if I had any thought that it would have provoked you to anger, I praie God he may shew his wrath as great towards me as ever he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many wordes more (as she could do well enough) to pacifie the fained anger and ill opinion that I had conceived of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This having passed thus, I began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and love (me thought) did put a certaine desire into my minde to see the letter, though modestie and shame forbad me to ask it of my maide, especially for the wordes that had passed betweene us, as you have heard. And so I continued all that day untill night, in varietie of many thoughts; but when *Rosina*

came to helpe me to bedde, God knowes how desirous I was to have her entreat me againe to take the letter, but she woulde never speake unto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once thinke thereof. Yet to trie, if by giving her some occasion I might prevaile, I saide unto her : And is it so, *Rosina*, that *Don Felix*, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me? These are things, mistresse, (saide she demurely to me againe) that are commonly incident to love, wherefore I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought to have angred you with it, I would have first pulled out the bals of mine eies. How cold my hart was at that blow, God knowes, yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer my selfe to remaine that night onely with my desire, and with occasion of little sleepe. And so it was, indeede, for that (me thought) was the longest and most painfull night that ever I passed. But when, with a slower pace (then I desired) the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle *Rosina* came into my chamber to helpe me to make me readie, in dooing whereof, of purpose she let the letter closely fall, which, when I perceived, What is that that fell downe? (saide I), let me see it. It is nothing, mistresse, saide she. Come, come, let me see it (saide I): what! moove me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, mistresse (saide she), why will you see it: it is the letter I would have given you yesterday. Nay, that it is not (saide I) wherefore shewe it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so but she put it into my handes, saying, God never give me good if it be anie other thing; and although I knewe it well indeede, yet I saide, what, this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy lovers letters: I will read it, to see in what neede he standeth of thy favour. And opening it, I founde it contained this that followeth.

“I ever imagined (decre mistresse) that your discretion and wisdom would have taken away the feare I had to write unto you, the same knowing well enough (without any letter at all) how much I love you, but the very same hath so cun-

ningly dissembled, that wherein I hoped the only remedie of my griefes had been, therein consisted my greatest harme. If according to your wisdomes you censure my boldnes, I shall not then (I know) enjoy one hower of life; but if you do consider of it according to loves accustomed effects, then will I not exchange my hope for it. Be not offended, I beseech you, (good ladie) with my letter, and blame me not for writing unto you, untill you see by experience whether I can leave of to write: and take me besides into the possession of that which is yours, since all is mine doth wholly consist in your hands, the which, with all reverence and dutifull affection, a thousand times I kisse."

When I had now seene my *Don Felix* his letter, whether it was for reading it at such a time, when by the same he shewed that he loved me more than himselfe, or whether he had disposition and regiment over part of this wearied soule, to imprint that love in it whercof he wrote unto me, I began to love him too well, (and, alas, for my harme!) since he was the cause of so much sorrow as I have passed for his sake. Whereupon, asking *Rosina* forgiveness of what was past (as a thing needfull for that which was to come) and committing the secrecie of my love to her fidelitie, I read the letter once againe, pausing a little at every worde (and a very little indeede it was) bicause I concluded so soone with my selfe, to do that I did, although in verie truth it lay not otherwise in my power to do. Wherefore, calling for paper and inke, I answered his letter thus.

"Esteeme not so slightly of mine honour, *Don Felix*, as with fained wordes to thinke to enveagle it, or with thy vaine pretenses to offend it any waies. I know wel enough what manner of man thou art, and how great thy desert and presumption is; from whence thy boldnes doth arise (I gesse), and not from the force (which thing thou wouldst faine perswade me) of thy fervent love. And if it be so (as my suspicion suggesteth) thy labor is as vaine as thy imagination presumptuous, by thinking to make me do any thing contrarie

to that which I owe unto mine honour. Consider (I beseech thee) how seldome things commenced under suttletie and dissimulation have good successe; and that it is not the part of a gentleman to meane them one way and speak them another. Thou praiaest me (amongst other things) to admit thee into possession of that that is mine: but I am of so ill an humour in matters of this qualitie, that I trust not things experienced, how much lesse then thy bare wordes; yet, neverthesse, I make no small account of that which thou hast manifested to me in thy letter; for it is ynough that I am incredulous, though not unthankfull."

This letter did I send, contrarie to that I should have done, because it was the occasion of all my harmes and greefes; for after this, he began to waxe more bolde by unfolding his thoughts, and seeking out the meanes to have a parly with me. In the end, (faire nymphes) a few daies being spent in his demaunds and my answers, false love did worke in me after his wonted fashions, every hower seasing more strongly upon my unfortunate soule. The tourneies were now renewed, the musicke by night did never cease; amorous letters and verses were re-continued on both sides; and thus passed I away almost a whole yeere, at the end whereof, I felt my selfe so far in his love, that I had no power to retire, nor stay my selfe from disclosing my thoughts unto him, the thing which he desired more then his owne life. But my adverse fortune afterwardes would, that of these our mutuall loves (when as now they were most assured) his father had some intelligence, and whosoever revealed them first, perswaded him so cunningly, that his father (fearing lest he would have married me out of hand) sent him to the great *Princesse Augusta Cæsarinas* court, telling him, it was not meete that a yoong gentleman, and of so noble a house as he was, should spende his youth idly at home, where nothing could be learned but examples of vice, whereof the verie same idleness (he said) was the onely mistresse. He went away so pensive, that his great greefe would not suffer him to ac-

quaint me with his departure; which when I knew, how sorrowfull I remained, she may imagine that hath bene at any time tormented with like passion. To tell you now the life that I led in his absence, my sadnes, sighes, and teares, which every day I powred out of these wearied eies, my toong is far unable: if then my paines were such that I cannot now expresse them, how could I then suffer them? But being in the mids of my mishaps, and in the depth of those woes which the absence of *Don Felix* caused me to feelee, and it seeming to me that my gricefe was without remedie, if he were once seene or knowen of the ladies in that court (more beautifull and gracious then my selfe), by occasion whereof, as also by absence (a capitall enemye to love) I might easily be forgotten, I determind to adventure that, which I think never any woman imagined; which was to apparell my selfe in the habit of a man, and to hye me to the court to see him, in whose sight al my hope and content remained. Which determination I no sooner thought of then I put in practise, love blinding my eies and minde with an inconsiderate regarde of mine owne estate and condition. To the execution of which attempt I wanted no industrie; for, being furnished with the helpe of one of my approoved friends, and treasouresse of my secrets, who bought me such apparell as I willed her, and a good horse for my journey, I went not onely out of my countrie, but out of my deere reputation, which (I thinke) I shall never recover againe; and so trotted directly to the court, passing by the way many accidents, which (if time would give me leave to tell them) would not make you laugh a little to heare them. Twenty daies I was in going thither, at the ende of which, being come to the desired place, I took up mine inne in a streete less frequented with concourse of people: and the great desire I had to see the destroier of my joy did not suffer me to thinke of any other thing, but how or where I might see him. To inquire of him of mine host I durst not, lest my coming might (perhaps) have bene discovered; and to seeke him forth I thought it not best, lest some inopinate mishap might

have fallen out, whereby I might have bene. knowen. Wherefore I passed all that day in these perplexities, while night came on, each hower whereof (me thought) was a whole yeere unto me. But midnight being a little past, mine host called at my chamber doore, and told me if I was desirous to heare some brave musicke, I should arise quickly, and open a window towards the street. The which I did by and by, and making no noise at all, I heard how *Don Felix* his page, called *Fabius* (whom I knew by his voice) saide to others that came with him, Now it is time, my masters, bicause the lady is in her gallerie over her garden, taking the fresh aire of the coole night. He had no sooner saide so, but they began to winde three cornets and a sackbot, with such skill and sweetenesse, that it seemed celestiall musicke; and then began a voice to sing, the sweetest (in my opinion) that ever I heard. And though I was in suspence, by hearing *Fabius* speake, whereby a thousand doubttes and imaginations (repugnant to my rest) occurred in my minde, yet I neglected not to heare what was sung, bicause their operations were not of such force that they were able to hinder the desire, nor distemper the delight that I conceived by hearing it. That therefore which was sung were these verses:—

Sweete mistresse, harken unto me,	In death there is no helpe, be sure,
(If it greeves thee to see me die)	But in thy will, where it doth lie;
And hearing, though it greeveth thee,	For all those illes which death doth cure,
To heare me yet do not denie.	Alas! they are but light to trie:
O grant me then this short content,	My troubles do not trouble thee,
For fore'd I am to thee to flie.	Nor hope to touch thy soule so nie:
My sighes do not make thee relent,	O! from a will that is so free,
Nor teares thy hart do mollifie.	What should I hope when I do crie?
Nothing of mine doth give thee payne,	How can I mollifie that brave
Nor thou think'st of no remedie:	And stony hart of pittie drie?
Mistresse, how long shall I sustaine	Yet mistresse, turne those eies (that have
Such ill as still thou dost applie?	No peeres) shining like stars in skie;

But turne them not in angrie sort,
 If thou wilt not kill me thereby:
 Tho' yet, in anger or in sport,
 'Thou killest onely with thine eie.

After they had first, with a concert of musicke, sung this song, two plaied, the one upon a lute, the other upon a silver sounding harpe, being accompanied with the sweete voice of my *Don Felix*. The great joy that I felt in hearing him cannot be imagined, for (me thought) I heard him nowe, as in that happie and passed time of our loves. But after the deceit of this imagination was discovered, seeing with mine eies, and hearing with mine eares, that this musicke was bestowed upon another, and not on me, God knowes what a bitter death it was unto my soule: and with a greevous sigh, that caried almost my life away with it, I asked mine host if he knew what the ladie was for whose sake the musicke was made? He answered me, that he could not imagine on whom it was bestowed, bicause in that streete dwelled manie noble and faire ladies. And when I saw he could not satisfie my request, I bent mine eares againe to heare my *Don Felix*, who now, to the tune of a delicate harpe, whereon he sweetely plaied, began to sing this sonnet following:—

A SONNET.

My painefull yeeres impartiall *Love* was spending
 In vaine and booteles hopes my life appaying,
 And cruell *Fortune* to the world bewraying
 Strange samples of my teares that have no ending.
Time, everie thing to truth at last commending,
 Leaves of my steps such markes, that now betraying,
 And all deceitfull trusts shall be decaying,
 And none have cause to plaine of his offending.
 Shee, whom I lov'd to my obliged power,
 That in her sweetest love to me discovers
 Which never yet I knew (those heavenly pleasures),
 And I do saie, exclaiming every hower,
 Do not you see what makes you wise, O lovers?
Love, Fortune, Time, and my faire mystresse treasures.

The sonnet being ended, they paused awhile, playing on fower lutes together, and on a paire of virginals, with such

heavenly melodie, that the whole worlde (I thinke) could not afford sweeter musick to the eare nor delight to any minde, not subject to the panges of such predominant greefe and sorrow as mine was. But then fower voices, passing well tuned and set together, began to sing this song following:—

A SONG.

That sweetest harme I doe not blame,
First caused by thy fairest eies,
But greeve, because too late I came,
To know my fault, and to be wise.

I never knew a worser kinde of life,
To live in feare, from boldnesse still to cease :
Nor, woorse then this, to live in such a strife,
Whether of bothe to speake, or holde my peace ?

And so the harme I do not blame,
Caused by thee or thy faire eies;
But that to see how late I came,
To know my fault, and to be wise.

I ever more did feare that I should knowe
Some secret things, and doubtfull in their kinde,
Because the surest things doe ever goe
Most contrarie unto my wish and minde.

And yet by knowing of the same
There is no hurt ; but it denies
My remedie, since late I came,
To knowe my fault, and to be wise.

When this song was ended, they began to sound divers sorts of instruments, and voices most excellently agreeing together, and with such sweetnes that they could not chuse but delight any very much who were so farre from it as I. About dawning of the day the musicke ended, and I did

what I could to espie out my *Don Felix*, but the darknes of the night was mine enimie therein. And seeing now that they were gone, I went to bed againe, where I bewailed my great mishap, knowing that he whom most of al I loved, had so unwoorthily forgotten me, whereof his music was too manifest a witnes. And when it was time, I arose, and without any other consideration, went straight to the Princesse her pallace, where (I thought) I might see that which I so greatly desired, determining to call my selfe *Valerius*, if any (perhaps) did aske my name. Comming therefore to a faire broad court before the pallace gate, I viewed the windowes and galleries, where I sawe such store of blazing beauties, and gallant ladies, that I am not able now to recount, nor then to do any more but woonder at their graces, their gorgeous attyre, their jewels, their brave fashions of apparell, and ornaments wherewith they were so richly set out. Up and downe this place, before the windowes, roade many lords and brave gentlemen in rich and sumptuous habits, and mounted upon proud jennets, every one casting his eie to that part where his thoughts were secretly placed. God knowes how greatly I desired to see *Don Felix* there, and that his injurious love had beene in that famous pallace; bicause I might then have beene assured that he should never have got any other guerdon of his sutes and services, but onely to see and to be seene, and sometimes to speake to his mistresse, whom he must serve before a thousand eies, bicause the privilege of that place doth not give him any further leave. But it was my ill fortune that he had settled his love in that place where I might not be assured of this poore helpe. Thus, as I was standing neere to the pallace gate, I espied *Fabius*, *Don Felix* his page, comming in great haste to the pallace, where, speaking a word or two with a porter that kept the second entrie, he returned the same waie he came. I gessed his errant was, to knowe whether it were fit time for *Don Felix* to come to dispatch certaine busines that his father had in the court, and that he could not choose but

come thither out of hand. And being in this supposed joy which his sight did promise me, I saw him comming along with a great traine of followers attending on his person, all of them being bravely appavelled in a liverie of watchet silke, garded with yellow velvet, and stitched on either side with threedes of twisted silver, wearing likewise blew, yellow, and white feathers in their hats. But my lorde *Don Felix* had on a paire of ash colour hose, embrodered and drawen foorth with watchet tissue; his dublet was of white satten, embrodered with knots of golde, and likewise an embrodered jerkin of the same coloured velvet; and his short cape cloke was of blacke velvet, edged with gold lace, and hung full of buttons of pearle and gold, and lined with a razed watchet satten: by his side he ware, at a paire of embrodered hangers, a rapier and dagger, with engraven hilts and pommell of beaten golde. On his head, a hat beset full of golden stars, in the mids of everie which a rich orient pearle was enchased, and his feather was likewise blew, yellow, and white. Mounted he came upon a faire dapple graie jennet, with a rich furniture of blew, embrodered with golde and seede pearle. When I saw him in this rich equipage, I was so amazed at his sight, that how extremely my senses were ravished with sudden joye I am not able (faire nymphes) to tell you. Truth it is, that I could not but shed some teares for joy and greefe, which his sight did make me feele, but, fearing to be noted by the standers by, for that time I dried them up. But as *Don Felix* (being now come to the pallace gate) was disnounted, and gone up a paire of staires into the chamber of presence, I went to his men, where they were attending his returne; and seeing *Fabius*, whom I had seene before amongst them, I tooke him aside, and saide unto him, My friend, I pray you tell me what Lord this is, which did but even now alight from his jennet, for (me thinkes) he is very like one whom I have seene before in an other farre countrey. *Fabius* then answered me thus: Art thou such a novice in the court that thou knowest not *Don Felix*!

I tell thee there is not any lord, knight, or gentleman better knowne in it than he. No doubt of that (saide I), but I will tell thee what a novice I am, and how small a time I have beene in the court, for yesterday was the first that ever I came to it. Naie then, I cannot blame thee (saide Fabius) if thou knowest him not. Knowe, then, that this gentleman is called *Don Felix*, borne in *Vandalia*, and hath his chiefest house in the antient cittie of *Soldina*, and is remaining in this court about certaine affaires of his fathers and his owne. But I pray you tell me (said I) why he gives his liveries of these colours? If the cause were not so manifest, I woulde conceale it (saide *Fabius*), but since there is not any that knowes it not, and canst not come to any in this court who cannot tell thee the reason why, I thinke by telling thee it I do no more then in courtesie I am bound to do. Thou must therefore understand, that he loves and serves a ladie heere in this citie named *Celia*, and therefore weares and gives for his liverie an azure blew, which is the colour of the skie, and white and yellow, which are the colours of his lady and mistress. When I heard these words, imagine (faire nymphes) in what a plight I was; but dissembling my mishap and griefe, I answered him: This ladie certes is greatly beholding to him, bicause he thinkes not enough, by wearing her colours, to shew how willing he is to serve her, unlesse also he beare her name in his liverie; whereupon I gesse she cannot but be very faire and amiable. She is no lesse, indeede, (saide *Fabius*) although the other whom he loved and served in our owne countrey in beautie farre excelled this, and loved and favoured him more then ever this did. But this mischievous absence doth violate and dissolve those thinges which men thinke to be most strong and firme. At these wordes (faire nymphes) was I faine to come to some composition with my teares, which, if I had not stopped from issuing foorth, *Fabius* could not have chosen but suspected, by the alteration of my countenance, that all was not well with me. And then the page did aske me, what countrey-

man I was, my name, and of what calling and condition I was: whom I answered, that my countrey where I was borne was Vandalia, my name *Valerius*, and till that time served no master. Then by this reckoning (saide he) we are both countrey-men, and may be both fellowes in one house if thou wilt; for *Don Felix* my master commanded me long since to seeke him out a page. Therefore if thou wilt serve him, say so. As for meate, drinke, and apparell, and a couple of shillings to play away, thou shalt never want; besides pretie wenches, which are not daintie in our streete, as faire and amorous as queenes, of which there is not anie that will not die for the love of so proper a youth as thou art. And to tell thee in secret (because, perhaps, we may be fellowes), I know where an old cannons maide is, a gallant fine girle, whom if thou canst but finde in thy hart to love and serve as I do, thou shalt never want at her hands fine hand-kerchers, peeces of bacon, and now and then wine of *S. Martyn*. When I heard this, I could not choose but laugh, to see how naturally the unhappie page played his part by depainting foorth their properties in their lively colours. And because I thought nothing more commodious for my rest, and for the enjoying of my desire, then to follow *Fabius* his counsel, I answered him, thus: In truth, I determined to serve none; but now, since fortune hath offered me so good a service, and at such a time, when I am constrained to take this course of life, I shall not do amisse if I frame myselfe to the service of some lord or gentleman in this court, but especially of your master, because he seemes to be a woorthy gentleman, and such an one that makes more reckoning of his servants then an other. Ha, thou knowest him not so well as I (said *Fabius*); for I promise thee, by the faith of a gentleman (for I am one indeede, for my father comes of the *Cachopines* of *Laredo*), that my master *Don Felix* is the best natured gentleman that ever thou knewest in thy life, and one who useth his pages better then any other. And were it not for those troublesome loves, which makes us

runne up and downe more, and sleepe lesse, then we woulde, there were not such a master in the whole worlde againe. In the end (faire nymphes) *Fabius* spake to his master, *Don Felix*, as soone as he was come forth, in my behalfe, who commanded me the same night to come to him at his lodging. Thither I went, and he entertained me for his page, making the most of me in the worlde; where, being but a few daies with him, I sawe the messages, letters, and gifts that were brought and caried on both sides, greevous wounds (alas! and corsives to my dying hart), which made my soule to flic sometimes out of my body, and every hower in hazard to leese my forced patience before every one. But after one moneth was past, *Don Felix* began to like so well of me, that he disclosed his whole love unto me, from the beginning unto the present estate and forwardnes that it was then in, committing the charge thereof to my secrecie and helpe; telling me that he was favoured of her at the beginning, and that afterwards she waxed wearie of her loving and accustomed entertainment, the cause whereof was a secret report (whosoever it was that buzzed it into her eares) of the love that he did beare to a lady in his owne countrey, and that his present love unto her was but to entertaine the time, while his business in the court were dispatched. And there is no doubt (saide *Don Felix* unto me) but that, indeede, I did once commence that love that she laies to my charge; but God knowes if now there be any thing in the world that I love and esteeme more deere and precious then her. When I heard him say so, you may imagine (faire nymphes) what a mortall dagger pierced my wounded heart. But with dissembling the matter the best I coulde, I answered him thus: It were better, sir (me thinkes), that the gentlewoman should complaine with cause, and that it were so indeed; for if the other ladie, whom you served before, did not deserve to be forgotten of you, you do her (under correction, my lord) the greatest wrong in the world. The love (said *Don Felix* againe) which I beare to my *Celia* will not let me understand

it so; but I have done her (me thinkes) the greater injurie, having placed my love first in an other, and not in her. Of these wrongs (saide I to my selfe) I know who beares the woorst away. And (disloyall) he, pulling a letter out of his bosome, which he had received the same hower from his mistresse, readc it unto me, thinking he did me a great favour thereby, the contents whereof were these:—

Celias letter to Don Felix.

Never any thing that I suspected, touching thy love, hath beene so farre from the truth, that hath not given me occasion to beleevc more often mine owne imagination then thy innocencie; wherein, if I do thee any wrong, referre it but to the censure of thine owne follie. For well thou mightest have denied, or not declared thy passed love, without giving me occasion to condemne thee by thine owne confession. Thou saiest I was the cause that made thee forget thy former love. Comfort thy selfe, for there shall not want another to make thee forget thy second. And assure thy selfe of this (Lord *Don Felix*) that there is not any thing more unbeseeing a gentleman, then to finde an occasion in a gentlewoman to leese himselfe for her love. I will saie no more, but that in an ill, where there is no remedie, the best is not to seeke out any.

After he had made an end of reading the letter, he said unto me, What thinkest thou, *Valerius*, of these words? With pardon be it spoken, my Lord, that your dedces are shewed by them. Go to, said *Don Felix*, and speake no more of that. Sir, saide I, they must like me wel, if they like you, because none can judge better of their words that love well then they themselves. But that which I thinke of the letter is, that this gentlewoman would have beene the first, and that fortune had entreated her in such sort, that all others might have envied her estate. But what wouldest

thou counsell me ? said *Don Felix*. If thy grieve doth suffer any counsell, saide I, that thy thoughts be divided into this second passion, since there is so much due to the first. *Don Felix* answered me againe, sighing, and knocking me gently on the shoulder, saying, How wise art thou, *Valerius*, and what good counsell dost thou give me if I could follow it. Let us now go in to dinner, for when I have dined, I will have thee carie me a letter to my lady *Celia*, and then thou shalt see if any other love is not woorthy to be forgotten in lieu of thinking onely of her. These were wordes that greeved *Felismena* to the hart, but bicause she had him before her eies, whom she loved more than her-selfe, the content, that she had by onely seeing him, was a sufficient remedie of the paine, that the greatest of these stings did make her feelee. After *Don Felix* had dined, he called me unto him, and giving me a speciall charge what I should do (because he had imparted his grieve unto me, and put his hope and remedie in my hands), he willed me to carie a letter to *Celia*, which he had alreadie written, and, reading it first unto me, it said thus :—

Don Felix *his letter to Celia.*

The thought, that seekes an occasion to forget the thing which it doth love and desire, suffers it selfe so easily to be knowne, that (without troubling the minde much) it may be quickly discerned. And thinke not (faire ladie) that I seeke a remedie to excuse you of that, wherewith it pleased you to use me, since I never came to be so much in credit with you, that in lesser things I woulde do it. I have confessed unto you that indeede I once loved well, because that true love, without dissimulation, doth not suffer any thing to be hid, and you (deare ladie) make that an occasion to forget me, which should be rather a motive to love me better. I cannot perswade me, that you make so small an account of your selfe, to thinke that I can forget you for any thing that is, or hath ever been, but rather imagine that you write

cleane contrarie to that, which you have tried by my zealous love and faith towards you. Touching all those things, that, in prejudice of my good will towards you, it pleaseth you to imagine, my innocent thoughts assure me to the contrarie, which shall suffice to be ill recompenced besides being so ill thought of as they are.

After *Don Felix* had read this letter unto me, he asked me if the answer was correspondent to those words that his ladie *Celia* had sent him in hers, and if there was any thing therein that might be amended; whereunto I answered thus: I thinke, Sir, it is needlesse to amende this letter, or to make the gentlewoman amendes, to whom it is sent, but her, whom you do injurie so much with it. Which under your lordships pardon I speake, bicause I am so much affected to the first love in all my life, that there is not any thing that can make me alter my minde. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world (said *Don Felix*) if I coulede perswade my selfe to leave of that, which I have begun. But what wilt thou have me do, since absence hath frozen the former love, and the continuall presence of a peerelesse beautie rekindled another more hot and fervent in me? Thus may she thinke her selfe (saide I againe) unjustly deceived, whom first you loved, because that love which is subject to the power of absence cannot be termed love, and none can perswade me that it hath beene love. These words did I dissemble the best I could, because I felt so sensible griefe, to see myselfe forgotten of him, who had so great reason to love me, and whom I did love so much, that I did more, then any would have thought, to make my selfe still unknowen. But taking the letter and mine errant with me, I went to *Celias* house, imagining by the way the wofull estate whereunto my haplesse love had brought me; since I was forced to make warre against mine owne selfe, and to be the intercessour of a thing so contrarie to mine owne content. But comming to *Celias* house, and finding a page standing at the dore, I asked him if I might speake with his ladie: who being informed of me

from whence I came, tolde *Celia* how I would speake with her, commending therewithall my beautie and person unto her, and telling her besides, that *Don Felix* had but lately entertained me into his service; which made *Celia* saie unto him, What, *Don Felix* so soone disclose his secret loves to a page, but newly entertained? he hath (belike) some great occasion that mooves him to do it. Bid him com in, and let us know what he would have. In I came, and to the place where the enimie of my life was, and, with great reverence kissing her hands, I delivered *Don Felix* his letter unto her. *Celia* tooke it, and casting her eies upon me, I might perceiue how my sight had made a sudden alteration in her countenance, for she was so farre besides herselfe, that for a good while she was not able to speake a worde, but, remembring her selfe at last, she saide unto me, What good fortune hath beene so favourable to *Don Felix* to bring thee to this court, to make thee his page? Even that, faire ladie, saide I, which is better then ever I imagined, bicause it hath beene an occasion to make me behold such singular beautie and perfections as now I see cleerely before mine eies. And if the paines, the teares, the sighes, and the continuall disquiets that my lord *Don Felix* hath suffred have greced me heeretofore, now that I have seene the source from whence they flow, and the cause of all his ill, the pittie that I had on him is now wholly converted into a certaine kinde of envie. But if it be true (faire lady) that my coming is welcome unto you, I beseech you by that, which you owe to the great love which he beares you, that your answer may import no lesse unto him. There is not anie thing (saide *Celia*) that I would not do for thee, though I were determined not to love him at all, who for my sake hath forsaken another. For it is no small point of wisdom for me to learne by other womens harmes to be more wise, and warie in mine owne. Beleeve not, good lady (saide I), that there is any thing in the worlde that can make *Don Felix* forget you. And if he hath cast off another for your sake, woonder not thereat,

when your beautie and wisdom is so great, and the others so small that there is no reason to thinke that he will (though he hath woorthelie forsaken her for your sake) or ever can forget you for any woman else in the worlde. Doest thou then know *Felismena* (saide *Celia*), the lady whom thy master did once love and serve in his owne countrey? I know her (saide I), although not so well as it was needfull for me to have prevented so many mishaps, (and this I spake softly to my selfe). For my fathers house was neere to hers; but seeing your great beautie adorned with such perfections and wisdom, *Don Felix* can not be blamed, if he hath forgotten his first love only to embrace and honour yours. To this did *Celia* answer, merily and smiling, Thou hast learned quickly of thy master to sooth. Not so, faire ladic, saide I, but to serve you woulde I faine learne: for flatterie cannot be, where (in the judgement of all) there are so manifest signes and proofes of this due commendation. *Celia* began in good earnest to ask me what manner of woman *Felismena* was, whom I answered, that, touching her beautie, Some thought her to be very faire; but I was never of that opinion, bicause she hath many daies since wanted the chieftest thing that is requisite for it. What is that? said *Celia*. Content of minde, saide I, bicause perfect beautie can never be, where the same is not adjoynd to it. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world, said she, but I have scene some ladies whose lively hewe sadnes hath not one whit abated, and others whose beautie anger hath encreased, which is a strange thing me thinkes. Haplesse is that beauty, saide I, that hath sorrow and anger the preservers and mistresses of it, but I cannot skill of these impertinent things: And yet that woman, that must needes be molested with continuall paine and trouble, with greefe and care of minde and with other passions to make her looke well, cannot be reckoned among the number of faire women, and for mine owne part I do not account her so. Whercin thou hast great reason, said she, as in all things else that thou hast saide, thou hast

showed thy selfe wise and discreete. Which I have deerely bought, said I againe: But I beseech you (gracious lady) to answer this letter, because my lord *Don Felix* may also have some contentment, by receiuing this first well employed seruice at my hands. I am content, saide *Celia*, but first thou must tell me if Felismena in matters of discretion be wise, and well advised? There was never any woman (saide I againe) more wise then she, bicause she hath beene long since beaten to it by her great mishaps: but she did never advise her selfe well, for if she had (as she was accounted wise) she had never come to have bene so contrarie to her selfe. Thou speakest so wisely, in all thy answeres, saide *Celia*, that there is not any that woulde not take great delight to heare them: which are not viands (said I) for such a daintie taste, nor reasons for so ingenious and fine a conceit (faire lady), as you have, but boldly affirming, that by the same I meane no harme at all. There is not any thing, saide *Celia*, whereunto thy wit cannot attaine, but because thou shalt not spende thy time so ill in praising me, as thy master doth in praying me, I will reade thy letter, and tell thee what thou shalt say unto him from me. Whereupon unfolding it, she began to read it to her selfe, to whose countenance and gestures in reading of the same, which are oftentimes outward signs of the inward disposition and meaning of the hart, I gave a watchfull eie. And when she had read it, she said unto me, Tell thy master, that he that can so well by wordes expresse what he meanes, cannot choose but meane as well as he saith: and comming neerer unto me, she saide softly in mine eare, And this for the love of thee, *Valerius*, and not so much for *Don Felix* thy master his sake, for I see how much thou lovest and tenderest his estate. And from thence, alas (saide I to my selfe), did all my woes arise. Whereupon kissing her hands for the great curtesie and favour she shewed me, I hied me to *Don Felix* with this answer, which was no small joy to him to heare it, and another death to me to report it, saying manie times to

my selfe (when I did either bring him home some joyfull tydings or carrie letters or tokens to her), O thrise unfortunate *Felismena*, that with thine owne weapons art constrained to wounde thy ever-dying hart, and to heape up favours for him, who made so small account of thine. And so did I passe away my life with so many torments of minde, that if by the sight of my *Don Felix* they had not beene tempered, it coulde not have otherwise beene but that I must needes have lost it. More then two monethes together did *Celia* hide from me the fervent love she bare me, although not in such sort, but that by certaine apparant signes I came to the knowledge thereof, which was no small lighting and ease of that grieffe, which incessantly haunted my wearied spirites; for as I thought it a strong occasion, and the onely meane to make her utterly forget *Don Felix*, so likewise I imagined, that, perhaps, it might befall to him as it hath done to many, that the force of ingratitude, and contempt of his love, might have utterly abolished such thoughtes out of his hart. But, alas, it happened not so to my *Don Felix*; for the more he perceived that his ladic forgot him, the more was his minde troubled with greater cares and greefe, which made him leade the most sorrowfull life that might be, whereof the least part did not fall to my lot. For remedie of whose sighes and pitious lamentations; poore *Felismena* (even by maine force) did get favours from *Celia*, scoring them up (whensoever she sent them by me) in the catalogue of my infinite mishaps. For if by chaunce he sent her anie thing by any of his other servants, it was so slenderly accepted, that he thought it best to send none unto her but my selfe, perceiving what inconvenience did ensue thereof. But God knowes how many teares my messages cost me, and so many they were, that in *Celias* presence I ceased not to powre them foorth, earnestly beseeching her with praiers and petitions not to entreat him so ill, who loved her so much, bicause I would binde *Don Felix* to me by the greatest bonde, as never man in like was bounde to any woman. My teares greeved *Celia* to the hart, as well for

that I shed them in her presence, as also for that she sawe if I meant to love her, I woulde not (for requitall of hers to me) have sollicited her with such diligence, nor pleaded with such pittie, to get favours for another. And thus I lived in the greatest confusion that might be, amids a thousand anxieties of minde, for I imagined with my selfe, that if I made not a shew that I loved her, as she did me, I did put it in hazard lest *Celia*, for despite of my simplicitie or contempt, woulde have loved *Don Felix* more then before, and by loving him that mine coulde not have any good successe; and if I fained my selfe, on the other side, to be in love with her, it might have beene an occasion to have made her reject my lord *Don Felix*; so that with the thought of his love neglected, and with the force of her contempt, he might have lost his content, and after that, his life, the least of which two mischiefes to prevent I would have given a thousand lives, if I had them. Manie daies passed away in this sort, wherein I served him as a thirde betweene both, to the great cost of my contentment, at the end whereof the successe of his love went on woorse and woorse, bicause the love that *Celia* did beare me was so great, that the extreme force of her passion made her loose some part of that compassion she should have had of her selfe. And on a day after that I had caried and recaried many messages and tokens betweene them, sometimes faining some my selfe from her unto him, bicause I could not see him (whom I loved so deerly) so sad and pensive, with many supplications and earnest praiers I besought lady *Celia* with pittie to regard the painfull life that *Don Felix* passed for her sake, and to consider that by not favouring him, she was repugnant to that which she owed to her selfe: which thing I entreated, bicause I saw him in such a case, that there was no other thing to be expected of him but death, by reason of the continuall and great paine which his greevous thoughts made him feelee. But she with swelling teares in her eies, and with many sighes, answered me thus: Unfortunate and accursed *Celia*, that nowe in the end dost know how thou

livest deceived with a false opinion of thy great simplicitie (ungratefull *Valerius*) and of thy small discretion. I did not beleieve till now that thou didst crave favours of me for thy master, but onely for thy selfe, and to enjoy my sight all that time, that thou diddest spende in suing to me for them. But now I see thou dost aske them in earnest, and that thou art so content to see me use him well, that thou canst not (without doubt) love me at all. O how ill dost thou acquite the love I beare thee, and that which, for thy sake, I do nowe forsake? O that time might revenge me of thy proude and foolish minde, since love hath not beene the meanes to do it. For I cannot thinke that Fortune will be so contrarie unto me, but that she will punish thee for contemning that great good which she meant to bestow on thee. And tell thy lord *Don Felix*, that if he will see me alive, that he see me not at all: and thou, vile traitour, cruell enemie to my rest, com no more (I charge thee) before these wearied eies, since their teares were never of force to make thee knowe how much thou art bound unto them. And with this she suddenly flang out of my sight with so many teares, that mine were not of force to staie her. For in the greatest haste in the worlde she got her into her chamber, where, locking the dore after her, it availed me not to call and crie unto her, requesting her with amorous and sweete words to open me the dore, and to take such satisfaction on me as it pleased her: nor to tell her many other things, whereby I declared unto her the small reason she had to be so angrie with me, and to shut me out. But with a strange kinde of furie she saide unto me, Come no more, ungratefull and proud *Valerius*, in my sight, and speake no more unto me, for thou art not able to make satisfaction for such great disdaine, and I will have no other remedie for the harme which thou hast done me, but death it selfe, the which with mine owne hands I will take in satisfaction of that, which thou deservest: which words when I heard, I staid no longer, but with a heavie cheere came to my *Don Felix* his lodging, and, with more sadnes then I was able to dis-

semble, tolde him that I could not speake with *Celia*, because she was visited of certaine gentlewomen her kinsewomen. But the next day in the morning it was bruted over all the citie, that a certaine trance had taken her that night, wherein she gave up the ghost, which stroke all the court with no small woonder. But that, which *Don Felix* felt by her sudden death, and how neere it greeved his very soule, as I am not able to tell, so cannot humane intendement conceive it, for the complaints he made, the teares, the burning sighes, and hart-breake sobbes, were without all measure and number. But I saie nothing of my selfe, when on the one side the unlucky death of *Celia* touched my soule very neere, the teares of *Don Felix* on the other did cut my hart in two with greefe: and yet this was nothing to that intollerable paine which afterwards I felt. For *Don Felix* heard no sooner of her death, but the same night he was missing in his house, that none of his servants nor any bodie else could tell any newes of him.

Whereupon you may perceive (faire nymphes) what cruell torments I did then feele: then did I wish a thousand times for death to prevent all these woes and myseries, which afterwards befell unto me: for Fortune (it seemed) was but wearie of those which she had but till then given me. But as all the care and diligence which I emploied in seeking out my *Don Felix* was but in vaine, so I resolved with my selfe to take this habite upon me as you see, wherein it is more then two yecres since I have wandered up and downe, seeking him in manic countryes: but my Fortune hath denied me to finde him out, although I am not a little now bounde unto her by conducting me hither at this time, wherein I did you this small piece of service. Which (faire nymphes) beleieve me, I account (next after his life in whom I have put all my hope) the greatest content that might have fallen unto me.

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LEGENDS AND STORIES
OF THE
MIDDLE AGES,
RESEMBLING PART OF THE PLOT OF
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF
CYMBELINE.

INTRODUCTION.

THAT portion of the plot of "Cymbeline" which relates to the wager on the chastity of Imogen has been the subject of two old romances and of one middle-age play in the French language.

It is supposed that the two old French romances belong to about the same period, the thirteenth century, and both have been recently published by Silvestre, of Paris, the editorship having been confided to one of the most learned men of our time in this department of early French poetry—M. Francisque Michel. The first of these of which we shall speak bears the title of "Roman de La Violette, ou de Gerard de Nevers, &c. par Gibert de Montreuil," and it was printed in 1834. We adopt the following analysis of it from "Le Journal de Savans," to which it was contributed by the learned M. Renouard, and it will shew at once the connection between it and the "Cymbeline" of our great dramatist.

"On Easter day, the King of France assembles his full court at Pont-de-l'Arche. The festival is enlivened by the presence of knights and ladies, by the dance and by song.

"La Chatelaine de Dijon asks the young and handsome Gerard de Nevers to sing: he says in his song—

'J'ai amie la plus belle
Qui soit, dame ne damoiselle,
La plus sage et la plus cortoise,' &c.

"This boast excited the jealousy of some knights. Liziart offered to pledge his land against that of Nevers that he would seduce the lady. The wager was accepted, and the king approved of it.

"Liziart arrives at Nevers, is admitted into the presence of the beautiful Oriant, who receives him at her table: he declares his love, but she refuses him. Believing that he has

lost his wager, he withdraws, sad and pensive, when he is accosted by old Gondrée, Oriant's duenna, and, after some explanation, Gondrée offers her services. The Count charges her to furnish him with means to persuade the judges that he has succeeded.

"A little secret hole in the room where Oriant took a bath enables Gondrée to recognise a peculiar mark on her body.

'La demoiselle s'esgarde au baing
Maintenant a coisi je saing
Et vit sur sa destre mamele
Une violete novele
Ynde parut sous la char blanche.'

"Gondrée calls Liziant, who, looking in his turn,

'I voit
De sur sa destre mamelete
Le semblant d'une violete.'

"Satisfied with his discovery, Liziant returns to the king, and declares before all the court that he is ready to produce the proof of his success. Oriant is summoned to judgment. Geoffroi, the nephew of Gerard, receives from him the charge of fetching the lady. She shortly arrives, and, in presence of the king and his court, Liziant adduces as proof his knowledge of the violet on Oriant's body. The wager is decided: Gerard quits the court, and carries his lady with him. They arrive in a forest. At the same instant that he has resolved to despatch her with his sword, a frightful serpent appears. The lady perceives it, and bids Gerard save himself, but he attacks it and kills it. After that he departs, abandoning her whom he believes guilty: she remains behind in despair, and faints. The Duke of Metz passes with his knights: struck with the beauty of the unfortunate lady, he obliges her to come to his palace with him, and even forms the design of marrying her.

"Gerard, on his part, wishes to go to Nevers, to see how Liziant governs the country. On his road he lodges with a

minstrel, whose dress and instrument he assumes. He arrives in this disguise, and is admitted into the presence of Liziart: he sings a passage from the poem of Guillaume de Courtney. He happens afterwards to hear the conversation of Liziart and Gondrée, and, by their discourse, he is convinced of the innocence of Oriant, and determines to go in search of her.

“The subsequent details of the romance are numerous and various. It is sufficient to say that, in the end, Gerard finds his love again, delivering her from the consequences of an accusation that hung over her. He conducts her to the king, who is convinced of her innocence. The romance finishes by a combat between Gerard and Liziart, who is vanquished, but does not die without rendering justice to her whom he had so basely outraged.”

Such is the outline of the fable of the romance of “Le Compte de Poitiers,” and we need only follow it by a detail of some of the leading incidents of the “Roman de Compte de Poitiers,” to prove the intimate relation of one to the other. The “Roman de la Violette” was printed in 1834, in a style superior even to that in which “Le Compte de Poitiers” had appeared in 1831. We are again indebted to Renouard and the “Journal de Savans.”

“The following is the analysis of the first part of the romance of the ‘Count de Poitiers.’

“In the beginning there are quotations from several works, which shew that it must have been composed after them:—

‘Vous avés maintes fois oï
Chanter du lignage Aimeri,
De Karloman le poissant,
Et d'Ollivier, et de Rolland,
Et de Guillaume fiere-brache
Et de Rainouart a le mache.’

“Pepin held his court at Paris, and had at his table several knights and counts, among whom—

'Li plus envoiés
 Cou fu li biaux Quens de Poitiers
 Li bers avoit a nom Gerars,'

who, asserting that his wife was the most beautiful among ladies, said,—

'Qui tot le monde cerqueroit
 Païenie et crestienté,
 Ne trouveroit on sa biauté.
 Qu' il nest rose, tant soit novele,
 Que scs biautes ne soit plus bele.'

"To this eulogium of his lady's charms he added that of her fidelity :—

'Ne lairait ele autrui joïr
 Des membres dont j'ai mon plaisir.'

"Piqued with these boasts, the Duke of Normandy offers to wager Normandy against Poitou that he will obtain the lady's favour. The challenge is accepted: the Duke repairs to Poitiers, presents himself to the countess, and asks hospitality, which she grants him.

"During dinner the duke indulges in the intimacy that his rank claims :—

'Le pié li marche maintes fois.'

After dinner he makes his declaration, which the lady rejects, and she retires, leaving the duke as ashamed as incensed :—

'Plorant s'apoie à la fenestre . . .
 Il crient sa terre avoir perdu.'

The countess relates the duke's insolent proposals to her nurse: the nurse goes in search of him, and, treacherous to her mistress, offers to help him to gain his wager, for which the duke promises her a great reward.

"Next, this perfidious woman steals her mistress' ring from her finger, without her knowledge, and, in disentangling her hair with a comb, takes away some hairs, and contrives to cut off a little

'Del bon samit qu'ele ot vestu.'

"The treacherous nurse gives the duke these tokens, that he may use them against the countess.

"The duke presents himself before King Pepin, and he says to the count:—

' Ensagnes ai qui font à croire
Ves chi X de cheveux sors,
Qui plus reluisent que fins ors
Vés qui l'anel qui li donastes
A icel jor que l'espousastes ;
Et ceste ensagne de cendal
Fu pris au bon samit roial
Que votre feme avoit vestu :
J'ai gaagnié et vous perdu.'

"Pepin commands the countess to come to Paris, and the count gives his nephew Geoffroi the charge of fetching her. She arrives, and denies having yielded, but Pepin pronounces in favour of the duke.

"The Count de Poitiers leaves the court with his wife. The third day they enter a thick forest, and dismounting from his horse, the husband bitterly reproaches the unfortunate lady, who tries to undeceive him. At the instant the enraged count, drawing his sword, has seized her by the hair, a lion appears, and rushes suddenly upon them: the count defends himself.

' Mais li lions se resvertue
Contre le comte s'est dreciés.'

"At last the count stabs and overcomes the animal. Having conquered the lion, he departs, abandoning his wife, who from grief and terror falls into a swoon.

' Sor i perron de marbre bis
Que sanglent en a tot le vis.'

"Harpin, a relation of the duke's, passing by the forest, finds the lion dead, and the lady in despair, and he compels her to go with him.

"The count de Poitiers, after many adventures, is attacked by a great serpent and kills it,—an uninteresting and ill-chosen episode, and merely a repetition of his victory over the lion.

"On his road the count meets with a peasant, and wishes to change his own scarlet vesture for the peasant's rags, but he is refused. A pilgrim is more accommodating, and gives him his dress, and stains his face, so that he may not be discovered.

'Plus noirs est d'airement boulli.'

"The count arrives at Poitiers disguised as a pilgrim, and going to the duke, who was at table, and not being badly received, he does not then avenge himself, but, yielding to a feeling of generosity that he thinks he owes to the hospitality of his enemy, he says to himself,

*'Dans Dus s'ui mais vous occhoie
Trop mal traison feroie.'*

"He seats himself at a great charcoal fire, and is witness of a conversation between the duke and the nurse who had betrayed the countess, and he is convinced of his wife's innocence. He resolves to go in search of her, and determines to prove the falsehood of the accusation, and to punish the duke.

"He returns to the pilgrim whose dress he had borrowed, and receives his own again. He goes to his relation Harpin: he is soon informed that Harpin is going to marry a lady that he forces to the altar. The priest arrives: the lady, whom he asks—

'Dame volé le à signor prendre ?'

answers firmly,

*'Chertes ains me l'arroie pendre
Ja voir n'aurai mari ne dru
Quant j'ai mon bon signor perdu.'*

"Witnessing this refusal, the count determines to deliver the victim. He rushes upon Harpin, and recognises his wife he

had abandoned: he relates his adventure to his followers, and, collecting his relations and friends together, they all repair to the court of Pepin. Here the count denounces the treachery of the nurse, and the duke's crime: he challenges him, the combat takes place, and the victory is declared against the traitor, who at the moment of his death owns all that has passed:—

‘Que la contesse et loiaus dame
Là fus pendus et trainés,
Et la vielle ot trencié le nés
Et les orelles ambedeus, &c.’

Normandy is adjudged to the count:—

‘Or est la contesse joians
Car ele est dames des Normans;
Pepin l'en a douné le don,
Voiant maint prince et maint baron.’

“Such (adds M. Renouard) is the analysis of the first part of the romance of “The Count de Poitiers.”

The French play of the middle age, containing the same incidents, is included in a very fine collection of early dramas, edited by MM. Monmerqué and Michel, and published in 1839 under the following title: “Théâtre Français au Moyen-age, publié d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi.” This noble and excellent volume comprises 700 pages, in double columns, the ancient French occupying one column, and the modern translation the other; and the play in question, under the general title of “Un Miracle de Nostre-Dame,” commences on p. 431. It is little more than the romance, with some variations, put into a dramatic form, in which not only the characters engaged in the story, but the Creator, the Virgin, the archangels Gabriel and Michael, and St. John are concerned as interlocutors. We subjoin a summary of the incidents, which we extract from “Farther Particulars of Shakespeare and his Works,” 8vo, 1839, which, as only fifty copies of it were printed, may not have fallen in the way of some of our readers.

“Lotaire, the emperor, makes war on Alfons, king of Spain; the latter flies to his brother, the king of Grenada, for assistance. During his absence Lotaire and his nephew, ~~Ostes~~, lay seige to Burgos, and there capture Denise, the daughter of Alfons. Lotaire procures Ostes to be married to Denise, and makes them king and queen of Spain. Lotaire and Ostes for a time quit Spain for Rome, leaving Denise behind in Burgos. At Rome Ostes meets Count Berengier, and the latter wagers his possessions with the former, who gages his kingdom of Spain, on the chastity of Denise during her husband's absence. Berengier proceeds to Burgos to make the attempt, and concerts with Eglantine, the female attendant of Denise, in order to accomplish his purpose. She gives her mistress a sleeping draught, and then steals what Denise most valued (*un os d'un des doigts du pied de son mari*, which he had given her just before his departure for Rome), and informs Berengier of some secret mark she carried on her person. Berengier returns to Rome, shews the *os* in triumph, and discloses the secret mark he pretends to have seen. Ostes determines to kill Denise; but she is pre-informed of his intention, and, by the advice of the Virgin, flies from Burgos to her father and uncle at Grenada, in male attire. She is taken into the service of the latter, and, unknown to be a woman, is made his standard-bearer. Ostes, unable to find her and wreak his vengeance upon her, turns renegade, blasphemes his Creator, and serves the Saracens. In the mean while the king of Grenada and Alfons collect their forces, and are about to march against Lotaire, when Denise (who now calls herself Denis) entreats that she may proceed to Rome to have an interview with Lotaire, promising to do her best to render bloodshed unnecessary. She goes to Rome, and, proclaiming Berengier a traitor to Denise, challenges him to single combat. Ostes by this time has repented his denial of Christianity, and, warned from heaven, proceeds to Rome to do penance for his sin. He arrives when the combat between Denise and Berengier is about to

take place. Ostes, too, challenges the traitor, and is adjudged to enter the lists against him in preference to Denise. Berengier is overcome, confesses his crime, Denise discloses her sex, and the war is at an end. Alfons is not restored to his kingdom, which continues in the hands of Ostes and Denise, but Lotaire gives him the kingdom of Mirabel, and the comté of Vaux-Plaissiez, while the king of Grenada bestows upon him land which will yield him 3000 livres per annum."

From the tract which has furnished us with the preceding sketch we extract the following, where some striking similarities between "Cymbeline" and the French drama are illustrated.

"There are two points of resemblance between the French *Miracle* and Shakespeare which may deserve remark. Berengier tells Ostes, when proposing the wager,

"Et vous dy bien que je me vant,
Que je ne sçay femme vivant,
Mais que ij foiz à li parlasse,
Que le tierce avoir n'en cuidasse
Tout mon delit."

That is to say, "I tell you truly that I boast that I know no woman living, but if I might *speak to her twice*, at the third time I might have all my desire." Iachimo (Cymbeline, Act I, sc. 5) says, "With no more advantage than the opportunity of *a second conference*, and I will bring you from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved." This is found neither in Boccaccio nor in "Westward for Smelts."

"Again, in the French miracle-play, Berengier, endeavouring to work upon the jealousy of Denise, tells her,

"De Romme vien, où j'ay laissié
Vostre seigneur, qui ne vous prise
Pas la queue d'une serise :
D'une garce c'est acointié
Qu'il a en si grand amistié,
Qu'il ne seet de elle departir."

i. e. "I come from Rome, where I left your lord, who does not value you the stalk of a cherry: he is connected with a girl for whom he has so strong a regard, that he knows not how ~~to~~ part from her." The passage where Iachimo represents the manner in which Posthumus in Rome spends his revenues upon depraved women will readily occur to all, and no corresponding inducement is to be met with in the Italian novelist, nor in the English imitator."

So much for the French authorities for that portion of the plot of *Cymbeline* which relates to the wager on the chastity of Imogen. We will now advert to the Italian story; and as it is not necessary to reprint the whole of it with our present purpose, we have borrowed from Skottow's "*Life of Shakespeare*" the ensuing accurate abridgement of the novel, as it is found in *Gior. II, Nov. 9* of Boccaccio.

"Several Italian merchants met accidentally in Paris at supper, and conversed freely of their absent wives. 'I know not,' one jestingly remarked, 'how my wife conducts herself in my absence; but of this I am certain, that whenever I meet with an attractive beauty, I make the best advantage I can of the opportunity.' 'And so do I,' quoth another; 'for whether I believe my wife unfaithful or not, she will be so if she pleases.' A third said the same, and all readily coincided in the licentious opinion, except Bernabo Lomellia, of Genoa, who maintained that he had a wife perfectly beautiful, in the flower of youth, and of such indisputable chastity, that he was convinced if he were absent for ten years she would preserve her fidelity. A young merchant of Piacenza, Ambrogiulo, was extremely facetious on the subject, and concluded some libertine remarks by offering to effect the seduction of this modern Lucretia, provided opportunity were afforded him. Bernabo answered his confident boast by the proposition of a wager, which was instantly accepted.

"According to agreement, Bernabo remained at Paris, while Ambrogiulo set out for Genoa, where his enquiries soon convinced him that Ginevra, the wife of Bernabo, had not been

too highly praised, and that his wager would be lost without he could effect by stratagem what he had certainly no probability of obtaining by direct solicitation. Chance threw in his way a poor woman often employed in the house, of Ginevra, whom he secured in his interest by a bribe. Pretending unavoidable absence for a few days, the woman entreated Ginevra to take charge of a large chest till she returned. The lady consented, and the chest, with Ambrogiulo secreted in it, was placed in Ginevra's bed-chamber. When the lady retired to rest, the villain crept from his concealment, and, by the light of a taper, took particular notice of the pictures and furniture, and the form and situation of the apartment. Advancing to the bed, he eagerly sought for some mark about the lady's person, and at last espied a mole and tuft of golden hair upon her left breast. Then taking a ring, a purse, and other trifles, he returned to his concealment, whence he was not released till the third day, when the woman returned, and had the chest conveyed home.

“Ambrogiulo hastily summoned the merchants in Paris, who were present when the wager was laid. As a proof of his success he produced the stolen trinkets; called them gifts from the lady, and described the furniture of the bed-room. Bernabo acknowledged the correctness of the account, and confessed that the purse and ring belonged to his wife; but added, that as Ambrogiulo might have obtained his account of the room, and procured the jewels also, from some of Ginevra's servants, his claim to the money was not yet established. The proofs I have given, said Ambrogiulo, ought to suffice; but as you call on me for more, I will silence your scepticism at once: Ginevra has a mole on her left breast. Bernabo's countenance testified the truth of this assertion, and he shortly acknowledged it by words: he then paid the sum he had wagered, and instantly set out for Italy. Arriving near his residence, he despatched a messenger for Ginevra, and gave secret orders that she should be put to death upon the road. The servant stopped in a lonely place,

and declared his master's harsh instructions. The lady vehemently protested her innocence of any crime against her husband, besought the compassion of her copductor, and promised to conceal herself in some distant and obscure abode. Her life was spared, and the servant returned to his master with some of Ginevra's clothes, reporting that he had killed her, and left her body to the ferocity of beasts of prey.

"Ginevra disguised herself in the garments of a man, and entered into the service of a Catalonian gentleman, who carried her to Alexandria. Here she was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the Sultan, who solicited her from her master. She soon became a favourite, and, under the name of Sicurano, was appointed captain of the guard. For the security of both Christian and Turkish merchants, who resorted to the fair of Acre, the Sultan annually sent an officer with a band of soldiers. Sicurano was employed on this service, where, being in the shop of a Venetian merchant, she cast her eye upon a purse and girdle, which she recognised as her own. Without declaring her discovery, she enquired to whom they belonged, and whether they were for sale. Ambrogiulo, who had arrived with a stock of merchandize, now stepped forward, and replied, that the trinkets were his, and begged Sicurano, since he admired them, to accept of them. Sicurano asked him why he smiled; when Ambrogiulo related, that the purse and girdle were presents to him from a married lady of Genoa, whose love he had enjoyed; and that he smiled at the folly of her husband, who had laid five thousand against one thousand florins, that the virtue of his wife was incorruptible.

"The jealousy and revenge of Bernabo were now explained to Ginevra, and the base artificer of her ruin now stood before her. She feigned pleasure at Ambrogiulo's story, cultivated his acquaintance, and took him with her to Alexandria. Her next care was to have Bernabo, now reduced to great distress, brought privately to Alexandria. Then, watching a favourable opportunity, she prevailed on the Sultan to compel

Ambrogiulo to relate publicly every circumstance of his villany. Bernabo confessed that he had caused his wife to be murdered on the supposition of her guilt with Ambrogiulo. You perceive, said Sicurano to the Sultan, how little reason the unhappy lady had to be proud either of her gallant or her husband. If you, my lord, will punish the deceiver, and pardon the deceived, the traduced lady shall appear in your presence. The Sultan assented; Sicurano fell at his feet, and, discarding her assumed demeanour, declared herself to be Ginevra: the display of the mole on her breast banished every doubt. Ambrogiulo was then put to a cruel death, and his immense wealth was given to Ginevra. The Sultan pardoned Bernabo, and making Ginevra a princely donation of jewels and money, provided a ship, and suffered her and her husband to depart for Genoa."

It remains to say a few words respecting the English version of the same story, where the scene is laid in this country during the troublesome reign of Henry VI. It is contained in a publication called "Westward for Smelts," which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, in January, 1619-20, and published with the date of 1620 on the title-page. Malone tells us (Shakspeare, by Boswell xiii, 229) that this work was first published 1603; but no copy of that date exists, and the entry in the Stationers' Registers seems to establish that it was then a new publication. The only known copy of the edition of 1620 is among Capell's books in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge; and we feel confident that there was no earlier impression, and that Malone had been misinformed when he spoke of the existence of a copy dated 1603. Had such an impression been issued, Shakspeare might possibly have availed himself of it, if, as Malone thought, *Cymbeline* were produced in 1609. We print it, not because our great dramatist ever saw it, since it did not come out until four years after his death, but on account of its connexion with "*Cymbeline*," with the two French Romances, with the French Miracle-play, and

with the novel of Boccaccio. All the incidents are vulgarized in the English version of them, and it is pretty clear that the compiler could not have been aware that they had been previously employed on the stage.

THE
TALE TOLD BY THE FISHWIFE
OF
STAND ON THE GREEN,
THE INCIDENTS IN WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO SOME OF THOSE IN
SHAKESPEARE'S CYMBELINE

[Reprinted from Westward for Smelts, 1620].

THE
TALE TOLD BY THE FISHWIFE
OF
STAND ON THE GREEN.

IN the troublesome reigne of King Henry the sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull: so that in her time there were few found that matched her, (none at all that excelled her) so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare, and unparaleld, but also in her gifts of minde: so that this creature it seemed, that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman her husband thought himselfe so happy in his choise, that he belceved, in choosing her, he tooke hold of that blessing which heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for current, for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you. Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be briefe, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyall to man. To whom answered one saying: This is truth, Sir: so is the Divel good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodnes and womens loyaltie will come both in one yeere, but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

This gentleman loving his wife dearely (and knowing her to be free from this uncivill gentlemans generall taxation of

women) in her behalfe, said : Sir, you are too bitter-against the sexe of women, and doe ill (for some ones sake that hath proved false to you) to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse ; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth. You know my meaning, Sir : construe my words as you please : excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivill : I answere in the behalfe of one, who is as free from disloyaltie, as the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, Sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may bee quickly friends againe, then like souldiers which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answere for is chaste, but yet against her will : for many women are honest 'cause they have not the meanes, and opportunitie to bee dis-honest (so is a thiefe true in prison, 'cause he hath nothing to steale :) had I but opportunitie, and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of womens slights, your want of experience makes you too credulous ; therefore be not abused. This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience then before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence ; but his anger being a little over, he said, Sir, I doe verily beleeeve, that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill manner'd minde, then of any experience you have had of womens loosenes : and since you thinke your selfe so cunning in that (divellish art) of corrupting womens chastitie, I will lay downe heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a moneths space you bring me any token of this gentlewomans disloyaltie, (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women) I doe freely give you leave to injoy the same ; conditionally you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake,

and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides, I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same: so the mony was delivered into the oast of the house his hands, and the sitters by were witnesses. So drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wives chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager, but it fell out otherwise: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to perswade the gentleman that he was a cuckhold and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day, before he came to the sight of her: at last he espyed her in the fields, to whom he went and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny:) after his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray pardon me if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your husband which is at London (I riding this way) to come and see you: by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kinde intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious businesse that keepes him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestly bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes, withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where shee gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husbands friend. In the time of his abiding at her house he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to bee a thing not fitting a modest woman) would never come in his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time to talke of love-matters: therefore hee saw hee must accomplish his desire some other way, which he did in this maner. He having layne two nights at her

house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustfull desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier then he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to think with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined; for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same: therefore he resolved to doe something that night, that might winne him the wager, or utterly bring him in despaire of the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, hee went in, placing himselfe under the bed: long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who having been at prayers with her household, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore on a little table thereby: at length hee perceived her to put off a littel crucifix of gold, which dayly she wore next to her heart, this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same. At length the gentlewoman having unttyred her selfe, went to bed: her maid then bolting of the doore, took the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, lissning if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might heare her draw her breath long: then thought hee all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where, finding the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted. All this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistris nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day, that he might carry this jewell to her husband as signe of his wives disloyaltie; but his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe: happy had shee beene had his bed proved his grave. In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying

him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that hee had tooke his leave of his mistris the last night. Mounting his horse, away rid he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who when she rose, attiring her selfe hastily ('cause one tarried to speake with her) missed not her crucifix: so passed she the time away, as shee was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely shee seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmannerly, she using him so kindely. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and comming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman, who then was in bed, but he quickly rose and came down to him, who seeing him return'd so suddenly, he thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager. But this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner: Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of womans subtilties, and that no woman was longer good then she had cause, or time to doe ill? this you beleaved not, and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brieft, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling: to confirme that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix) know you this? If this be not sufficient prooffe, I will fetch more.

At the sight of this, his blood left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart, and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheers his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which hee commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber, and being weary of this world (seeing where he had put onely his trust, he was deceived) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all

his miseries at once : but his better genius perswaded him contrary, and not so (by laying violent hand on himselfe) to leape into the Divels mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceived his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of King Henry. To this intent he called his man, to whom he said : George, thou knowest I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee, then thy other fellowes, and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldest bee ready to render up to doe me good. True, Sir, (answered his man) I said no more then, then I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George (replyed he :) but there is no such need : I onely would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger, yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby shall amount to my wealth : for the love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, will thou do this ? Sir (answered George) more for you love, then any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes many men valiant) pray tell me what it is ? George (said his master) this it is, thou must go home, praying this mistris to meete me halfe the way to London ; but having her by the way, in some private place kill her : I meane as I speake ; kill her, I say, this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe, which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward it shall be this : Take my ring, and when thou hast done my command, by vertue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is, till then govern my whole estate : and for thy mistris absence, and my own, make what excuse thou please : so be gone. Well, Sir (said George) since it is your will, thou unwilling I am to doe it, yet I will performe it. So went he his way toward Waltam, and his master presently

STAND ON THE GREEN.

rid to the court, where hee abode with King Henry, who a little before was enlarged by the Earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

George beeing come to Waltam, did his dutie to his mistress, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George: he answered her, that hee was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner: Mistress, I pray you tel me what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers, hath made her husband to neglect his estate, and meanes of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him? Why George (quoth shee) hath thou met with some such creature? Be it whomsoever, might I be her judge, I should thinke her worthy of death: how thinkest thou? Faith, mistress (said he) I thinke so too, and am so fully perswaded that her offence deserveth that punishment, that I purpose to bee executioner to such a one my selfe. Mistress, you are this woman: you have so offended my master (you know best how your selfe) that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you; therefore, those words which you meane to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poore gentlewoman! at the report of these unkinde words (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering abundance of teares, she at last spake these words: And can it be, that my kindnes and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands then death? It cannot be; I know thou onely tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I'll tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation, those should be my worst words; for deaths fearfull visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare

your selfe (said George :) for by heaven I doe not jest. With that shee prayed him stay, saying, And is it so ? then, what should I desire to live, having lost his favour (and without offence) whom I so dearely loved, and in whose sight my happinesse did consist ? come, let me die. Yet, George, let mee have so much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in these few words to him : Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwise, but by a wives obedience) ever since I call'd him husband ; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I utterly deny, and doe (at this houre of my death) desire that heaven would powre down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not speake ought that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved none. Pray heaven blesse him. I am prepared now ; strike prethee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

George seeing this, could not withhold himselfe from shedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his sword, saying : Mistris, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded so by my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me ; but I being perswaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath, then to staine my hands with the bloud of your cleere and spotlesse brest. Yet let mee intreat you so much that you would not come in his sight, (lest in his rage he turne your butcher) but live in some disguise till time have opened the cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltlesse, which (I hope) will not be long.

To this she willingly granted (being loth to die causelesse) and thanked him for his kindnes ; so parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his masters ring for the government of the house, till his master and mistris returne, which he said lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure then in the countrey.

This his fellowes belceved, and were obedient to his will, amongst whom hee used himselfe so kindly, that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (mistris of the house) in short time got mans apparell for her disguise; so wandred she up and downe the countrey, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous, that no man knew whom hee might trust; onely she maintained her selfe with the price of those jewells which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which she could well spare) to make money of, she resolved rather to starve, then so much to debase herselfe to become a begger. With this resolution she went to a solitary place beside York, where shee lived the space of two dayes on hearbs, and such things as she could there finde. In this time it chanced that King Edward (beeing come out of France, and lying thereabout with the small forces hee had) came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take him at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place? To whom shee very wisely and modestly withall answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better then her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was, both friendlesse, and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He being moved, to see one so well featur'd (as she was) to want, entertained her for one of his pages, to whom she shewed her selfe so dutifull, and loving, that (in short time) shee had his love above all her fellowes. Still followed she the fortunes of King Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband. After the battell at Barnet (where King Edward got the best) she going up and downe amongst the slaine men (to know whether her husband, which was on King Henries side, were dead or escaped) happened to see the other, who had been her ghest, lying there for dead: she remembring him, and

thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house thereby : where opening of his brest, to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix ; at sight of which her heart was joyfull, (hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace) for she remembring her selfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her. On a time, when hee was a little recovered, shee went to him, giving him the crucifix, which shee had taken from about his necke : to whom hee said, Good gentle youth, keep the same ; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable, and breedeth such horroure in my conscience (when I think how wrongfully I got the same), that so long as I see it, I shall never be in rest. Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation twixt her husband and her selfe ; yet said shee nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before ; only she caused the man, in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to doe her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her (above all his other pages) most dearely, said : Edmund, (for so had she named her selfe), thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy ; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe. She being glad of this (with the kings authority) sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battell of Barnet, she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court the same time. They being both come (but not one seeing of the other), the king sent for the wounded man into the presence ; before whom the page asked him, how he came by

the crucifix ! He, fearing that his villany would come forth, denyed the words hee had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speeke what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat, that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre ; yet he, utterly denyed the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

She, seeing this villains impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know, doe you know this ?—It was my wives, a woman vertuous, till this divell (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity, who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

With that the king said, Sirra, now are you found to be a knave ; did you not even now affirme you bought it ? To whom he answered (with fearefull countenance), And it like your grace, I said so, to preserve this gentlemans honour, and his wives, which by my telling of the truth would have beene much indamag'd ; for indeed she being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love.

The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her selfe in that disguise, said, And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villaine confesse, how hee hath abused that good gentleman. The king having given her leave, she said : First, Sir, you confessed before your oast, and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell : then, before his majestie you affirmed you bought it, so denying your former words : Now you have denyed that which you so boldly affirmed before, and have said it was this gentlemans wives gift. With his majesties leave, I say thou art a villaine, and this is likewise

false: (with that she discovered her selfe to be a woman, saying), Hadst thou (villaine) ever any strumpets favour at my hands? Did I (for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee) bestow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodnes left in thee, speake the truth.

With that he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman: therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and himselfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes perswaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondred how hee durst (knowing God to be just) commit so great villany, but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman; but ceasing to admire, he said: Sir, (speaking to her husband) you did the part of an unwise man, to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concernes me not, your wife shall be your judge. With that mistris Dorrill (thanking his majestie) went to her husband, saying, All my anger to you I lay downe with this kisse. He wondring all this while to see this strange and unlooked for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved, wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that hee had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgement on the other in this manner:—That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him: and so was to have a yeeres imprisonment. So, this gentleman and his wife went (with the kings leave) lovingly home, where they were kindly welcomed by George, to whom for recompence hee gave the money which he received. So lived they ever after in great content.

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